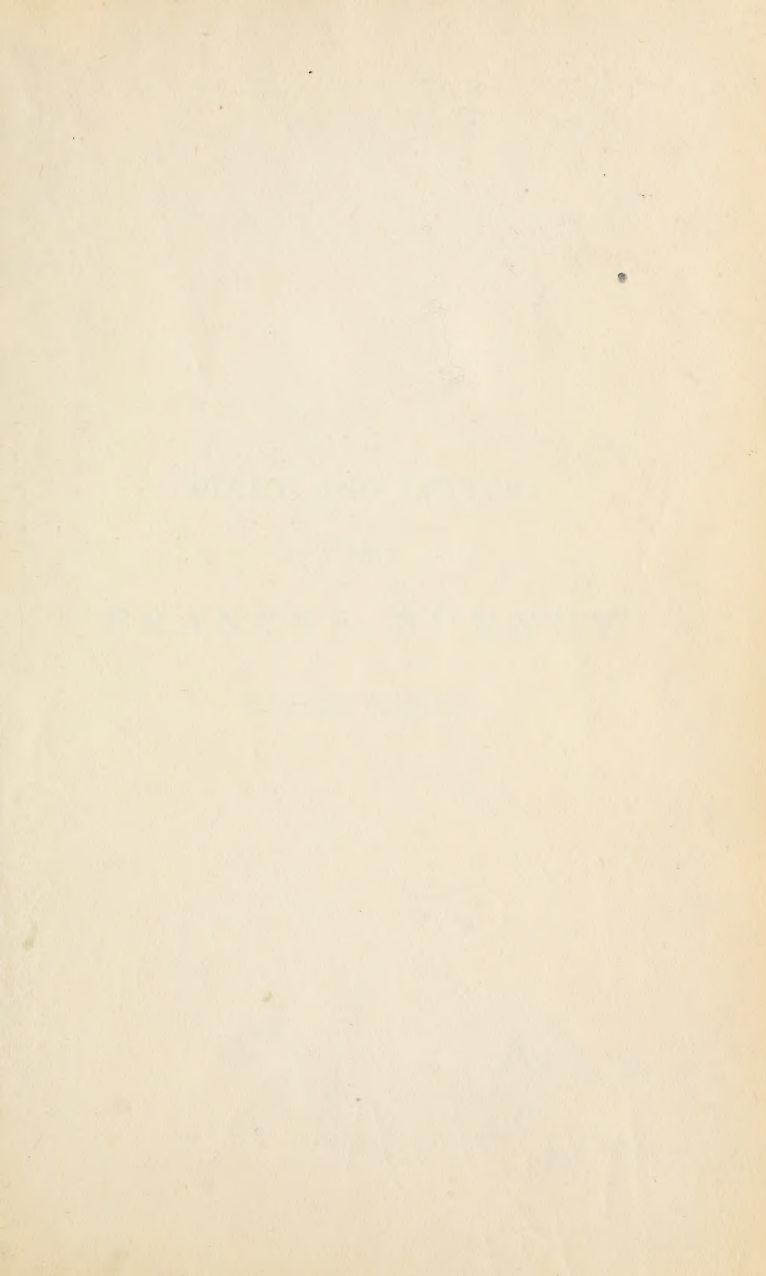


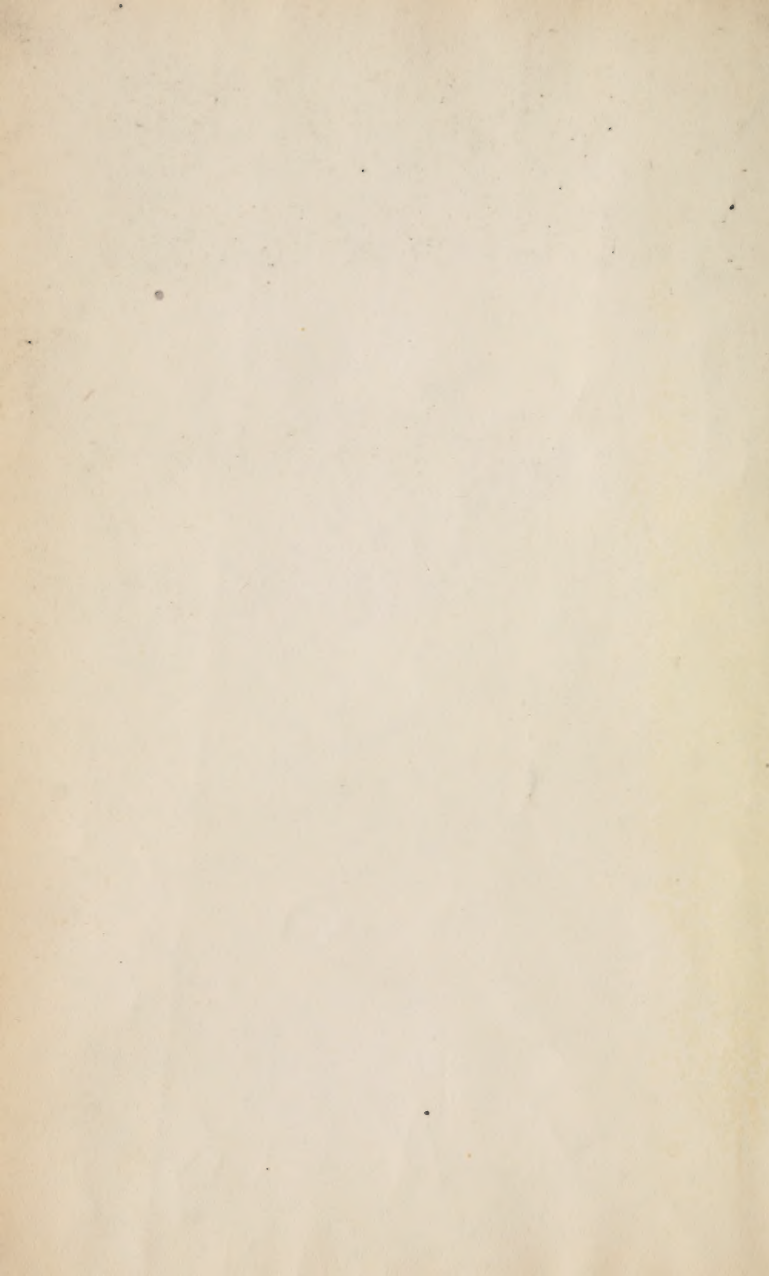
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DIARY AND LETTERS
OF
FRANCES BURNEY,
MADAME D'ARBLAY.

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THE
DIARY AND LETTERS
OF
FRANCES BURNEY,
MADAME D'ARBLAY.

REVISED AND EDITED BY
SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY.

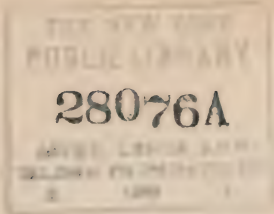
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1880.

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PREFACE

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

"MISS BURNEY," says Lord Macaulay, "did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama, and she did it in a better way. She first showed that a tale might be written, in which both the fashionable and the vulgar side of London might be exhibited with great force, and with broad comic humor, and yet which should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy. Most of the popular novels which preceded 'Evelina' were such as no lady could have written; and many of them were such as no lady could without confusion own that she had read. The very name of novel was held in horror among religious people. Miss Burney took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. Her appearance is an important epoch in our literary history. 'Evelina' was the first tale written by a woman, that lived or deserved to live."

To have earned and merited praise like this is noteworthy achievement for any woman; but, with all respect for Madame d'Arbly's powers as a novelist, the fact remains that her hold on the regard of modern readers is

due less to the fictions by which her celebrity was won, than to a work which only saw the light after her death,—namely, the “Diary and Letters,” now presented to the public for the first time in an American edition. “Evelina” and “Cecilia”—whose wit and pathos dissolved half England in tears, fluttered the fair circle of the Bas Bleu, unloosed Doctor Johnson’s ponderous commendations, and kept Edmund Burke up till near morning finishing the volume—now smack of the stale and the old-fashioned, and, except for curiosity’s sake, are left on the shelf, crowded out by the great army of modern novels to which they served as pioneers and examples. To be superseded and crushed by the very weight and magnitude of their own following is no uncommon fate with books which have led the way to a new literary departure, and neither author nor reader can justly be held to blame. But so long as human nature continues its past and present practice of exhibiting from age to age the same deviating but always recurring types,—for ever interrupted and for ever renewed,—so long will sketches of real life and real character preserve their charm, and those of Madame d’Arblay retain a permanent hold on popular liking.

The Diary opens with the publication of “Evelina,” in the author’s twenty-sixth year. Recording as it does a literary success at once unexpected and unprecedented, and recording it with the fullest detail, it is not surprising that a natural exultation should here and there show itself, upon which the charge of egotism and vanity might be based. But it must be recollected that, in chronicling

her successes, and the compliments, large and small, serious and comic, which are paid her, Miss Burney is catering for the entertainment and gratification of the little intimate circle that loved her best, and to which all that concerned her was a matter of affectionate importance. Prominent in this circle stood her "Daddy Crisp," a man of clever parts and wide accomplishments, who, conceiving himself wronged by society in the cold reception accorded to "*Virginia, a Tragedy*," — which darling of his imagination, produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1754, was suffered to die a natural death after ten nights of strenuously prolonged existence, — invented the ingenious revenge of retiring utterly from the world, and leading the life of an embittered hermit in the loneliest of country places. Not even a wheel-track led to the door behind which Mr. Crisp sat, nursing his injuries, and criticising men and things with a caustic and acute intelligence. His old friends, the Burneys, alone were in the secret of his residence; and Frances Burney, whom he regarded as a daughter, was his frequent visitor and correspondent. An able critic of all work save his own, he seems to have played a chief part in the formation of her mind; and, though not in her confidence with regard to "*Evelina*," he was so well acquainted with her humorous and descriptive powers, as shown by her letters, as to have experienced little surprise when at last her authorship was revealed to him.

The life of Madame d'Arblay divides itself naturally into four eras. The first — of which we have little record — comprises the twenty-six years of unnoted growth which

any girl who is past seventeen may safely do? The motto of my excuse shall be taken from Pope's "Temple of Fame":

"In every work, regard the writer's end ;
None e'er can compass more than they intend."

A thousand little odd incidents happened about this time, but I am not in a humor to recollect them; however, they were none of them productive of a discovery either to my father or mother. My aunt Anne and Miss Humphries being settled at this time at Brompton, I was going thither with Susan to tea, when Charlotte acquainted me that they were then employed in reading "Evelina" to the invalid, my cousin Richard. This intelligence gave me the utmost uneasiness — I foresaw a thousand dangers of a discovery — I dreaded the indiscreet warmth of all my confidants. In truth, I was quite sick with apprehension, and was too uncomfortable to go to Brompton, and Susan carried my excuses. Upon her return, I was somewhat tranquillized, for she assured me that there was not the smallest suspicion of the author, and that they had concluded it to be the work of a *man*!

CHESINGTON, June 18th.

Here I am, and here I have been this age; though too weak to think of journalizing; however, as I never had so many curious anecdotes to record, I will not, at least this year, the first of my appearing in public — give up my favorite old hobby-horse.

I came hither the first week in May. My recovery, from that time to this, has been slow and sure; but as I could walk hardly three yards in a day at first, I found so much time to spare, that I could not resist treating myself with a little private sport with "Evelina," a young lady whom

I think I have some right to make free with. I had promised *Hetty* that *she* should read it to Mr. Crisp, at her own particular request; but I wrote my excuses, and introduced it myself. I told him it was a book which *Hetty* had taken to Brompton, to divert my cousin Richard during his confinement. He was so indifferent about it, that I thought he would not give himself the trouble to read it, and often embarrassed me by unlucky questions, such as, "If it was reckoned clever?" and "What I thought of it?" and "Whether folks laughed at it?" I always evaded any direct or satisfactory answer; but he was so totally free from any idea of suspicion, that my perplexity escaped his notice.

I have had a visit from my beloved Susy, who, with my mother and little Sally,¹ spent a day here, to my no small satisfaction; and yet I was put into an embarrassment, of which I even yet know not what will be the end, during their short stay; for Mr. Crisp, before my mother, very innocently said to Susan, "O, pray Susette, do send me the third volume of '*Evelina*;' Fanny brought me the first two on purpose, I believe, to tantalize me." I felt myself in a ferment; and Susan, too, looked foolish, and knew not what to answer. As I sat on the same sofa with him, I gave him a gentle shove, as a token, which he could not but understand, that he had said something wrong — though I believe he could not imagine *what*. Indeed, how should he?

My mother instantly darted forward, and repeated "*Evelina* — what's that, pray?" Again I *jolted* Mr. Crisp, who, very much perplexed, said, in a boggling manner, that it was a novel — he supposed from the circulating library — "only a trumpery novel." Ah, my dear daddy, thought I, you would have devised some other sort of

¹ Dr. Burney's daughter by his second wife.

speech, if you knew all!—but he was really, as he well might be, quite at a loss for what I *wanted* him to say.

Two days after, I received from Charlotte a letter, the most interesting that could be written to me, for it acquainted me that my dear father was at length reading my book, which has now been published six months. How this has come to pass, I am yet in the dark; but, it seems, the very moment almost that my mother and Susan and Sally left the house, he desired Charlotte to bring him the *Monthly Review*; she contrived to look over his shoulder as he opened it, which he did at the account of "*Evelina; or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.*" He read it with great earnestness, then put it down; and presently after snatched it up, and read it again. Doubtless his paternal heart felt some agitation for his girl in reading a review of her publication!—how he got at the name I cannot imagine.

Soon after, he turned to Charlotte, and bidding her come close to him, he put his finger on the word "*Evelina,*" and saying, *she knew what it was*, bade her write down the name, and send the man to Lowndes', as if for herself. This she did, and away went William. When William returned, he took the book from him, and the moment he was gone, opened the first volume—and opened it upon the *ode*!¹ How great must have been his astonishment at seeing himself so addressed! Indeed, Charlotte says, he looked all amazement, read a line or two with great eagerness, and then, stopping short, he seemed quite affected, and the tears started into his eyes: dear soul! I am sure they did into mine; nay, I even sobbed as I read the account.

¹ Miss Burney had dedicated "*Evelina*" to her father.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

CHESINGTON, Friday, July 25, 1778.

MY DEAR AND MOST KIND FATHER, — The request you have condescended to make me, I meant to anticipate in my last letter. How good you are to pave the way for my secrets being favorably received, by sparing your *own* time and breath to gain the book attention and partiality! I can't express a third part of either the gratitude or pleasure I feel upon hearing from Susy, that you are reading it aloud to my mother; because I well know nothing can give it so good a chance with her.

My mother will the sooner pardon my privacy, when she hears that even from *you* I used every method in my power to keep my trash concealed, and that I even yet know not in what manner you got at the name of it. Indeed, I only proposed, like my friends the Miss *Branghtons* a little "private fun," and never once dreamt of extending my confidence beyond my sisters.

As to Mrs. Thrale — your wish of telling *her* quite *unmans* me; I shook so, when I read it, that, had anybody been present, I must have betrayed myself; and, indeed, many of my late letters have given me such extreme surprise and perturbation, that I believe nothing could have saved me from Mr. Crisp's discernment, had he seen me during my first reading. However, he has not an idea of the kind.

But if you do tell Mrs. Thrale, won't she think it strange where I can have kept company, to describe such a family as the Branghtons, Mr. Brown, and some others? Indeed (thank Heaven!), I don't myself recollect ever passing half-an-hour at a time with any *one* person *quite* so bad! so that, I am afraid she will conclude I must have an innate vulgarity of ideas, to assist me with such coarse

coloring for the objects of my imagination. Not that I suppose the book would be better received by her, for having characters very pretty, and all alike. My only fear, in regard to that particular, is for poor Miss Bayes! — If I were able to “insinuate the plot into the boxes,” I should build my defence upon Swift’s maxim, that “a nice man is a man of nasty ideas.” I should certainly have been more finical, had I foreseen what has happened, or had the most remote notion of being known by Mrs. Thrale for the scribe. However, ’t is perhaps as well as it is; for these kind of compositions lose all their spirit if they are too scrupulously corrected; besides, if I had been very nice, I must have cleared away so much, that, like poor Mr. Twiss after his friends had been so obliging as to give his book a scourge, nothing but hum-drum matter of fact would be left.

Adieu, my dearest sir. Pray give my duty to my mother, and pray let her know, after the *great gun* is gone off, that I shall anxiously wait to hear her opinion: and believe me ever and ever your dutiful and most affectionate

FRANCESCA SCRIBLERUS.

Journal resumed.

JULY 25. — Mrs. Cholmondeley has been reading and praising “Evelina,” and my father is quite delighted at her approbation, and told Susan that I could not have had a greater compliment than making two such women my friends as Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Cholmondeley, for they were severe and knowing, and afraid of praising *à tort et à travers*, as their opinions are liable to be quoted.

Mrs. Thrale said she had only to complain it was too

short. She recommended it to my mother to read!—how droll!—and she told her she would be much entertained with it, for there was a great deal of human life in it, and of the manners of the present times, and added that it was written “by somebody who knows the top and the bottom, the highest and the lowest of mankind.” She has even lent her set to my mother, who brought it home with her!

Miss F. Burney to Miss S. Burney.

CHESINGTON, July 5, 1778.

MY DEAREST SUSY,—Don't you think there must be some wager depending among the little curled imps who hover over us mortals, of how much flummery goes to turn the head of an authoress? Your last communication very near did my business, for, meeting Mr. Crisp ere I had composed myself, I “tipt him such a touch of the heroics” as he has not seen since the time when I was so much celebrated for dancing “Nancy Dawson.” I absolutely longed to treat him with one of Captain Mirvan's frolics, and to fling his wig out of the window. I restrained myself, however, from the apprehension that they would imagine I had a universal spite to that harmless piece of goods, which I have already been known to treat with no little indignity. He would fain have discovered the reason of my skittishness; but as I could not tell it him, I was obliged to assure him it would be lost time to inquire further into my flights, since “true no meaning puzzles more than wit,” and therefore, begging the favor of him to “set me down an *ass*,” I suddenly retreated.

My dear, dear Dr. Johnson! what a charming man you

are! Mrs. Cholmondeley,¹ too, I am not merely prepared but determined to admire; for really she has shown so much penetration and sound sense of late, that I think she will bring about a union between Wit and Judgment, though their separation has been so long, and though their meetings have been so few.

But, Mrs. Thrale! she — she is the goddess of my idolatry! What an *éloge* is hers! — an *éloge* that not only delights at first, but proves more and more flattering every time it is considered!

I often think when I am counting my laurels, what a pity it would have been had I popped off in my last illness, without knowing what a person of consequence I was! — and I sometimes think that, were I now to have a relapse, I could never go off with so much *éclat*! I am now at the summit of a high hill; my prospects on one side are bright, glowing, and invitingly beautiful; but when I turn round, I perceive, on the other side, sundry caverns, gulfs, pits, and precipices, that, to look at, make my head giddy and my heart sick. I see about me, indeed, many hills of far greater height and sublimity; but I have not the strength to attempt climbing them; if I move, it must be downwards. I have already, I fear, reached the pinnacle of my abilities, and therefore to stand still will be my best policy.

By the way, not a human being here has the most remote suspicion of the fact; I could not be more secure, were I literally unknown to them. And there is no end to the ridiculous speeches perpetually made to me, by all of them in turn, though quite by accident.

“An’t you sorry this sweet book is done?” said Mrs. Gast. A silly little laugh was the answer. “Ah!” said

¹ Mrs. Cholmondeley was wife of the Hon. and Rev. Robert Cholmondeley, and sister of the celebrated Mrs. Margaret [Peg] Woffington.

Patty, "'t is the sweetest book!—don't you think so, Miss Burney?" N. B. — Answer as above. "Pray, Miss Fan," says Mrs. Hamilton, "who wrote it?" "Really I never heard." 'Cute enough that, Miss Sukey!

Miss F. Burney to Miss S. Burney.

CHESINGTON, Sunday, July 6, 1778.

I have been serving Daddy Crisp a pretty trick this morning. How he would rail if he found it all out! I had a fancy to dive pretty deeply into the real rank in which he held my book; so I told him that your last letter acquainted me who was reported to be the author of "Evelina." I added that it was a profound secret, and he must by no means mention it to a human being. He bid me tell him directly, according to his usual style of command — but I insisted upon his guessing.

"I can't guess," said he; "may be it is *you*!" Oddso! thought I, what do you mean by that? "Pooh, nonsense!" cried I, "what should make you think of me?" "Why, you look guilty," answered he. This was a horrible home stroke. Deuce take my looks! thought I — I shall owe them a grudge for this! however, I found it was a mere random shot, and, without much difficulty, I laughed it to scorn. And who do you think he guessed next? — My father! — there's for you! — and several questions he asked me, whether he had lately been shut up much — and so on. And this was not all — for he afterwards guessed Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Greville.

There's honor and glory for you! — I assure you I grinned prodigiously. He then would guess no more. So I served him another trick for his laziness. I read a

paragraph in your last letter (which, perhaps, you may not perfectly remember), in which you say the private report is, that the author is a son of the late Dr. Friend, my likeness. Now this son is a darling of my daddy's, who reckons him the most sensible and intelligent young man of his acquaintance; so I trembled *a few*, for I thought, ten to one but he'd say: "He? — not he — I promise you!" But no such thing; his immediate answer was: "Well, he's very capable of that or anything else." I grinned broader than before.

Journal resumed.

JULY 20. — I have had a letter from my beloved father — the kindest, sweetest letter in the world! He tells me, too, that he found Mrs. Thrale full of *Ma foi's* jokes, the Captain's brutality, Squire Smith's gentility, Sir Clement's audaciousness, the Branghtons' vulgarity, and Mother Selwyn's sharp knife, &c., &c.

I have also had a letter from Susanne. She informs me that my father, when he took the books back to Streatham, actually acquainted Mrs. Thrale with my secret. He took an opportunity, when they were alone together, of saying that, upon her recommendation, he had himself, as well as my mother, been reading "Evelina."

"Well!" cried she, "and is it not a very pretty book? and a very clever book? and a very comical book?" "Why," answered he, "'t is well enough; but I have something to tell you about it." "Well? what?" cried she; "has Mrs. Cholmondeley found out the author?" "No," returned he, "not that I know of; but I believe *I* have, though but very lately." "Well, pray let's hear!" cried she, eagerly; "I want to know him of all things."

How my father must laugh at the *him!*—He then, however, undeceived her in regard to that particular, by telling her it was "*our Fanny!*" for she knows all about all our family, as my father talks to her of his domestic concerns without any reserve. A hundred handsome things, of course, followed; and she afterwards read some of the comic parts to Dr. Johnson, Mr. Thrale, and whoever came near her. How I should have quivered had I been there! but they tell me that Dr. Johnson laughed as heartily as my father himself did.

AUGUST 3. — I have an immensity to write. Susan has copied me a letter which Mrs. Thrale has written to my father, upon the occasion of returning my mother two novels by Madame Riccoboni. It is so honorable to me, and so sweet in her, that I must copy it for my faithful journal.

STREATHAM, July 22.

"DEAR SIR, — I forgot to give you the novels in your carriage, which I now send, '*Evelina*' certainly excels them far enough, both in probability of story, elegance of sentiment, and general power over the mind, whether exerted in humor or pathos: add to this that Riccoboni is a veteran author, and all she ever can be; but I cannot tell what might not be expected from '*Evelina*,' were she to try her genius at comedy.

"So far had I written of my letter, when Mr. Johnson returned home, full of the praises of the book I had lent him, and protesting there were passages in it which might do honor to Richardson. We talk of it for ever, and he feels ardent after the *dénouement*; he 'could not get rid of the rogue,' he said. I lent him the second volume, and he is now busy with the other.

"You must be more a philosopher, and less a father, than I wish you, not to be pleased with this letter; and the giv-

ing such pleasure yields to nothing but receiving it. Long, my dear sir, may you live to enjoy the just praises of your children! and long may they live to deserve and delight such a parent! These are things that you would say in verse; but poetry implies fiction, and all this is naked truth.

“My compliments to Mrs. Burney, and kindest wishes to all your flock, &c.”

But Dr. Johnson's approbation! — it almost crazed me with agreeable surprise — it gave me such a flight of spirits, that I danced a jig to Mr. Crisp, without any preparation, music, or explanation — to his no small amazement and diversion. I left him, however, to make his own comments upon my friskiness, without affording him the smallest assistance.

Susan also writes me word, that when my father went last to Streatham, Dr. Johnson was not there, but Mrs. Thrale told him, that when he gave her the first volume of “*Evelina*,” which she had lent him, he said, “Why, Madam, why, what a charming book you lent me!” and eagerly inquired for the rest. He was particularly pleased with the snow-hill scenes, and said that Mr. Smith's vulgar gentility was admirably portrayed; and when Sir Clement joins them, he said there was a shade of character prodigiously well marked. Well may it be said, that the greatest minds are ever the most candid to the inferior set! I think I should love Dr. Johnson for such lenity to a poor mere worm in literature, even if I were not myself the identical grub he has obliged.

Susan has sent me a little note which has really been less pleasant to me, because it has alarmed me for my future concealment. It is from Mrs. Williams, an exceedingly pretty poetess, who has the misfortune to be blind, but

who has, to make some amends, the honor of residing in the house of Dr. Johnson; for though he lives almost wholly at Streatham, he always keeps his apartments in town, and this lady acts as mistress of his house.

“July 25.

“Mrs. Williams sends compliments to Dr. Burney, and begs he will intercede with Miss Burney to do her the favor to lend her the reading of ‘*Evelina*.’”

Though I am frightened at this affair, I am by no means insensible to the honor which I receive from the certainty that Dr. Johnson must have spoken very well of the book, to have induced Mrs. Williams to send to our house for it.

I now come to last Saturday evening, when my beloved father came to Chesington, in full health, charming spirits, and all kindness, openness, and entertainment. In his way hither he had stopped at Streatham, and he settled with Mrs. Thrale that he would call on her again in his way to town, and carry me with him! and Mrs. Thrale said, “We all long to know her.”

Sunday evening, as I was going into my father’s room, I heard him say, “The variety of characters — the variety of scenes — and the language — why she has had very little education but what she has given herself — less than any of the others!” and Mr. Crisp exclaimed, “Wonderful! — it’s wonderful!”

I now found what was going forward, and therefore deemed it most fitting to decamp. About an hour after, as I was passing through the hall, I met my daddy (Crisp). His face was all animation and archness; he doubled his fist at me, and would have stopped me, but I ran past him into the parlor. Before supper, however, I again met him, and he would not suffer me to escape; he caught both my hands, and looked as if he would have looked me through,

and then exclaimed, "Why you little hussy — you young devil! — an't you ashamed to look me in the face, you *Evelina*, you! Why, what a dance have you led me about it! Young Friend, indeed! O you little hussy, what tricks have you served me!"

I was obliged to allow of his running on with these gentle appellations for I know not how long, ere he could sufficiently compose himself, after his great surprise, to ask or hear any particulars; and then, he broke out every three instants with exclamations of astonishment at how I had found time to write so much unsuspected, and how and where I had picked up such various materials; and not a few times did he, with me, as he had with my father, exclaim, "Wonderful!"

LONDON, AUGUST. — I have now to write an account of the most consequential day I have spent since my birth; namely, my Streatham visit. Our journey to Streatham was the least pleasant part of the day, for the roads were dreadfully dusty, and I was really in the fidgets from thinking what my reception might be, and from fearing they would expect a less awkward and backward kind of person than I was sure they would find. Mr. Thrale's house is white, and very pleasantly situated, in a fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale was strolling about, and came to us as we got out of the chaise. She then received me, taking both my hands, and with mixed politeness and cordiality welcoming me to Streatham. She led me into the house, and addressed herself almost wholly for a few minutes to my father, as if to give me an assurance she did not mean to regard me as a show, or to distress or frighten me by drawing me out. Afterwards, she took me upstairs, and showed me the house, and said she had very much wished to see me at Streatham, and should always think

herself much obliged to Dr. Burney for his goodness in bringing me, which she looked upon as a very great favor.

But though we were some time together, and though she was so very civil, she did not *hint* at my book, and I love her much more than ever for her delicacy in avoiding a subject which she could not but see would have greatly embarrassed me. Soon after, Mrs. Thrale took me to the library; she talked a little while upon common topics, and then, at last, she mentioned "Evelina."

"Yesterday at supper," said she, "we talked it all over, and discussed all your characters; but Dr. Johnson's favorite is Mr. Smith. He declares the fine gentleman *manqué* was never better drawn, and he acted him all the evening, saying 'he was all for the ladies!' He repeated whole scenes by heart. I declare I was astonished at him. O, you can't imagine how much he is pleased with the book; he 'could not get rid of the rogue,' he told me. But was it not droll," said she, "that I should recommend it to Dr. Burney? and tease him so innocently to read it?"

I now prevailed upon Mrs. Thrale to let me amuse myself, and she went to dress. I then prowled about to choose some book, and I saw, upon the reading-table, "Evelina" — I had just fixed upon a new translation of Cicero's *Lælius*, when the library-door was opened, and Mr. Seward entered. I instantly put away my book, because I dreaded being thought studious and affected. He offered his service to find anything for me, and then, in the same breath, ran on to speak of the book with which I had myself "favored the world!"

The exact words he began with I cannot recollect, for I was actually confounded by the attack; and his abrupt manner of letting me know he was *au fait* equally astonished and provoked me. How different from the delicacy of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale!

When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place;—for he had not yet appeared. "No," answered Mrs. Thrale, "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure." Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him, that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.

Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him. "Mutton," answered she, "so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it." "No, madam, no," cried he; "I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day!" "Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "you must take great care of your heart if Dr. Johnson attacks it; for I assure you he is not often successful." "What's that you say, madam?" cried he; "are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?"

A little while after he drank Miss Thrale's health and mine, and then added: "'Tis a terrible thing that we cannot wish young ladies well without wishing them to become old women!" "But some people," said Mr. Seward, "are old and young at the same time, for they wear so well that they never look old." "No, sir, no," cried the doctor, laughing; "that never yet was; you might as well say they are at the same time tall and short. I remember an epitaph to that purpose, which is

in ——." (I have quite forgot what, — and also the name it was made upon, but the rest I recollect exactly :—)

“————— lies buried here ;
So early wise, so lasting fair,
That none, unless her years you told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.”

Mrs. Thrale then repeated some lines in French, and Dr. Johnson some more in Latin. An epilogue of Mr. Garrick's to “Bonduca” was then mentioned, and Dr. Johnson said it was a miserable performance, and everybody agreed it was the worst he had ever made. “And yet,” said Mr. Seward, “it has been very much admired ; but it is in praise of English valor, and so I suppose the subject made it popular.” “I don't know, sir,” said Dr. Johnson, “anything about the subject, for I could not read on till I came to it ; I got through half a dozen lines, but I could observe no other subject than eternal dulness. I don't know what is the matter with David ; I am afraid he is grown superannuated, for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable.”

“Nothing is so fatiguing,” said Mrs. Thrale, “as the life of a wit ; he and Wilkes are the two oldest men of their ages I know, for they have both worn themselves out by being eternally on the rack to give entertainment to others.” “David, madam,” said the doctor, “looks much older than he is ; for his face has had double the business of any other man's ; it is never at rest ; when he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to what he assumes the next ; I don't believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life ; and such an eternal, restless, fatiguing play of the muscles must certainly wear out a man's face before its real time.” “O yes,” cried Mrs. Thrale ; “we must

certainly make some allowance for such wear and tear of a man's face."

The next name that was started was that of Sir John Hawkins, and Mrs. Thrale said, — "Why now, Dr. Johnson, he is another of those whom you suffer nobody to abuse but yourself; Garrick is one, too; for if any other person speaks against him, you browbeat him in a minute!" "Why, madam," answered he, "they don't know when to abuse him, and when to praise him; I will allow no man to speak ill of David that he does not deserve; and as to Sir John, why really I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom; but to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality, and a tendency to savageness, that cannot easily be defended." We all laughed, as he meant we should, at this curious manner of speaking in his favor, and he then related an anecdote that he said he knew to be true in regard to his meanness. He said that Sir John and he once belonged to the same club, but that as he eat no supper after the first night of his admission, he desired to be excused paying his share. "And was he excused?" "O yes; for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself! we all scorned him, and admitted his plea. For my part, I was such a fool as to pay my share for wine, though I never tasted any. But Sir John was a most *unclubbable* man!"

"And this," continued he, "reminds me of a gentleman and lady with whom I travelled once; I suppose I must call them gentleman and lady, according to form, because they travelled in their own coach and four horses. But at the first inn where we stopped, the lady called for — a pint of ale! and when it came quarrelled with the waiter for not giving full measure. Now, Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing."

Oh, how everybody laughed ! and to be sure I did not glow at all, nor munch fast, nor look on my plate, nor lose any part of my usual composure ! But how grateful do I feel to this dear Dr. Johnson, for never naming me and the book as belonging one to the other, and yet making an allusion that showed his thoughts led to it, and, at the same time, that seemed to justify the character as being natural ! But, indeed, the delicacy I met with from him, and from all the Thrales, was yet more flattering to me than the praise with which I have heard they have honored my book.

After dinner, when Mrs. Thrale and I left the gentlemen, we had a conversation that to me could not but be delightful, as she was all good humor, spirits, sense, and *agreeability*. Surely I may make words, when at a loss, if Dr. Johnson does. We left Streatham at about eight o'clock, and Mr. Seward, who handed me into the chaise, added his interest to the rest, that my father would not fail to bring me again next week to stay with them for some time. In short, I was loaded with civilities from them all. And my ride home was equally happy with the rest of the day, for my kind and most beloved father was so happy in *my* happiness, and congratulated me so sweetly, that he could, like myself, think on no other subject.

Yet my honors stopped not here ; for Hetty, who, with her *sposo*, was here to receive us, told me she had lately met Mrs. Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua ; and that she talked very much and very highly of a new novel called "Evelina ;" though without a shadow of suspicion as to the scribbler ; and not contented with her own praise, she said that Sir Joshua, who began it one day when he was too much engaged to go on with it, was so much caught, that he could think of nothing else, and was quite absent all the day, not knowing a word that was said to him : and, when he took it up again, found himself so much in-

terested in it, that he sat up all night to finish it ! Sir Joshua, it seems, vows he would give fifty pounds to know the author ! I have also heard, by the means of Charles, that other persons have declared they *will* find him out !

This intelligence determined me upon going myself to Mr. Lowndes, and discovering what sort of answers he made to such curious inquirers as I found were likely to address him. But as I did not dare trust myself to speak, for I felt that I should not be able to act my part well, I asked my mother to accompany me. We introduced ourselves by buying the book, for which I had a commission from Mrs. G——. Fortunately Mr. Lowndes himself was in the shop ; as we found by his air of consequence and authority, as well as his age ; for I never saw him before.

The moment he had given my mother the book, she asked if he could tell her who wrote it. “No,” he answered ; “I don’t know myself.” “Pho, pho,” said she ; “you may n’t choose to tell, but you must know.” “I don’t, indeed ma’am,” answered he ; “I have no honor in keeping the secret, for I have never been trusted. All I know of the matter is, that it is a gentleman of the other end of the town.” My mother made a thousand other inquiries, to which his answers were to the following effect : that for a great while, he did not know if it was a man or a woman ; but now, he knew that much, and that he was a master of his subject, and well versed in the manners of the times.

“For some time,” continued he, “I thought it had been Horace Walpole’s ; for he once published a book in this snug manner ; but I don’t think it is now. I have often people come to inquire of me who it is ; but I suppose he will come out soon, and then, when the rest of the world knows it, I shall. Servants often come for it from the other end of the town, and I have asked them divers ques-

tions myself, to see if I could get at the author; but I never got any satisfaction." Just before we came away, upon my mother's still further pressing him, he said, with a most important face, "Why, to tell you the truth, madam, I have been informed that it is a piece of real secret history; and, in that case, it will never be known." This was too much for me; I grinned irresistibly, and was obliged to look out at the shop-door till we came away.

STREATHAM, SUNDAY, AUG. 23. — I know not how to express the fulness of my contentment at this sweet place. All my best expectations are exceeded, and you know they were not very moderate. If, when my dear father comes, Susan and Mr. Crisp were to come too, I believe it would require at least a day's pondering to enable me to form another wish.

Mr. Thrale was neither well nor in spirits all day. Indeed, he seems not to be a happy man, though he has every means of happiness in his power. But I think I have rarely seen a very rich man with a light heart and light spirits. Dr. Johnson was in the utmost good humor. There was no other company at the house all day. After dinner, I had a delightful stroll with Mrs. Thrale, and she gave me a list of all her "good neighbors" in the town of Streatham. At tea we all met again, and Dr. Johnson was gaily sociable. He gave a very droll account of the children of Mr. Langton, "who" he said, "might be very good children, if they were let alone; but the father is never easy when he is not making them do something which they cannot do; they must repeat a fable, or a speech, or the Hebrew alphabet; and they might as well count twenty, for what they know of the matter: however, the father says half, for he prompts every other word. But he could not have chosen a man who would have been less entertained by such means."

"I believe not!" cried Mrs. Thrale: "nothing is more ridiculous than parents cramming their children's nonsense down other people's throats. I keep mine as much out of the way as I can." "Yours, madam," answered he, "are in nobody's way; no children can be better managed, or less troublesome; but your fault is, a too great perverseness in not allowing anybody to give them anything. Why should they not have a cherry, or a gooseberry, as well as bigger children?"

"Because they are sure to return such gifts by wiping their hands upon the giver's gown or coat, and nothing makes children more offensive. People only make the offer to please the parents, and they wish the poor children at Jericho when they accept it." "But, madam, it is a great deal more offensive to refuse them. Let those who make the offer look to their own gowns and coats, for when you interfere they only wish *you* at Jericho." "It is difficult," said Mrs. Thrale, "to please everybody."

Indeed, the freedom with which Dr. Johnson condemns whatever he disapproves is astonishing; and the strength of words he uses would, to most people, be intolerable; but Mrs. Thrale seems to have a sweetness of disposition that equals all her other excellencies, and far from making a point of vindicating herself, she generally receives his admonitions with the most respectful silence.

Mrs. Thrale then asked whether Mr. Langton took any better care of his affairs than formerly. "No, madam," cried the doctor, "and never will; he complains of the ill effects of habit, and rests contentedly upon a confessed indolence. He told his father himself that he had 'no turn to economy;' but a thief might as well plead that he had 'no turn to honesty.'" Was not that excellent?

At night, Mrs. Thrale asked if I would have anything? I answered, "No;" but Dr. Johnson said, — "Yes: she is

used, madam, to suppers; she would like an egg or two, and a few slices of ham, or a rasher — a rasher, I believe, would please her better.” How ridiculous! However, nothing could persuade Mrs. Thrale not to have the cloth laid; and Dr. Johnson was so facetious, that he challenged Mr. Thrale to get drunk! “I wish,” said he, “my master would say to me, Johnson, if you will oblige me, you will call for a bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till it is done; and after that I will say, Thrale, if you will oblige me, you will call for another bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till that is done: and by the time we should have drunk the two bottles we should be so happy, and such good friends, that we should fly into each other’s arms, and both together call for the third!”

I ate nothing, that they might not again use such a ceremony with me. Indeed, their late dinners forbid suppers, especially as Dr. Johnson made me eat cake at tea; for he held it till I took it, with an odd or absent complaisance. He was extremely comical after supper, and would not suffer Mrs. Thrale and me to go to bed for near an hour after we made the motion.

The Cumberland family was discussed. Mrs. Thrale said that Mr. Cumberland was a very amiable man in his own house, but as a father, mighty simple; which accounts for the ridiculous conduct and manners of his daughters, concerning whom we had much talk, and were all of a mind; for it seems they used the same rude stare to Mrs. Thrale that so much disgusted us at Mrs. Ord’s: she says that she really concluded something was wrong, and that, in getting out of the coach, she had given her cap some unlucky cuff, — by their merciless staring. I told her that I had not any doubt, when I had met with the same attention from them but that they were calculating the exact cost of all my

dress. Mrs. Thrale then told me that, about two years ago, they were actually hissed out of the playhouse, on account of the extreme height of their feathers!

Dr. Johnson instantly composed an extempore dialogue between himself and Mr. Cumberland upon this subject, in which he was to act the part of a provoking condoler: "Mr. Cumberland (I should say), how monstrously ill-bred is a playhouse mob! How I pitied poor Miss Cumberlands about that affair!" "What affair?" cries he, for he has tried to forget it. "Why," says I, "that unlucky accident they met with some time ago." "Accident? what accident, sir?" "Why, you know, when they were hissed out of the playhouse—you remember the time—oh, the English mob is most insufferable! they are boors, and have no manner of taste!" Mrs. Thrale accompanied me to my room, and stayed chatting with me for more than an hour.

Now for this morning's breakfast. Dr. Johnson, as usual, came last into the library; he was in high spirits, and full of mirth and sport. I had the honor of sitting next to him: and now, all at once, he flung aside his reserve, thinking, perhaps, that it was time I should fling aside mine. Mrs. Thrale told him that she intended taking me to Mr. T——'s. "So you ought, madam," cried he; "'t is your business to be cicerone to her." Then suddenly he snatched my hand, and kissing it, "Ah!" he added, "they will little think what a tartar you carry to them!" "No, that they won't!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "Miss Burney looks so meek and so quiet, nobody would suspect what a comical girl she is; but I believe she has a great deal of malice at heart." "Oh, she's a toad!" cried the doctor, laughing—"a sly young rogue! with her Smiths and her Branghtons!"

"Why, Dr. Johnson," said Mrs. Thrale, "I hope you are-

very well this morning ! If one may judge by your spirits and good humor, the fever you threatened us with is gone off." He had complained that he was going to be ill last night. "Why, no, madam, no," answered he, "I am not yet well ; I could not sleep at all ; there I lay, restless and uneasy, and thinking all the time of Miss Burney. Perhaps I have offended her, thought I ; perhaps she is angry ; I have seen her but once, and I talked to her of a rasher ! — Were you angry ?" I think I need not tell you my answer. "I have been endeavoring to find some excuse," continued he, "and, as I could not sleep, I got up, and looked for some authority for the word ; and I find, madam, it is used by Dryden : in one of his prologues he says — 'And snatch a homely rasher from the coals.' So you must not mind me, madam ; I say strange things, but I mean no harm."

I was almost afraid he thought I was really idiot enough to have taken him seriously ; but, a few minutes after, he put his hand on my arm, and shaking his head, exclaimed, "Oh, you are a sly little rogue ! — what a Holborn beau have you drawn !"

"Ay, Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "the Holborn beau is Dr. Johnson's favorite ; and we have all your characters by heart, from Mr. Smith up to Lady Louisa."

"Oh, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith is the man !" cried he, laughing violently. "Harry Fielding never drew so good a character ! — such a fine varnish of low politeness ! — such a struggle to appear a gentleman ! Madam, there is no character better drawn anywhere — in any book, or by any author." I almost poked myself under the table. Never did I feel so delicious a confusion since I was born ! But he added a great deal more, only I cannot recollect his exact words, and I do not choose to give him mine.

"Come, come," cried Mrs. Thrale, "we'll torment her no

more about her book, for I see it really plagues her. I own I thought for a while it was only affectation, for I'm sure if the book were mine I should wish to hear of nothing else. But we shall teach her in time how proud she ought to be of such a performance." "Ah, madam," cried the doctor, "be in no haste to teach her that; she'll speak no more to us when she knows her own weight." "Oh, but sir," cried she, "if Mr. Thrale has his way, she will become our relation, and then it will be hard if she won't acknowledge us." You may think I stared; but she went on. "Mr. Thrale says nothing would make him half so happy as giving Miss Burney to Sir J—— L——." Mercy! what an exclamation did I give. I wonder you did not hear me in St. Martin's-street. However, she continued, "Mr. Thrale says, Miss Burney seems more formed to draw a husband to herself, by her humor when gay, and her good sense when serious, than almost anybody he ever saw."

"He does me much honor," cried I: though I cannot say I much enjoyed such a proof of his good opinion as giving me to Sir J—— L——; but Mr. Thrale is both his uncle and his guardian, and thinks, perhaps, he would do a mutual good office in securing me so much money, and his nephew a decent companion. Oh, if he knew how little I require with regard to money — how much to even bear with a companion! But he was not brought up with such folks as my father, my Daddy Crisp, and my Susan, and does not know what indifference to all things but good society such people as those inspire.

"My master says a very good speech," cried the doctor, "if Miss Burney's husband should have anything in common with herself; but I know not how we can level her with Sir J—— L——, unless she would be content to put her virtues and talents in a scale against his thousands;

and poor Sir J—— must give cheating weight even then! However, if we bestow such a prize upon him, he shall settle his whole fortune on her.” Ah! thought I, I am more mercenary than you fancy me, for not even that would bribe me high enough. Before Dr. Johnson had finished his *éloge*, I was actually on the ground, for there was no standing it, — or sitting it, rather: and Mrs. Thrale seemed delighted for me.

“I assure you,” she said, “nobody can do your book more justice than Dr. Johnson does: and yet, do you remember, sir, how unwilling you were to read it? He took it up, just looked at the first letter, and then put it away, and said: ‘I don’t think I have any taste for it!’ — but when he was going to town, I put the first volume into the coach with him; and then, when he came home, the very first words he said to me were, ‘Why madam, this Evelina is a charming creature!’ — and then he teased me to know who she married, and what became of her — and I gave him the rest. For my part, I used to read it in bed, and could not part with it: I laughed at the second, and I cried at the third; but what a trick was that of Dr. Burney’s, never to let me know whose it was till I had read it! Suppose it had been something I had not liked! Oh, it was a vile trick!”

“No, madam, not at all!” cried the doctor, “for in that case you would never have known; all would have been safe, for he would neither have told you who wrote it, nor Miss Burney what you said of it.” Some time after the doctor began laughing to himself, and then, suddenly turning to me, he called out, “Only think, Polly! Miss has danced with a lord!” “Ah, poor Evelina!” cried Mrs. Thrale, “I see her now in Kensington Gardens. What she must have suffered! Poor girl! what fidgets she must have been in! And I know Mr. Smith, too, very well; I

always have him before me at the Hampstead Ball, dressed in a white coat, and a tambour waistcoat, worked in green silk. Poor Mr. Seward! Mr. Johnson made him so mad t'other day! 'Why, Seward,' said he, 'how smart you are dressed! Why you only want a tambour waistcoat, to look like Mr. Smith!' But I am very fond of Lady Louisa. I think her as well drawn as any character in the book — so fine, so affected, so languishing, and, at the same time, so insolent!" She then ran on with several of her speeches.

Some time after, she gave Dr. Johnson a letter from Dr. Jebb, concerning one of the gardeners who is very ill. When he had read it, he grumbled violently to himself, and put it away with marks of displeasure. "What's the matter, sir?" said Mrs. Thrale; "do you find any fault with the letter?"

"No, madam, the letter's well enough, if the man knew how to write his own name; but it moves my indignation to see a gentleman take pains to appear a tradesman. Mr. Branghton would have written his name with just such beastly flourishes!"

"Ay, well," said Mrs. Thrale, "he is a very agreeable man, and an excellent physician, and a great favorite of mine, and so he is of Miss Burney's." "Why I have no objection to the man, madam, if he would write his name as he ought to do."

About noon, when I went into the library, book hunting, Mrs. Thrale came to me. She gave me a long and very interesting account of Dr. Goldsmith, who was intimately known here; but in speaking of "The Good-natured Man," when I extolled my favorite Croaker, I found that admirable character was a downright theft from Dr. Johnson. Look at the "Rambler," and you will find *Susprius* is the man, and that not merely

the idea, but the particulars of the character are all stolen thence!¹

While we were yet reading this "Rambler," Dr. Johnson came in: we told him what we were about. "Ah, madam!" cried he, "Goldsmith was not scrupulous; but he would have been a great man had he known the real value of his own internal resources." "Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "is fond of his 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and so am I; don't you like it, sir?" "No, madam; it is very faulty. There is nothing of real life in it, and very little of nature. It is a mere fanciful performance."

He then seated himself upon a sofa, and calling to me, said, "Come, Evelina — come, and sit by me." I obeyed, and he took me almost in his arms — that is, one of his arms, for one would go three times, at least, round me — and, half-laughing, half-serious, he charged me to "be a good girl." "But, my dear," continued he with a very droll look, "what makes you so fond of the Scotch? I don't like you for that; I hate these Scotch, and so must you. I wish Branghton had sent the dog to jail — that Scotch dog, Macartney!" "Why, sir," said Mrs. Thrale, "don't you remember he says he would, but that he should get nothing by it?"

"Why, ay, true," cried the doctor, see-sawing very solemnly, "that, indeed, is some palliation for his forbearance. But I must not have you so fond of the Scotch, my little Burney; make your hero what you will but a Scotchman. Besides, you write Scotch — you say, 'the one.' My dear, that's not English — never use that phrase again."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Thrale, "it may be used in Macartney's letter, and then it will be a propriety."

"No, madam, no!" cried he; "you can't make a beauty

¹ *Susprius* the Screech Owl. See "Rambler" for Tuesday, October 9, 1750.

of it; it is in the third volume; put it in Macartney's letter, and welcome! — that, or anything that is nonsense." "Why, surely," cried I, "the poor man is used ill enough by the Branghtons!" "But Branghton," said he, "only hates him because of his wretchedness, poor fellow! 'But, my dear love, how should he ever have eaten a good dinner before he came to England?'" And then he laughed violently at young Branghton's idea.

"Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "I always liked Macartney; he is a very pretty character, and I took to him, as the folks say." "Why, madam," answered he, "I like Macartney myself. Yes, poor fellow, I liked the man, but I love not the nation."

SATURDAY MORNING. — Dr. Johnson was again all himself; and so civil to me! — even admiring how I dressed myself! Indeed, it is well I have so much of his favor; for it seems he always speaks his mind concerning the dress of ladies, and all ladies who are here obey his injunctions implicitly, and alter whatever he disapproves. This is a part of his character that much surprises me: but notwithstanding he is sometimes so absent, and always so near-sighted, he scrutinizes into every part of almost everybody's appearance. They tell me of a Miss Brown, who often visits here, and who has a slovenly way of dressing. "And when she comes down in a morning," says Mrs. Thrale, "her hair will be all loose, and her cap half off; and then Dr. Johnson, who sees something is wrong, and does not know where the fault is, concludes it is in the cap, and says, 'My dear, what do you wear such a vile cap for?' 'I'll change it, sir,' cries the poor girl, 'if you don't like it.' 'Ay, do,' he says; and away runs poor Miss Brown; but when she gets on another, it's the same thing, for the cap has nothing to do with the fault. And then she wonders that Dr. Johnson should not like the cap, for

she thinks it very pretty. And so on with her gown, which he also makes her change; but if the poor girl were to change through all her wardrobe, unless she could put her things on better, he would still find fault."

When Dr. Johnson was gone, she told me of my mother's being obliged to change her dress. "Now," said she, "Mrs. Burney had on a very pretty linen jacket and coat, and was going to church; but Dr. Johnson, who, I suppose, did not like her in a jacket, saw something was the matter, and so found fault with the linen: and he looked and peered, and then said, 'Why, madam, this won't do! you must not go to church so!' So away went poor Mrs. Burney and changed her gown! And when she had done so, he did not like it, but he did not know why; so he told her she should not wear a black hat and cloak in summer! Oh, how he did bother poor Mrs. Burney! and himself too, for if the things had been put on to his mind, he would have taken no notice of them." "Why," said Mr. Thrale, very dryly, "I don't think Mrs. Burney a very good dresser."

"Last time she came," said Mrs. Thrale, "she was in a white cloak, and she told Dr. Johnson she had got her old white cloak scoured on purpose to oblige him! 'Scoured!' says he, 'ay, — have you, madam?' — so he see-sawed, for he could not for shame find fault, but he did not seem to like the scouring."

And now let me try to recollect an account he gave us of certain celebrated ladies of his acquaintance: an account which, had you heard from himself, would have made you die with laughing, his manner is so peculiar, and enforces his humor so originally. It was begun by Mrs. Thrale's apologizing to him for troubling him with some question she thought trifling, — O, I remember! We had been talking of colors, and of the fantastic names given to them,

and why the palest lilac should be called a *soupir étouffé*; and when Dr. Johnson came in she applied to him.

“Why, madam,” said he, with wonderful readiness, “it is called a stifled sigh because it is checked in its progress, and only half a color.” I could not help expressing my amazement at his universal readiness upon all subjects, and Mrs. Thrale said to him, “Sir, Miss Burney wonders at your patience with such stuff; but I tell her you are used to me, for I believe I torment you with more foolish questions than anybody else dares do.” “No, madam,” said he, “you don’t torment me;—you tease me, indeed, sometimes.” “Ay, so I do, Dr. Johnson, and I wonder you bear with my nonsense.” “No, madam, you never talk nonsense; you have as much sense, and more wit, than any woman I know!” “Oh,” cried Mrs. Thrale, blushing, “it is my turn to go under the table this morning, Miss Burney!”

“And yet,” continued the doctor, with the most comical look, “I have known all the wits, from Mrs. Montagu down to Bet Flint!” “Bet Flint!” cried Mrs. Thrale; “pray who is she?” “Oh, a fine character, madam! She was habitually a slut and a drunkard, and occasionally a thief and a harlot.” “And, for Heaven’s sake, how came you to know her?” “Why, madam, she figured in the literary world, too! Bet Flint wrote her own life, and called herself Cassandra, and it was in verse;—it began:

‘When Nature first ordain’d my birth,
A diminutive I was born on earth:
And then I came from a dark abode,
Into a gay and gaudy world.’

So Bet brought me her verses to correct; but I gave her half-a-crown, and she liked it as well. Bet had a fine spirit; she advertised for a husband, but she had no suc-

cess, for she told me no man aspired to her! Then she hired very handsome lodgings and a footboy; and she got a harpsichord, but Bet could not play; however, she put herself in fine attitudes, and drummed."

Then he gave an account of another of these geniuses, who called herself by some fine name, I have forgotten what. "She had not quite the same stock of virtue," continued he, "nor the same stock of honesty as Bet Flint; but I suppose she envied her accomplishments, for she was so little moved by the power of harmony, that while Bet Flint thought she was drumming very divinely, the other jade had her indicted for a nuisance!" "And pray what became of her, sir?" "Why, madam, she stole a quilt from the man of the house, and he had her taken up: but Bet Flint had a spirit not to be subdued; so when she found herself obliged to go to jail, she ordered a sedan-chair, and bid her footboy walk before her. However, the boy proved refractory, for he was ashamed, though his mistress was not."

"And did she ever get out of jail again, sir?" "Yes, madam; when she came to her trial, the judge acquitted her. 'So now' she said to me, 'the quilt is my own and now I'll make a petticoat of it.' Oh, I loved Bet Flint!" Oh, how we all laughed! Then he gave an account of another lady, who called herself Laurinda, and who also wrote verses and stole furniture; but he had not the same affection for her, he said, though she too "was a lady who had high notions of honor." Then followed the history of another, who called herself Hortensia, and who walked up and down the park repeating a book of Virgil. "But," said he, "though I know her story, I never had the good fortune to see her."

After this he gave us an account of the famous Mrs. Pinkethman; "And she," he said, "told me she owed all

her misfortunes to her wit ; for she was so unhappy as to marry a man who thought himself also a wit, though I believe she gave him not implicit credit for it, but it occasioned much contradiction and ill-will." "Bless me, sir!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "how can all these vagabonds contrive to get at *you*, of all people?" "O the dear creatures!" cried he, laughing heartily, "I can't but be glad to see them!" "Why I wonder, sir, you never went to see Mrs. Rudd¹ among the rest?" "Why, madam, I believe I should," said he, "if it was not for the newspapers ; but I am prevented many frolics that I should like very well since I am become such a theme for the papers." Now would you ever have imagined this? Bet Flint, it seems, once took Kitty Fisher to see him, but to his no little regret he was not at home. "And Mrs. Williams," he added, "did not love Bet Flint, but Bet Flint made herself very easy about that." How Mr. Crisp would have enjoyed this account! He gave it all with so droll a solemnity, and it was all so unexpected, that Mrs. Thrale and I were both almost equally diverted.

STREATHAM, AUGUST 26. — My opportunities for writing grow less and less, and my materials more and more. After breakfast I have scarcely a moment that I can spare all day. Proceed — no! Go back, my muse, to Thursday. Dr. Johnson come home to dinner. In the evening he was as lively and full of wit and sport as I have ever seen him ; and Mrs. Thrale and I had him quite to ourselves ; for Mr. Thrale came in from giving an election dinner (to which

¹ Margaret Caroline Rudd was celebrated only for having been connected with two brothers, named Perrean, in committing a forgery, for which they were both executed, she having betrayed and borne witness against them. The curiosity which she excited at this period no doubt arose from its being studiously spread abroad by the friends of her victims, that they had been dupes and instruments in her hands.

he sent two bucks and six pine-apples) so tired, that he neither opened his eyes nor mouth, but fell fast asleep. Indeed, after tea he generally does. Dr. Johnson was very communicative concerning his present work of the "Lives of the Poets;" Dryden is now in the press, and he told us he had been just writing a dissertation upon "Hudibras."

"Do you remember, sir," said Mrs. Thrale, "how you tormented poor Miss Brown about reading?" "She might soon be tormented, madam," answered he, "for I am not yet quite clear she knows what a book is." "Oh for shame!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "she reads not only English, but French and Italian. She was in Italy a great while." "Pho!" exclaimed he; "Italian, indeed! Do you think she knows as much Italian as Rose Fuller does English?" "Well, well," said Mrs. Thrale, "Rose Fuller is a very good young man, for all he has not much command of language, and though he is silly enough, yet I like him very well, for there is no manner of harm in him."

Then she told me that he once said, "Dr. Johnson's conversation is so instructive, that I'll ask him a question. 'Pray, sir, what is Palmyra? I have often heard of it, but never knew what it was.' 'Palmyra, sir!' said the doctor; 'why, it is a hill in Ireland, situated in a bog, and has palm-trees at the top, whence it is called Palm-mire.'" Whether or not he swallowed this account, I know not yet.¹

"But Miss Brown," continued she, "is by no means such

¹ Mrs. Thrale (then Mrs. Piozzi), in relating this story, after Johnson's death, in her "Anecdotes" of him, adds: "Seeing, however, that the lad" (whom she does not name, but calls a "young fellow") "thought him serious, and thanked him for his information, he undeceived him very gently indeed; told him the history, geography, and chronology of Tadmor in the Wilderness, with every incident that literature could furnish, I think, or eloquence express, from the building of Solomon's palace to the voyage of Dawkins and Wood."

a simpleton as Dr. Johnson supposes her to be; she is not very deep, indeed, but she is a sweet, and a very ingenuous girl, and nobody admired Miss Streatfield more. But she made a more foolish speech to Dr. Johnson than she would have done to anybody else, because she was so frightened and embarrassed that she knew not what she said. He asked her some question about reading, and she did, to be sure, make a very silly answer; but she was so perplexed and bewildered, that she hardly knew where she was, and so she said the beginning of a book was as good as the end, or the end as good as the beginning, or some such stuff; and Dr. Johnson told her of it so often, saying, ‘Well, my dear, which part of a book do you like best now?’ that poor Fanny Brown burst into tears!” “I am sure I should have compassion for her,” cried I; “for nobody would be more likely to have blundered out such, or any such speech, from fright and terror.” “You?” cried Dr. Johnson. “No; you are another thing; she who could draw Smiths and Branghtons, is quite another thing.”

After breakfast on Friday, or yesterday, a curious trait occurred of Dr. Johnson’s jocosity. It was while the talk ran so copiously upon their urgency that I should produce a comedy. While Mrs. Thrale was in the midst of her flattering persuasions, the doctor, see-sawing in his chair, began laughing to himself so heartily as to almost shake his seat as well as his sides. We stopped our confabulation, in which he had ceased to join, hoping he would reveal the subject of his mirth; but he enjoyed it inwardly, without heeding our curiosity, — till at last he said he had been struck with a notion that “Miss Burney would begin her dramatic career by writing a piece called ‘Streatham.’” He paused, and laughed yet more cordially, and then, suddenly commanded a pomposity to his countenance and his voice, and added, — “Yes! ‘Streatham — a Farce!’”

STREATHAM, SEPTEMBER. — Our journey hither proved, as it promised, most sociably cheerful, and Mrs. Thrale opened still further upon the subject she began in St. Martin's-street, of Dr. Johnson's kindness towards me. To be sure, she saw it was not totally disagreeable to me; though I was really astounded when she hinted at my becoming a rival to Miss Streatfield in the doctor's good graces. "I had a long letter," she said, "from Sophy Streatfield t' other day, and she sent Dr. Johnson her elegant edition of the 'Classics;' but when he had read the letter, he said, 'She is a sweet creature, and I love her much, but my little Burney writes a better letter.' Now," continued she, "that is just what I wished him to say of you both."

Tuesday morning, Mrs. Thrale asked me if I did not want to see Mrs. Montagu? I truly said, I should be the most insensible of all animals, not to like to see our sex's glory. "Well," said she, "we'll try to make you see her. Sir Joshua says she is in town, and I will write and ask her here. I wish you to see her of all things." Mrs. Thrale wrote her note before breakfast. I had a great deal of private confab afterwards with Lady Ladd and Miss Tharle concerning Miss Streatfield: I find she is by no means a favorite with either of them, though she is half adored by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and by Dr. Johnson. And Lady Ladd, among other things, mentioned her being here once when Mrs. Montagu came, and blamed Mrs. Thrale for making much of her before Mrs. Montagu; "who," she added, "has no notion of any girl acquaintance, and, indeed, makes a point of only cultivating people of consequence."

I determined, in my own mind, to make use of this hint, and keep myself as much out of her way as I could. Indeed, at any rate, a woman of such celebrity in the literary

world would be the last I should covet to converse with, though one of the first I should wish to listen to. An answer came from Mrs. Montagu at noon. Mrs. Thrale gave it me to read; it was in a high strain of *politesse*, expressed equal admiration and regard for Mrs. Thrale, and accepted her invitation for the next day. But what was my surprise to read, at the bottom of the letter, "I have not yet seen 'Evelina,' but will certainly get it, and, if it should not happen to please me, the disgrace must be mine, not the author's."

"Oh, ma'am," cried I, "what does this mean?" "Why only," said she, "that in my letter this morning, I said, Have you seen the new work called 'Evelina?' it was written by an amiable young friend of mine, and I wish much to know your opinion of it; for if you should not approve it, what signifies the approbation of a Johnson, a Burke, &c.?" Before dinner, to my great joy, Dr. Johnson returned home from Warley Common. I followed Mrs. Thrale into the library to see him, and he is so near-sighted, that he took me for Miss Streatfield, but he did not welcome me less kindly when he found his mistake, which Mrs. Thrale made known by saying — "No, 't is Miss Streatfield's rival, Miss Burney."

At tea-time the subject turned upon the domestic economy of Dr. Johnson's own household. Mrs. Thrale has often acquainted me that his house is quite filled and over-run with all sorts of strange creatures, whom he admits for mere charity, and because no one else will admit them, — for his charity is unbounded, — or, rather, bounded only by his circumstances. The account he gave of the adventures and absurdities of the set was highly diverting, but too diffused for writing, — though one or two speeches I must give. I think I shall occasionally theatricalize my dialogues.

Mrs. Thrale. Pray, sir, how does Mrs. Williams like all this tribe?

Dr. Johnson. Madam, she does not like them at all; but their fondness for her is not greater. She and Desmoulins quarrel incessantly; but as they can both be occasionally of service to each other, and as neither of them have any other place to go to, their animosity does not force them to separate.

Mrs. Thrale. And pray, sir, what is Mr. Macbean?

Dr. Johnson. Madam, he is a Scotchman; he is a man of great learning, and for his learning I respect him, and I wish to serve him. He knows many languages, and knows them well; but he knows nothing of life. I advised him to write a geographical dictionary; but I have lost all hopes of his ever doing anything properly, since I found he gave as much labor to Capua as to Rome.

Mr. Thrale. And pray who is clerk of your kitchen, sir?

Dr. Johnson. Why, sir, I am afraid there is none; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am told by Mr. Levett, who says it is not now what it used to be!

Mrs. Thrale. Mr. Levett, I suppose, sir, has the office of keeping the hospital in health? for he is an apothecary.

Dr. Johnson. Levett, madam, is a brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him; for his brutality is in his manners, not his mind.

Mr. Thrale. But how do you get your dinners dressed?

Dr. Johnson. Why Desmoulins has the chief management of the kitchen; but our roasting is not magnificent, for we have no jack.

Mr. Thrale. No jack? Why how do they manage without?

Dr. Johnson. Small joints, I believe, they manage with a string, and larger are done at the tavern. I have some

thoughts (*with a profound gravity*) of buying a jack, because I think a jack is some credit to a house.

Mr. Thrale. Well, but you'll have a spit, too?

Dr. Johnson. No, sir, no; that would be superfluous; for we shall never use it; and if a jack is seen, a spit will be presumed!

Mrs. Thrale. But pray, sir, who is the Poll you talk of? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out, "At her again, Poll! Never flinch, Poll!"

Dr. Johnson. Why, I took to Poll very well at first, but she won't do upon a nearer examination.

Mrs. Thrale. How came she among you, sir?

Dr. Johnson. Why I don't rightly remember, but we could spare her very well from us. Poll is a stupid slut; I had some hopes of her at first; but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle-waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical. I wish Miss Burney would come among us; if she would only give us a week, we should furnish her with ample materials for a new scene in her next work.

A little while after, he asked Mrs. Thrale who had read "Evelina" in his absence? "Who?" cried she;—"why Burke!—Burke sat up all night to finish it; and Sir Joshua Reynolds is mad about it, and said he would give fifty pounds to know the author. But our fun was with his nieces—we made them believe I wrote the book, and the girls gave me the credit of it at once."

"I am sorry for it, madam," cried he, quite angrily,— "you were much to blame; deceits of that kind ought never to be practised; they have a worse tendency than you are aware of."

Mrs. Thrale. Why, don't frighten yourself, sir; Miss

Burney will have all the credit she has a right to, for I told them whose it was before they went.

Dr. Johnson. But you were very wrong for misleading them a moment; such jests are extremely blamable; they are foolish in the very act, and they are wrong, because they always leave a doubt upon the mind. What first passed will be always recollected by those girls, and they will never feel clearly convinced which wrote the book, Mrs. Thrale or Miss Burney.

Mrs. Thrale. Well, well, I am ready to take my Bible oath it was not me; and if that won't do, Miss Burney must take hers too.

I was then looking over the "Life of Cowley," which he had himself given me to read, at the same time that he gave to Mrs. Thrale that of Waller. They are now printed, though they will not be published for some time. But he bade me put it away. "Do," cried he, "put away that now, and prattle with us; I can't make this little Burney prattle, and I am sure she prattles well; but I shall teach her another lesson than to sit thus silent before I have done with her."

"To talk," cried I, "is the only lesson I shall be backward to learn from you, sir."

"You shall give me," cried he, "a discourse upon the passions; come, begin! Tell us the necessity of regulating them, watching over and curbing them! Did you ever read Norris' 'Theory of Love?'"

"No, sir," said I, laughing, yet staring a little.

Dr. Johnson. Well, it is worth your reading. He will make you see that inordinate love is the root of all evil: inordinate love of wealth brings on avarice; of wine, brings on intemperance; of power, brings on cruelty; and so on. He deduces from inordinate love all human frailty.

Mrs. Thrale. To-morrow, sir, Mrs. Montagu dines here, and then you will have talk enough.

Dr. Johnson began to see-saw, with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun, and, after enjoying it some time in silence, he suddenly, and with great animation, turned to me and cried,

“Down with her, Burney!—down with her!—spare her not!—attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and when I was beginning the world, and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits! and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered: but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor little dear soul! So at her, Burney—at her, and down with her!” Oh, how we were all amused! By the way, I must tell you that Mrs. Montagu is in very great estimation here, even with Dr. Johnson himself, when others do not praise her improperly. Mrs. Thrale ranks her as the first of women in a literary way. I should have told you that Miss Gregory, daughter of the Gregory who wrote the “Letters,” or “Legacy of Advice,” lives with Mrs. Montagu, and was invited to accompany her. “Mark, now,” said Dr. Johnson, “if I contradict her to-morrow. I am determined, let her say what she will, that I will not contradict her.”

Mrs. Thrale. Why, to be sure sir, you did put her a little out of countenance last time she came. Yet you were neither rough, nor cruel, nor ill-natured; but still, when a lady changes color, we imagine her feelings are not quite composed.

Dr. Johnson. Why, madam, I won’t answer that I shan’t contradict her again, if she provokes me as she did then; but a less provocation I will withstand. I believe I am

not high in her good graces already; and I begin (added he, laughing heartily) to tremble for my admission into her new house. I doubt I shall never see the inside of it.

Mrs. Thrale. Oh, I warrant you, she fears you, indeed; but that, you know, is nothing uncommon: and dearly I love to hear your disquisitions; for certainly she is the first woman for literary knowledge in England, and, if in England, I hope I may say in the world.

Dr. Johnson. I believe you may, madam. She diffuses more knowledge in her conversation than any woman I know, or, indeed, almost any man.

Mrs. Thrale. I declare I know no man equal to her, take away yourself and Burke, for that art. And you, who love magnificence, won't quarrel with her, as everybody else does, for her love of finery.

Dr. Johnson. No, I shall not quarrel with her upon that topic. (Then, looking earnestly at me,) "Nay," he added, "it's very handsome!" "What, sir?" cried I, amazed. "Why, your cap:—I have looked at it some time, and I like it much. It has not that vile bandeau across it, which I have so often cursed." Did you ever hear anything so strange? nothing escapes him. My Daddy Crisp is not more minute in his attentions: nay, I think he is even less so.

Some time after, when we had all been a few minutes wholly silent, he turned to me and said: "Come, Burney, shall you and I study our parts against Mrs. Montagu comes?" "Miss Burney," cried Mr. Thrale, "you must get up your courage for this encounter! I think you should begin with Miss Gregory; and down with her first."

Dr. Johnson. No, no, always fly at the eagle! down with Mrs. Montagu herself! I hope she will come full of "Evelina!"

WEDNESDAY. — At breakfast, Dr. Johnson asked me if

I had been reading his "Life of Cowley?" "O yes," said I. "And what do you think of it?" "I am delighted with it," cried I; "and if I was somebody, instead of nobody, I should not have read it without telling you sooner what I think of it, and unasked."

Again, when I took up Cowley's Life, he made me put it away to talk.

We could not prevail with him to stay till Mrs. Montagu arrived, though, by appointment, she came very early. She and Miss Gregory came by one o'clock. There was no party to meet her.

She is middle-sized, very thin, and looks infirm; she has a sensible and penetrating countenance, and the air and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished, and of great parts. Dr. Johnson, who agrees in this, told us that a Mrs. Hervey, of his acquaintance, says she can remember Mrs. Montagu *trying* for this same air and manner. Mr. Crisp has said the same: however, nobody can now impartially see her, and not confess that she has extremely well succeeded.

My expectations, which were compounded of the praise of Mrs. Thrale and the abuse of Mr. Crisp, were most exactly answered, for I thought her in a medium way.

Miss Gregory is a fine young woman, and seems gentle and well bred.

A bustle with the dog Presto — Mrs. Thrale's favorite — at the entrance of these ladies into the library, prevented any formal reception; but as soon as Mrs. Montagu heard my name, she inquired very civilly after my father and made many speeches concerning a volume of "Linguet," which she has lost; but she hopes soon to be able to replace it. I am sure he is very high in her favor, because she did me the honor of addressing herself to me three or four times.

But my ease and tranquillity were soon disturbed: for she had not been in the room more than ten minutes, ere, turning to Mrs. Thrale, she said, "Oh, ma'am — but your 'Evelina' — I have not yet got it — I sent for it, but the bookseller had it not. However, I will certainly have it."

"Ay, I hope so," answered Mrs. Thrale, "and I hope you will like it too; for 'tis a book to be liked."

I began now a vehement nose-blowing, for the benefit of handkerchiefing my face. "I hope though," said Mrs. Montagu, dryly, "it is not in verse? I can read anything in prose, but I have a great dread of a long story in verse."

"No, ma'am, no; 'tis all in prose, I assure you. And Dr. Johnson, ma'am," added my kind puffer, "says Fielding never wrote so well — never wrote equal to this book; he says it is a better picture of life and manners than is to be found anywhere in Fielding."

"Indeed?" cried Mrs. Montagu, surprised; "that I did not expect, for I have been informed it is the work of a young lady, and therefore, though I expected a very pretty book, I supposed it to be a work of mere imagination, and the name I thought attractive; but life and manners I never dreamt of finding."

"Well, ma'am, what I tell you is literally true; and for my part, I am never better pleased than when good girls write clever books — and that this is clever — But all this time we are killing Miss Burney, who wrote the book herself."

What a clap of thunder was this! — the last thing in the world I should have expected before my face! I know not what bewitched Mrs. Thrale, but this was carrying the jest farther than ever. All *retenu* being now at an end, I fairly and abruptly took to my heels, and ran out of the room with the utmost trepidation, amidst astonished exclamations from Mrs. Montagu and Miss Gregory. I was

horribly disconcerted, but I am now so irrecoverably in for it, that I begin to leave off reproaches and expostulations; indeed, they have very little availed me while they might have been of service, but now they would pass for mere parade and affectation; and therefore, since they can do no good, I gulp them down. I find them, indeed, somewhat hard of digestion, but they must make their own way as well as they can.

When dinner was upon table, I followed the procession, in a tragedy step, as Mr. Thrale will have it, into the dining-parlor. Dr. Johnson was returned.

The conversation was not brilliant, nor do I remember much of it; but Mrs. Montagu behaved to me just as I could have wished, since she spoke to me very little, but spoke that little with the utmost politeness. But Miss Gregory, though herself a very modest girl, quite stared me out of countenance, and never took her eyes off my face.

When Mrs. Montagu's new house was talked of, Dr. Johnson, in a jocose manner, desired to know if he should be invited to see it.

"Ay, sure," cried Mrs. Montagu, looking well pleased; "or else I shan't like it: but I invite you all to a housewarming; I shall hope for the honor of seeing all this company at my new house next Easter-day: I fix the day now that it may be remembered." Everybody bowed and accepted the invite but me, and I thought fitting not to hear it; for I have no notion of snapping at invites from the eminent. But Dr. Johnson, who sat next to me, was determined I should be of the party, for he suddenly clapped his hand on my shoulder, and called out aloud, "Little Burney, you and I will go together!" "Yes, surely," cried Mrs. Montagu; "I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing 'Evelina.'" "'Evelina?'" repeated he; "has Mrs. Montagu then found out 'Evelina?'" "Yes,"

cried she, "and I am proud of it; I am proud that a work so commended should be a woman's." Oh, how my face burnt! "Has Mrs. Montagu," asked Dr. Johnson, "read 'Evelina?'" "No, sir, not yet; but I shall immediately, for I feel the greatest eagerness to read it." "I am very sorry, madam," replied he, "that you have not read it already, because you cannot speak of it with a full conviction of its merit: which, I believe, when you have read it, you will find great pleasure in acknowledging."

Some other things were said, but I remember them not, for I could hardly keep my place: but my sweet, naughty Mrs. Thrale looked delighted for me.

They went away very early, because Mrs. Montagu is a great coward in a carriage. She repeated her invitation as she left the room. So now that I am invited to Mrs. Montagu's, I think the measure of my glory full!

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST. — I am more comfortable here than ever; Dr. Johnson honors me with increasing kindness; Mr. Thrale is much more easy and sociable than when I was here before; I am quite jocose, whenever I please, with Miss Thrale; and the charming head and life of the house, her mother, stands the test of the closest examination, as well and as much to her honor as she does a mere cursory view. She is, indeed, all that is excellent and desirable in woman.

I have had a thousand delightful conversations with Dr. Johnson, who, whether he loves me or not, I am sure seems to have some opinion of my discretion, for he speaks of all this house to me with unbounded confidence, neither diminishing faults, nor exaggerating praise. Whenever he is below stairs he keeps me a prisoner, for he does not like I should quit the room a moment; if I rise, he constantly calls out, "Don't you go, little Burney!" Last night, when we were talking of compliments and of gross speeches,

Mrs. Thrale most justly said, that nobody could make either like Dr. Johnson. "Your compliments, sir, are made seldom, but when they are made they have an elegance unequalled; but then when you are angry, who dares make speeches so bitter and so cruel?"

Dr. Johnson. Madam, I am always sorry when I make bitter speeches, and I never do it but when I am insufferably vexed.

Mrs. Thrale. Yes, sir; but you suffer things to vex you that nobody else would vex at. I am sure I have had my share of scolding from you!

Dr. Johnson. It is true, you have; but you have borne it like an angel, and you have been the better for it.

Mrs. Thrale. That I believe, sir; for I have received more instruction from you than from any man, or any book; and the vanity that you should think me worth instructing always overcame the vanity of being found fault with. And so you had the scolding, and I the improvement.

F. B. And I am sure both make for the honor of both!

Dr. Johnson. I think so too. But Mrs. Thrale is a sweet creature, and never angry; she has a temper the most delightful of any woman I ever knew.

Mrs. Thrale. This I can tell you, sir, and without any flattery — I not only bear your reproofs when present, but in almost everything I do in your absence, I ask myself whether you would like it, and what you would say to it. Yet I believe there is nobody you dispute with oftener than me.

F. B. But you two are so well established with one another, that you can bear a rebuff that would kill a stranger.

Dr. Johnson. Yes; but we disputed the same before we were so well established with one another.

Mrs. Thrale. Oh, sometimes I think I shall die no other death than hearing the bitter things he says to others. What he says to myself I can bear, because I know how sincerely he is my friend, and that he means to mend me ; but to others it is cruel.

Dr. Johnson. Why, madam, you often provoke me to say severe things, by unreasonable commendation. If you would not call for my praise, I would not give you my censure ; but it constantly moves my indignation to be applied to to speak well of a thing which I think contemptible.

F. B. Well, this I know, whoever I may hear complain of Dr. Johnson's severity, I shall always vouch for his kindness, as far as regards myself, and his indulgence.

Mrs. Thrale. Ay, but I hope he will trim you yet, too !

Dr. Johnson. I hope not : I should be very sorry to say anything that should vex my dear little Burney.

F. B. If you did, sir, it would vex me more than you can imagine. I should sink in a minute.

Mrs. Thrale. I remember, sir, when we were travelling in Wales, how you called me to account for my civility to the people. "Madam," you said, "let me have no more of this idle commendation of nothing. Why is it, that whatever you see, and whoever you see, you are to be so indiscriminately lavish of praise ?" "Why, I'll tell you, sir," said I, "when I am with you and Mr. Thrale, and Queeny, I am obliged to be civil for four !"

There was a cutter for you ! But this I must say, for the honor of both, Mrs. Thrale speaks to Dr. Johnson with as much sincerity (though with greater softness) as he does to her.

Well, now I have given so many fine compliments from Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, suppose, by way of contrast and variety, I give a few of Rose Fuller's. He called here

on Saturday morning, with his little dog Sharp, who is his constant companion. When the common salutations were over, and everybody had said something to him and his dog, he applied to me. "Well, Miss Burney, and how do you do? Pray how do you like my little dog? His name is Sharp."

F. B. Oh, very well!

Mr. Fuller. I am very glad to hear it; I shall pique myself upon Miss Burney's opinion, and "that sort of thing;" I assure you I am quite proud of it. I have got an "Evelina" of my own, now, Mrs. Thrale; we shall break the bookseller, for Dr. Calvert sent for it too. I am now in the middle of the second volume: upon my word, Miss Burney, "in that sort of way," 'tis amazing how you've hit off characters! Upon my word, I never read anything higher! I declare I never laughed so in my life. And, give me leave to say, for "that sort of thing," I think that Captain a very ingenious sort of man; upon my word he is quite smart in some of his replies; but he is too hard upon the old Frenchwoman, too.

STREATHAM, SEPTEMBER 26. — I have, from want of time, neglected my journal so long, that I cannot now pretend to go on methodically, and be particular as to dates.

The present chief sport with Mrs. Thrale is disposing of me in the holy state of matrimony, and she offers me whoever comes to the house. This was begun by Mrs. Montagu, who, it seems, proposed a match for me, in my absence, with Sir Joshua Reynolds! — no less a man, I assure you! When I was dressing for dinner, Mrs. Thrale told me that Mr. Crutchley was expected. "Who's he?" quoth I. "A young man of very large fortune, who was a ward of Mr. Thrale. Queeny, what do you say of him for Miss Burney?" "Him!" cried she; "no, indeed;

what has Miss Burney done to have him?" "Nay, believe me, a man of his fortune may offer himself anywhere. However, I won't recommend him." "Why, then, ma'am," cried I, with dignity, "I reject him!"

This Mr. Crutchley stayed till after breakfast the next morning. I can't tell you anything of him, because I neither like nor dislike him. Mr. Crutchley was scarce gone, ere Mr. Smith arrived. Mr. Smith is a second cousin of Mr. Thrale, and a modest, pretty sort of young man. He stayed till Friday morning. When he was gone, "What say you to him, Miss Burney?" cried Mrs. Thrale — "I am sure I offer you variety." "Why, I like him better than Mr. Crutchley, but I don't think I shall pine for either of them." "Dr. Johnson," said Mrs. Thrale, "don't you think Jerry Crutchley very much improved?"

Dr. Johnson. Yes, madam, I think he is.

Mrs. Thrale. Shall he have Miss Burney?

Dr. Johnson. Why, I think not; at least, I must know more of him; I must inquire into his connections, his recreations, his employments, and his character, from his intimates, before I trust Miss Burney with him. And he must come down very handsomely with a settlement. I will not have him left to his generosity; for as he will marry her for her wit, and she him for his fortune, he ought to bid well; and let him come down with what he will, his price will never be equal to her worth.

Mrs. Thrale. She says she likes Mr. Smith better.

Dr. Johnson. Yes, but I won't have her like Mr. Smith without the money, better than Mr. Crutchley with it. Besides, if she has Crutchley, he will use her well, to vindicate his choice. The world, madam, has a reasonable claim on all mankind to account for their conduct; therefore, if with his great wealth he marries a woman who has but little, he will be more attentive to display

merit than if she was equally rich, in order to show that the woman he has chosen deserves from the world all the respect and admiration it can bestow, or that else she would not have been his choice.

Mrs. Thrale. I believe young Smith is the better man.

F. B. Well, I won't be rash in thinking of either; I will take some time for consideration before I fix.

Dr. Johnson. Why, I don't hold it to be delicate to offer marriages to ladies, even in jest, nor do I approve such sort of jocularities; yet for once I must break through the rules of decorum, and propose a match myself for Miss Burney. I therefore nominate Sir J—— L——.

Mrs. Thrale. I'll give you my word, sir, you are not the first to say that, for my master the other morning, when we were alone, said, "What would I give that Sir J—— L—— was married to Miss Burney; it might restore him to our family." So spoke his uncle and guardian.

F. B. He, he! Ha, ha! He, he! Ha, ha!

Dr. Johnson. That was elegantly said of my master, and nobly said, and not in the vulgar way we have been saying it. And where, madam, will you find another man in trade who will make such a speech — who will be capable of making such a speech? — Well, I am glad my master takes so to Miss Burney; I would have everybody take to Miss Burney, so as they allow me to take to her most! Yet I don't know whether Sir J—— L—— should have her, neither. I should be afraid for her; I don't think I would hand her to him.

F. B. Why, now, what a fine match is here broken off!

Some time after, when we were in the library, he asked me very gravely if I loved reading? "Yes," quoth I. "Why do you doubt it, sir?" cried Mrs. Thrale. "Because," answered he, "I never see her with a book in her hand. I have taken notice that she never has

been reading whenever I have come into the room." "Sir," quoth I, courageously, "I am always afraid of being caught reading, lest I should pass for being studious or affected, and therefore, instead of making a display of books, I always try to hide them, as is the case at this very time, for I have now your 'Life of Waller' under my gloves behind me. However, since I am piqued to it, I'll boldly produce my voucher." And so saying, I put the book on the table, and opened it with a flourishing air. And then the laugh was on my side, for he could not help making a droll face; and if he had known Kitty Cooke, I would have called out, "There I had you, my lad!"

"And now," quoth Mrs. Thrale, "you must be more careful than ever of not being thought bookish, for now you are known for a wit and a *bel esprit*, you will be watched, and if you are not upon your guard, all the misses will rise up against you."

Dr. Johnson. Nay, nay, now it is too late. You may read as much as you will now, for you are in for it — you are dipped over head and ears in the Castalian stream, and so I hope you will be invulnerable. Another time, when we were talking of the licentiousness of the newspapers, Dr. Johnson said: "I wonder they have never yet had a touch at little Burney."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" cried I: "I am sure if they did, I believe I should try the depth of Mr. Thrale's spring-pond." "No, no, my dear, no," cried he, kindly, "you must resolve not to mind them; you must set yourself against them, and not let any such nonsense affect you." "There is nobody," said Mrs. Thrale, "tempers the satirist with so much meekness as Miss Burney." Satirist, indeed! is it not a satire upon words to call me so?

"I hope to Heaven I shall never be tried," cried I, "for I am sure I should never bear it. Of my book they may

say what they will and welcome, but if they touch at me I shall be ——." "Nay," said Mrs. Thrale, "if you are not afraid for the book, I am sure they can say no harm of the author." "Never let them know," said Dr. Johnson, "which way you shall most mind them, and then they will stick to the book; but you must never acknowledge how tender you are for the author."

Tuesday morning our breakfast was delightful. We had Mr. Seward, Mr. Embry, and Lady Ladd added to our usual party, and Dr. Johnson was quite in a sportive humor. But I can only write some few speeches, wanting time to be prolix, not inclination. "Sir," said Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, "why did you not sooner leave your wine yesterday, and come to us? we had a Miss who sung and played like anything!" "Ay, had you?" said he, drolly; "and why did you not call me to the rapturous entertainment?" "Why, I was afraid you would not have praised her, for I sat thinking all the time myself whether it were better to sing and play as she sang and played, or to do nothing. And at first I thought she had the best of it, for we were but stupid before she began; but afterwards she made it so long, that I thought *nothing* had all the advantage. But, sir, Lady Ladd has had the same misfortune you had, for she has fallen down and hurt herself woefully." "How did that happen, madam?" "Why, sir, the heel of her shoe caught in something." "Heel?" replied he; "nay, then, if her ladyship, who walks six foot high" (N.B. this is a fact), "will wear a high heel, I think she almost deserves a fall." "Nay, sir, my heel was not so high!" cried Lady Ladd.

"But, madam, why should you wear any? That for which there is no occasion, had always better be dispensed with. However, a fall to your ladyship is nothing," continued he, laughing, "you, who are light and little, can

soon recover; but I, who am a gross man, might suffer severely: with your ladyship, the case is different, for 'Airy substance soon unites again.'" Poor Lady Ladd, who is quite a strapper, made no answer, but she was not offended. Mrs. Thrale and I afterwards settled, that not knowing his allusion from the "Rape of the Lock," she only thought he had made a stupid sort of speech, and did not trouble herself to find a meaning to it.

"However," continued he, "if my fall does confine me, I will make my confinement pleasant, for Miss Burney shall nurse me — positively!" (and he slapped his hand on the table), "and then, she shall sing to me, and soothe my cares." Mr. Thrale then offered to carry Mr. Seward, who was obliged to go to town, in the coach with him, — and Mr. Embury also left us. But Dr. Johnson sat with Mrs. Thrale, Lady Ladd, and me, for an hour or two. The subject was given by Lady Ladd; it was the respect due from the lower class of the people. "I know my place," said she, "and I always take it: and I've no notion of not taking it. But Mrs. Thrale lets all sort of people do just as they've a mind by her."

"Ay," said Mrs. Thrale, "why should I torment and worry myself about all the paltry marks of respect that consist in bows and courtesies? — I have no idea of troubling myself about the manners of all the people I mix with."

"No," said Lady Ladd, "so` they will take all sorts of liberties with you. I remember, when you were at my house, how the hairdresser flung down the comb as soon as you were dressed, and went out of the room without making a bow."

"Well, all the better," said Mrs. Thrale; "for if he had made me one, ten thousand to one if I had seen it. I was in as great haste to have done with him, as he could be

to have done with me. I was glad enough to get him out of the room; I did not want him to stand bowing and cringing."

"If any man had behaved so insolently to me," answered she, "I would never again have suffered him in my house."

"Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "your ladyship has a great deal more dignity than I have!—Dr. Johnson, we are talking of the respect due from inferiors; and Lady Ladd is of the same side you are."

"Why, madam," said he, "subordination is always necessary to the preservation of order and decorum."

"I protest," said Lady Ladd, "I have no notion of submitting to any kind of impertinence: and I never will bear either to have any person nod to me, or enter a room where I am without bowing."

"But, madam," said Dr. Johnson, "what if they will nod, and what if they won't bow?—how then?"

"Why I always tell them of it," said she.

"Oh, commend me to that!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "I'd sooner never see another bow in my life, than turn dancing master to hair-dressers."

The doctor laughed his approbation, but said that every man had a right to a certain degree of respect, and no man liked to be defrauded of that right.

As my dear father spent the rest of the day here, I will not further particularize, but leave accounts to his better communication. He probably told you that the P—— family came in to tea; and, as he knows Mrs. P——, pray tell him what Dr. Johnson says of her. When they were gone, Mrs. Thrale complained that she was quite worn out with that tiresome silly woman, who had talked of her family and affairs till she was sick to death of hearing her. "Madam," said he, "Why do you blame the woman for the

only sensible thing she could do — talking of her family and her affairs? For how should a woman who is as empty as a drum, talk upon any other subject? — If you speak to her of the sun, she does not know it rises in the east; — if you speak to her of the moon, she does not know it changes at the full; — if you speak to her of the queen, she does not know she is the king's wife; — how, then, can you blame her for talking of her family and affairs?"

CHAPTER II.

1779 — 1780.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, JANUARY 1779. On Friday, I had a visit from Dr. Johnson! he came on purpose to reason with me about this pamphlet¹, which he had heard from my father had so greatly disturbed me. Shall I not love him more than ever? However, Miss Young was just arrived, and Mr. Bremner spent the evening here, and therefore he had the delicacy and goodness to forbear coming to the point. Yet he said several things that I understood, though they were unintelligible to all others; and he was more kind, more good-humored, more flattering to me than ever. Indeed, my uneasiness upon this subject has met with more indulgence from him than from anybody. He repeatedly charged me not to fret; and bid me not repine at my success, but think of Floretta, in the Fairy Tale, who found sweetness and consolation in her wit sufficient to counterbalance her scoffers and libellers! Indeed he was all good humor and kindness, and seemed quite bent on giving me comfort as well as flattery.

The next evening, just as I was dressed for my formidable visit at Sir Joshua's, I received a letter from Mrs. Thrale, the longest and most delightful she has ever written me. It contains, indeed, warm expostulations upon my uneasiness, and earnest remonstrances that I would

¹ A pamphlet had appeared, in which Miss Burney's name was incidentally mentioned.

overcome it; but that she should think me worth the trouble of reproof, and the danger of sincerity, flattered, soothed, and cheered me inexpressibly; and she speaks so affectionately of her regard for me, that I feel more convinced of it than ever.

Now to this grand visit: which was become more tremendous than ever from the pamphlet business, as I felt almost ashamed to see Sir Joshua, and could not but conclude he would think of it too. We found the Miss Palmers alone. We were, for near an hour, quite easy, chatty, and comfortable; no pointed speech was made, and no starrer entered.

Soon after, Sir Joshua returned home. He paid his compliments to everybody, and then brought a chair next mine, and said: "So you were afraid to come among us?"

I don't know if I wrote to you a speech to that purpose, which I made to the Miss Palmers? and which, I suppose, they had repeated to him. He went on, saying I might as well fear hobgoblins, and that I had only to hold up my head to be above them all. After this address, his behavior was exactly what my wishes would have dictated to him for my own ease and quietness; for he never once even alluded to my book, but conversed rationally, gaily, and serenely: and so I became more comfortable than I had been ever since the first entrance of company. Our subject was chiefly Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*; we had both read the same, and therefore could discuss them with equal pleasure, and we both were charmed with them, and therefore could praise them with equal warmth; and we both love and reverence the writer, and therefore could mix observations on the book and the author with equal readiness.

Well, while this was going forward, a violent rapping bespoke, I was sure, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and I ran from

the standers, and turning my back against the door, looked over Miss Palmer's cards; for you may well imagine, I was really in a tremor at a meeting which so long has been in agitation, and with the person who, of all persons, has been most warm and enthusiastic for my book. She had not, however, been in the room half an instant, ere my father came up to me, and tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Fanny, here's a lady who wishes to speak to you."

I curtseyed in silence, she too curtseyed, and fixed her eyes full on my face, and then tapping me with her fan, she cried: "Come, come, you must not look grave upon me." Upon this, I te-he'd; she now looked at me yet more earnestly, and, after an odd silence, said, abruptly: "But is it true?" "What, ma'am?"

"It can't be! — tell me, though, is it true?"

I could only simper.

"Why don't you tell me? — but it can't be — I don't believe it! — no, you are an impostor!"

Sir Joshua and Lord Palmerston were both at her side — oh, how notably silly must I look! She again repeated her question of "Is it true?" and I again affected not to understand her; and then Sir Joshua, taking hold of her arm, attempted to pull her away, saying, "Come, come, Mrs. Cholmondeley, I won't have her overpowered here!" I love Sir Joshua much for this. But Mrs. Cholmondeley, turning to him, said, with quickness and vehemence: "Why, I ain't going to kill her! don't be afraid, I shan't compliment her! — I can't, indeed." Then, taking my hand, she led me through them all, to another part of the room, where again she examined my phiz, and viewed and reviewed my whole person. "Now," said she, "do tell me; is it true?"

"What, ma'am? — I don't — I don't know what ——"

"Pho! what, — why you know what: in short, can you read? and can you write?"

"N—o, ma'am!"

"I thought so," cried she: "I have suspected it was a trick, some time, and now I am sure of it. You are too young by half! — it can't be!" I laughed and would have got away, but she would not let me.

"No," cried she, "one thing you must, at least, tell me; — are you very conceited? Come, answer me," continued she. "You won't? Mrs. Burney, Dr. Burney, — come here, — tell me if she is not very conceited? — if she is not eat up with conceit by this time?" They were both pleased to answer "Not half enough."

"Well," exclaimed she, "that is the most wonderful part of all! Why that is yet more extraordinary than writing the book!" I then got away from her, and again looked over Miss Palmer's cards: but she was after me in a minute. "Pray, Miss Burney," cried she, aloud, "do you know anything of this game?"

"No, ma'am."

"No?" repeated she; "*ma foi*, that's a pity!" This raised such a laugh, I was forced to move on; yet everybody seemed to be afraid to laugh, too, and studying to be delicate, as if they had been cautioned; which, I have since found, was really the case, and by Sir Joshua himself. Again, however, she was at my side. "What game do you like, Miss Burney?" cried she. "I play at none, ma'am." "No? *pardie*, I wonder at that!" Did you ever know such a toad? Again I moved on, and got behind Mr. W. Burke, who, turning round to me, said: "This is not very politic in us, Miss Burney, to play at cards, and have you listen to our follies." There's for you! I am to pass for a censoress now. My frank will hold no more. Adieu, my dearest Susan.

January 11.

Your repeated call, my dear Susan, makes me once more attempt to finish my visit to Sir Joshua: but I have very much forgotten where I left off; therefore, if I am guilty of repetition or tautology, you must not much marvel. Mrs. Cholmondeley hunted me quite round the card-table, from chair to chair, repeating various speeches of Madame Duval; and when, at last, I got behind a sofa, out of her reach, she called out aloud, "Polly, Polly! only think! miss has danced with a lord!" Some time after, contriving to again get near me, she began flirting her fan, and exclaiming, "Well, miss, I have had a beau, I assure you! ay, and a very pretty beau too, though I don't know if his lodgings were so prettily furnished, and everything, as Mr. Smith's."

Then, applying to Mr. Cholmondeley, she said, "Pray, sir, what has become of my lottery-ticket?" "I don't know," answered he. "*Pardie*," cried she, "you don't know nothing!" I had now again made off, and, after much rambling, I at last seated myself near the card-table: but Mrs. Cholmondeley was after me in a minute, and drew a chair next mine. I now found it impossible to escape, and therefore forced myself to sit still. Lord Palmerston and Sir Joshua, in a few moments, seated themselves by us. I must now write dialogue-fashion, to avoid the enormous length of Mrs. C.'s name.

Mrs. Chol. I have been very ill; monstrous ill indeed! or else I should have been at your house long ago. Sir Joshua, pray how do you do? You know, I suppose, that I don't come to see you?

Sir Joshua could only laugh; though this was her first address to him.

Mrs. Chol. Pray, miss, what's your name?

F. B. Frances, ma'am.

Mrs. Chol. Fanny? Well, all the Fannys are excellent! and yet, — my name is Mary! Pray, Miss Palmers, how are you? — though I hardly know if I shall speak to you to-night. I thought I should never have got here! I have been so out of humor with the people for keeping me. If you but knew, cried I, to whom I am going to-night, and who I shall see to-night, you would not dare keep me muzzing here!

During all these pointed speeches, her penetrating eyes were fixed upon me; and what could I do? — what, indeed, could anybody do, but color and simper? — all the company watching us, though all, very delicately, avoided joining the confab.

Mrs. Chol. My Lord Palmerston, I was told to-night that nobody could see your lordship for me, for that you supped at my house every night? Dear, bless me, no! cried I, not every night! and I looked as confused as I was able; but I am afraid I did not blush, though I tried hard for it! Then, again, turning to me, "That Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, in Fleet-street, is a mighty silly fellow; — perhaps you don't know who I mean? — one T. Lowndes, — but maybe you don't know such a person?"

F. B. No, indeed, I do not! — that I can safely say.

Mrs. Chol. I could get nothing from him: but I told him I hoped he gave a good price; and he answered me, that he always did things genteel. What trouble and tagging we had! Mr. — [I cannot recollect the name she mentioned] laid a wager the writer was a man: — I said I was sure it was a woman: but now we are both out; for it's a girl!

In this comical, queer, flighty, whimsical manner she ran on, till we were summoned to supper; for we were not allowed to break up before: and then, when Sir Joshua and almost everybody was gone downstairs, she changed

her tone, and, with a face and voice both grave, said: "Well, Miss Burney, you must give me leave to say one thing to you; yet, perhaps you won't, neither, will you?" "What is it, ma'am?" "Why it is, that I admire you more than any human being! and that I can't help!" Then, suddenly rising, she hurried downstairs.

And now, my dear Susan, to relate the affairs of an evening, perhaps the most important of my life. To say that, is, I am sure, enough to interest you, my dearest girl, in all I can tell you of it. On Monday last, my father sent a note to Mrs. Cholmondeley, to propose our waiting on her the Wednesday following: she accepted the proposal, and accordingly on Wednesday evening, my father, mother, and self went to Hertford-street. I should have told you that Mrs. Cholmondeley, when my father some time ago called on her, sent me a message, that if I would go to see her, I should not again be stared at or worried; and she acknowledged that my visit at Sir Joshua's was a formidable one, and that I was watched the whole evening; but that upon the whole, the company behaved extremely well, for they only ogled! Well, we were received by Mrs. Cholmondeley with great politeness, and in a manner that showed she intended to entirely throw aside Madame Duval, and to conduct herself towards me in a new style. Mr. and the Misses Cholmondeley and Miss Forrest were with her; but who else think you?—why Mrs. Sheridan! I was absolutely charmed at the sight of her. I think her quite as beautiful as ever, and even more captivating; for she has now a look of ease and happiness that animates her whole face.

They talked of the intended marriage of the Duke of Dorset with Miss Cumberland, and many ridiculous anecdotes were related. The conversation naturally fell upon Mr. Cumberland, and he was finely cut up! "What a man is that!" said Mrs. Cholmondeley: "I cannot bear

him — so querulous, so dissatisfied, so determined to like nobody and nothing but himself!" "What, Mr. Cumberland?" exclaimed I. "Yes," answered she; "I hope you don't like him?" "I don't know him, ma'am. I have only seen him once, at Mrs. Ord's." "Oh, don't like him for your life! I charge you not! I hope you did not like his looks?" "Why," quoth I, laughing, "I went prepared and determined to like him; but, perhaps, when I see him next, I may go prepared for the contrary."

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Sheridan entered. Was I not in luck? Not that I believe the meeting was accidental; but I had more wished to meet him and his wife than any people I know not. Mr. Sheridan has a very fine figure, and a good though I don't think a handsome face. He is tall, and very upright, and his appearance and address are at once manly and fashionable, without the smallest tincture of foppery or modish graces. In short, I like him vastly, and think him every way worthy his beautiful companion. And let me tell you what I know will give you as much pleasure as it gave me — that, by all I could observe in the course of the evening, and we stayed very late, they are extremely happy in each other: he evidently adores her, and she as evidently idolizes him. The world has by no means done him justice.

When next there was a rat-tat, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Warton¹ entered. And now I must tell you a little conversation which I did not hear myself till I came home; it was between Mr. Sheridan and my father. "Dr. Burney," cried the former, "have you no older daughters? Can this possibly be the authoress of 'Evelina?'" And then he said abundance of fine things, and begged my father to introduce him to me.

¹ Dr. Joseph Warton, author of the "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope." He was then Head Master of Winchester.

"Why, it will be a very formidable thing to her," answered he, "to be introduced to you."

"Well then, by-and-by," returned he.

Some time after this, my eyes happening to meet his, he waived the ceremony of introduction, and in a low voice said: "I have been telling Dr. Burney that I have long expected to see in Miss Burney a lady of the gravest appearance, with the quickest parts." I was never much more astonished than at this unexpected address, as among all my numerous puffers the name of Sheridan has never reached me, and I did really imagine he had never deigned to look at my trash. Of course I could make no verbal answer, and he proceeded then to speak of "Evelina" in terms of the highest praise; but I was in such a ferment from surprise (not to say pleasure), that I have no recollection of his expressions. I only remember telling him that I was much amazed he had spared time to read it, and that he repeatedly called it a most surprising book; and some time after he added: "But I hope, Miss Burney, you don't intend to throw away your pen?"

"You should take care, sir," said I, "what you say: for you know not what weight it may have." He wished it might have any, he said; and soon after turned again to my father.

I protest, since the approbation of the Streathamites, I have met with none so flattering to me as this of Mr. Sheridan, and so very unexpected.

Some time after, Sir Joshua returning to his standing-place, entered into confab with Miss Linley and your slave, upon various matters, during which Mr. Sheridan, joining us, said: "Sir Joshua, I have been telling Miss Burney that she must not suffer her pen to lie idle — ought she?"

Sir Joshua. No, indeed, ought she not.

Mr. Sheridan. Do you then, Sir Joshua, persuade her.

But perhaps you have begun something? May we ask? Will you answer a question candidly?

F. B. I don't know, but as candidly as *Mrs. Candour* I think I certainly shall.

Mr. Sheridan. What then are you about now?

F. B. Why, twirling my fan, I think!

Mr. Sheridan. No, no; but what are you about at home? However, it is not a fair question, so I won't press it.

Yet he looked very inquisitive; but I was glad to get off without any downright answer.

Sir Joshua. Anything in the dialogue way, I think, she must succeed in; and I am sure invention will not be wanting.

Mr. Sheridan. No, indeed; I think, and say, she should write a comedy.

Sir Joshua. I am sure I think so; and hope she will.

I could only answer by incredulous exclamations. "Consider," continued Sir Joshua, "you have already had all the applause and fame you can have given you in the closet; but the acclamation of a theatre will be new to you." And then he put down his trumpet, and began a violent clapping of his hands.

I actually shook from head to foot! I felt myself already in Drury Lane, amidst the hubbub of a first night. "Oh, no!" cried I, "there may be a noise, but it will be just the reverse." And I returned his salute with a hissing. Mr. Sheridan joined Sir Joshua very warmly. "Oh, sir!" cried I, "you should not run on so — you don't know what mischief you may do!"

Mr. Sheridan. I wish I may — I shall be very glad to be accessory.

Sir Joshua. She has, certainly, something of a knack at characters; — where she got it, I don't know, and how she

got it, I can't imagine; but she certainly has it. And to throw it away is ——

Mr. Sheridan. Oh, she won't,— she will write a comedy, — she has promised me she will!

F. B. Oh!—if you both run on in this manner, I shall ——

I was going to say get under the chair, but Mr. Sheridan, interrupting me with a laugh, said: “Set about one? very well, that's right!” “Ay,” cried Sir Joshua, “that's very right. And you (to Mr. Sheridan) would take anything of hers, would you not? — unsight, unseen?” What a point-blank question! who but Sir Joshua would have ventured it! “Yes,” answered Mr. Sheridan, with quickness, “and make her a bow and my best thanks into the bargain.” Now, my dear Susy, tell me, did you ever hear the fellow to such a speech as this! — it was all I could do to sit it. “Mr. Sheridan,” I exclaimed, “are you not mocking me?” “No, upon my honor! this is what I have meditated to say to you the first time I should have the pleasure of seeing you.”

To be sure, as Mrs. Thrale says, if folks are to be spoilt, there is nothing in the world so pleasant as spoiling! But I was never so much astonished, and seldom have been so much delighted, as by this attack of Mr. Sheridan. Afterwards he took my father aside, and formally repeated his opinion that I should write for the stage, and his desire to see my play, — with encomiums the most flattering of “Evelina.”

And now, my dear Susy, if I should attempt the stage, I think I may be fairly acquitted of presumption, and however I may fail, that I was strongly pressed to try by Mrs. Thrale, and by Mr. Sheridan, the most successful and powerful of all dramatic living authors, will abundantly excuse my temerity.

STREATHAM, FEBRUARY. — I have been here so long, my dearest Susan, without writing a word, that now I hardly know where or how to begin. But I will try to draw up a concise account of what has passed for this last fortnight, and then endeavor to be more minute. Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson vied with each other in the kindness of their reception of me. Mr. Thrale was, as usual at first, cold and quiet, but soon, as usual also, warmed into sociality.

TUESDAY. — Yesterday, at night, I told Dr. Johnson the inquiry,¹ and added that I attributed it to my being at Streatham, and supposed the folks took it for granted nobody would be admitted there without knowing Latin, at least. “No, my dear, no,” answered he; “the man thought it because you have written a book — he concluded that a book could not be written by one who knew no Latin. And it is strange that it should — but, perhaps you do know it — for your shyness, and slyness, and pretending to know nothing, never took me in, whatever you may do with others. I always knew you for a toadling.”

At our usual time of absconding, he would not let us go, and was in high good-humor; and when, at last, Mrs. Thrale absolutely refused to stay any longer, he took me by the hand, and said, “Don’t you mind her, my little Burney; do you stay, whether she will or not.” So away went Mrs. Thrale, and left us to a *tête-à-tête*. Now I had been considering that perhaps I ought to speak to him of my new castle, lest hereafter he should suspect that I preferred the counsel of Mr. Murphy. I therefore determined to take this opportunity, and, after some general nothings, I asked if he would permit me to take a great liberty with him? He assented with the most encouraging smile. And then I said:

“I believe, sir, you heard part of what passed between

¹ A clergyman had asked Miss Burney if she knew Latin.

Mr. Murphy and me the other evening, concerning — a — a comedy. Now, if I should make such an attempt, would you be so good as to allow me, any time before Michaelmas, to put it in the coach, for you to look over as you go to town?" "To be sure, my dear! — What, have you begun a comedy then?" I told him how the affair stood. He then gave me advice which just accorded with my wishes, viz., not to make known that I had any such intention; to keep my own counsel; not to whisper even the name of it; to raise no expectations, which were always prejudicial, and, finally, to have it performed while the town knew nothing of whose it was. I readily assured him of my hearty concurrence in his opinion; but he somewhat distressed me when I told him that Mr. Murphy must be in my confidence, as he had offered his services, by desiring he might be the last to see it. What I shall do, I know not, for he has, himself, begged to be the first. Mrs. Thrale, however, shall guide me between them. He spoke highly of Mr. Murphy, too, for he really loves him. He said he would not have it in the coach, but that I should read it to him; however, I could sooner drown or hang! When I would have offered some apology for the attempt, he stopped me, and desired I would never make any. "For," said he "if it succeeds, it makes its own apology, if not ——" "If not," quoth I, "I cannot do worse than Dr. Goldsmith, when his play failed, — go home and cry!"

He laughed, but told me, repeatedly (I mean twice, which, for him, is very remarkable), that I might depend upon all the service in his power: and, he added, it would be well to make Murphy the last judge, "for he knows the stage" he said, "and I am quite ignorant of it." Afterwards, grasping my hand with the most affectionate warmth, he said: "I wish you success! I wish you well! my dear little Burney!" When, at length, I told him I could stay

no longer, and bid him good night, he said, "There is none like you, my dear little Burney ! there is none like you ! — good night, my darling !"

TUESDAY NIGHT. — Miss Streatfield came. Mrs. Thrale prevailed upon her to stay till the next day. I find her a very amiable girl, and extremely handsome ; not so wise as I expected, but very well ; however, had she not chanced to have had so uncommon an education, with respect to literature or learning, I believe she would not have made her way among the wits by the force of her natural parts. Mr. Seward, you know, told me that she had tears at command, and I begin to think so too, for when Mrs. Thrale, who had previously told me I should see her cry, began coaxing her to stay, and saying, "If you go, I shall know you don't love me so well as Lady Gresham," — she did cry, not loud indeed, nor much, but the tears came into her eyes, and rolled down her fine cheeks. "Come hither, Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Thrale, "come and see Miss Streatfield cry !"

I thought it a mere *badinage*. I went to them, but when I saw real tears, I was shocked, and saying "No, I won't look at her," ran away frightened, lest she should think I laughed at her, which Mrs. Thrale did so openly, that, as I told her, had she served me so, I should have been affronted with her ever after. Miss Streatfield, however, whether from a sweetness not to be ruffled, or from not perceiving there was any room for taking offence, gently wiped her eyes, and was perfectly composed !

STREATHAM, JUNE 12. — Now, my dear Susan, hard and fast — let me write up to the present time.

I left you all, as you truly say, on Saturday, in no very high spirits. Mrs. Thrale's visible uneasiness and agitation quite alarmed me. I dared ask her no questions ; but, soon after we drove off, Sir Philip Clerke gently and feelingly led to the subject, and, in the course of our ride, got from

her all the particulars of poor Mr. Thrale's dreadful and terrifying attack.

I find, with true concern, that it was undoubtedly a paralytic stroke. He was taken ill at his sister's, Mrs. Nesbitt's, during dinner; he did not absolutely fall, but his head sank upon the table, and, as soon as he was able to raise it, they found that his reason had left him;—he talked wildly, and seemed to know nobody. Mrs. Nesbitt brought him home; he was much better before Dr. Bromfield could be fetched; yet, for three days afterwards, his senses, at intervals, were frightfully impaired.

When we stopped here, Sir Philip immediately went to Mr. Thrale, but I ran past the door, and up to my own room, for I quite dreaded seeing him till I had prepared myself to meet him, without any seeming concern, as I was told that he was extremely suspicious of being thought in any danger. I dawdled away about an hour, and then asked Miss Thrale to accompany me into the parlor.

Mr. Thrale was there, with Sir Philip, Mr. Seward, and Captain Fuller. I endeavored to enter, and behave as if nothing had happened. I saw Mr. Thrale fix his eyes upon me with an inquisitive and melancholy earnestness, as if to read my opinion: indeed, his looks were vastly better than I expected, but his evident dejection quite shocked me. I did not dare to go up to him, for if he had offered to shake hands with me, I believe I should have been unable to disguise my concern; for, indeed, he has of late made himself a daily increasing interest in my regard and kind wishes. I therefore turned short from him, and pretending earnest talk with Miss Thrale, went to one of the windows.

At dinner everybody tried to be cheerful; but a dark and gloomy cloud hangs over the head of poor Mr. Thrale,

which no flashes of merriment or beams of wit can pierce through; yet he seems pleased that everybody should be gay, and desirous to be spoken to, and of, as usual.

STREATHAM, SUNDAY, JUNE 13. — After church, we all strolled round the grounds, and the topic of our discourse was Miss Streatfield. Mrs. Thrale asserted that she had a power of captivation that was irresistible; that her beauty, joined to her softness, her caressing manners, her tearful eyes, and alluring looks, would insinuate her into the heart of any man she thought worth attacking. Sir Philip declared himself of a totally different opinion, and quoted Dr. Johnson against her, who had told him that, taking away her Greek, she was as ignorant as a butterfly. Mr. Seward declared her Greek was all against her with him, for that, instead of reading Pope, Swift, or the *Spectator*, — books from which she might derive useful knowledge and improvement — it had led her to devote all her reading time to the first eight books of Homer.

“But,” said Mrs. Thrale, “her Greek, you must own, has made all her celebrity; — you would have heard no more of her than of any other pretty girl, but for that.”

“What I object to,” said Sir Philip, “is her avowed preference for this parson. Surely it is very indelicate in any lady to let all the world know with whom she is in love!”

“The parson,” said the severe Mr. Seward, “I suppose, spoke first, — or she would as soon have been in love with you, or with me!” You will easily believe I gave him no pleasant look. He wanted me to slacken my pace, and tell him, in confidence, my private opinion of her: but I told him, very truly, that as I knew her chiefly by account, not by acquaintance, I had not absolutely formed my opinion.

“Were I to live with her four days,” said this odd man, “I believe the fifth I should want to take her to church.” “You’d be devilish tired of her, though,” said Sir Philip,

"in half a year. A crying wife will never do!" "Oh, yes," cried he, "the pleasure of soothing her would make amends."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Thrale, "I would insure her power of crying herself into any of your hearts she pleased. I made her cry to Miss Burney, to show how beautiful she looked in tears."

"If I had been her," said Mr. Seward, "I would never have visited you again."

"Oh, but she liked it," answered Mrs. T., "for she knows how well she does it. Miss Burney would have run away, but she came forward on purpose to show herself. I would have done so by nobody else; but Sophy Streatfield is never happier than when the tears trickle from her fine eyes in company."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16. — We had, at breakfast, a scene, of its sort, the most curious I ever saw. The persons were Sir Philip, Mr. Seward, Dr. Delap, Miss Streatfield, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and I. The discourse turning, I know not how, upon Miss Streatfield, Mrs. Thrale said: "Ay, I made her cry once for Miss Burney as pretty as could be: but nobody does cry so pretty as the S. S. I'm sure, when she cried for Seward, I never saw her look half so lovely."

"For Seward?" cried Sir Philip; "did she cry for Seward? What a happy dog! I hope she'll never cry for me, for, if she does, I won't answer for the consequences." "Seward," said Mrs. Thrale, "had affronted Johnson, and then Johnson affronted Seward, and then the S. S. cried." "Oh," cried Sir Philip, "that I had but been here!" "Nay," answered Mrs. Thrale, "you'd only have seen how like three fools three sensible persons behaved: for my part, I was quite sick of it, and of them, too."

Sir Philip. Well, I have heard so much of these tears, that I would give the universe to have a sight of them.

Mrs. Thrale. Well, she shall cry again, if you like it.

S.-S. No, pray, *Mrs. Thrale*.

Sir Philip. Oh, pray do! pray, let me see a little of it.

Mrs. Thrale. Yes, do cry a little, Sophy [*in a wheedling voice*], pray do! Consider, now, you are going to-day, and it's very hard if you won't cry a little; indeed, *S. S.* you ought to cry.

Now for the wonder of wonders. When *Mrs. Thrale*, in a coaxing voice, suited to a nurse soothing a baby, had run on for some time — while all the rest of us, in laughter, joined in the request — two crystal tears came into the soft eyes of the *S. S.*, and rolled gently down her cheeks! Such a sight I never saw before, nor could I have believed. She offered not to conceal or dissipate them: on the contrary, she really contrived to have them seen by everybody. She looked, indeed, uncommonly handsome; for her pretty face was not, like *Chloe's*, blubbered; it was smooth and elegant, and neither her features nor complexion were at all ruffled; nay, indeed, she was smiling all the time. “Look, look!” cried *Mrs. Thrale*; “see if the tears are not come already.” Loud and rude bursts of laughter broke from us all at once. How, indeed, could they be restrained? Yet we all stared, and looked and re-looked again and again, twenty times, ere we could believe our eyes. *Sir Philip*, I thought, would have died in convulsions; for his laughter and his politeness, struggling furiously with one another, made him almost black in the face. *Mr. Seward* looked half vexed that her crying for him was now so much lowered in its flattery, yet grinned incessantly; *Miss Thrale* laughed as much as contempt would allow her; but *Dr. Delap* seemed petrified with astonishment.

When our mirth abated, *Sir Philip*, coloring violently with his efforts to speak, said, “I thank you, ma'am; I'm

much obliged to you." But I really believe he spoke without knowing what he was saying. "What a wonderful command," said Dr. Delap, very gravely, "that lady must have over herself!" She now took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "Sir Philip," cried Mr. Seward, "how can you suffer her to dry her own eyes? — you, who sit next her?" "I dare not dry them for her," answered he, "because I am not the right man." "But if I sat next her," returned he, "she should not dry them herself." "I wish," cried Dr. Delap, "I had a bottle to put them in; 'tis a thousand pities they should be wasted." "There, now," said Mrs. Thrale, "she looks for all the world as if nothing had happened; for, you know, nothing *has* happened!" "Would you cry, Miss Burney," said Sir Philip, "if we asked you?" "Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, "I would not do thus by Miss Burney for ten worlds! I dare say she would never speak to me again. I should think she'd be more likely to walk out of my house than to cry because I bid her." "I don't know how that is," cried Sir Philip; "but I'm sure she's gentle enough." "She can cry, I doubt not," said Mr. Seward, "on any proper occasion." "But I must know," said I, "what for."

I did not say this loud enough for the S. S. to hear me; but if I had, she would not have taken it for the reflection it meant. She seemed, the whole time, totally insensible to the numerous strange and, indeed, impertinent speeches which were made, and to be very well satisfied that she was only manifesting a tenderness of disposition, that increased her beauty of countenance. At least, I can put no other construction upon her conduct, which was, without exception, the strangest I ever saw. Without any pretence of affliction, — to weep merely because she was bid, though bid in a manner to forbid any one else, — to be in good spirits all the time, — to see the whole company

expiring of laughter at her tears, without being at all offended, — and, at last, to dry them up, and go on with the same sort of conversation she held before they started! What Sir Philip or Mr. Seward privately thought of this incident I know not yet: but Dr. Delap said, “Yes, she has pretty blue eyes, — very pretty indeed; she’s quite a wonderful miss. If it had not been for that little gush, I don’t know what would have become of me. It was very good natured of her, really, for she charms and uncharms in a moment; she is a bane and an antidote at the same time.”

STREATHAM, JULY 5. — I have hardly had any power to write, my dear Susy, since I left you, for my cold has increased so much that I have hardly been able to do anything. I was heartily glad to see Dr. Johnson, and I believe he was not sorry to see me: he had inquired very much after me, and very particularly of Mrs. Thrale whether she loved me as well as she used to do. I wished twenty times to have transmitted to paper the conversation of the evening, for Dr. Johnson was as brilliant as I have ever known him, — and that’s saying something; — but I was not very well, and could only attend to him for present entertainment.

JULY 10. — Since I wrote last, I have been far from well, — but I am now my own man again — *à peu-pres*. Very concise, indeed, must my journal grow, for I have now hardly a moment in my power to give it; however, I will keep up its chain, and mark, from time to time, the general course of things.

Yesterday Mrs. Vesey¹ came hither to tea. I’m sure

¹ Mrs. Vesey was the lady at whose house the celebrated *bas bleu* meetings of the time were first held; and indeed with her the phrase itself is said to have originated. It is related that, on inviting Mr. Stillingfleet to one of her literary parties, he wished to decline attending it, on the plea of

if Anstey saw her he would make an exception to his assertion, that "he never should see an old woman again!" for she has the most wrinkled, sallow, time-beaten face I ever saw. She is an exceeding well-bred woman, and of agreeable manners; but all her name in the world must, I think, have been acquired by her dexterity and skill in selecting parties, and by her address in rendering them easy with one another—an art, however, that seems to imply no mean understanding.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

The fatal knell, then, is knolled, and "down among the dead men" sink the poor "Witlings¹"—for ever, and for ever, and for ever!

I give a sigh, whether I will or not, to their memory! for, however worthless, they were *mes enfans*, and one must do one's nature, as Mr. Crisp will tell you of the dog. You, my dearest sir, who enjoyed, I really think, even more than myself, the astonishing success of my first attempt, would, I believe, even more than myself, be hurt at the failure of my second; and I am sure I speak from the bottom of a very honest heart, when I most solemnly declare, that upon your account any disgrace would mortify and afflict me more than upon my own; for whatever appears with your knowledge, will be naturally supposed

his want of an appropriate dress for an evening assembly. "Oh—never mind dress," said she; "come in your blue stockings!"—which he was wearing at the time. He took her at her word, and on entering the room directed her attention to the fact of his having come in his *blue stockings*: and her literary meetings retained the name of *bas bleu* ever after.

¹ The comedy, in manuscript, which Miss Burney had submitted to her father, for his criticism.

to have met with approbation, and, perhaps, your assistance ; therefore, though all particular censure would fall where it ought — upon me — yet any general censure of the whole, and the plan, would cruelly, but certainly, involve you in its severity.

Of this I have been sensible from the moment my “authorshipness” was discovered, and, therefore, from that moment, I determined to have no opinion of my own in regard to what I should thenceforth part with out of my own hands. I would long since have burnt the fourth act, upon your disapprobation of it, but that I waited, and was by Mrs. Thrale so much encouraged to wait, for your finishing the piece.

You have finished it now in every sense of the word. Partial faults may be corrected ; but what I most wished was, to know the general effect of the whole ; and as that has so terribly failed, all petty criticisms would be needless. I shall wipe it all from my memory, and endeavor never to recollect that I ever wrote it. You bid me open my heart to you — and so, my dearest sir, I will, for it is the greatest happiness of my life that I dare be sincere to you. I expected many objections to be raised — a thousand errors to be pointed out — and a million of alterations to be proposed ; but the suppression of the piece were words I did not expect ; indeed, after the warm approbation of Mrs. Thrale, and the repeated commendations and flattery of Mr. Murphy, how could I ?

I do not, therefore, pretend to wish you should think a decision, for which I was so little prepared, has given me no disturbance ; for I must be a far more egregious witling than any of those I tried to draw, to imagine you could ever credit that I wrote without some remote hope of success now — though I literally did when I wrote “Evelina !” But my mortification is not at thro^{ugh} when my art for me that

the characters, or the contrivance;—it is all at throwing away the time, — which I with difficulty stole, and which I have buried in the mere trouble of writing. What my Daddy Crisp says, “that it would be the best policy, but for pecuniary advantages, for me to write no more,” is exactly what I have always thought since “*Evelina*” was published. But I will not now talk of putting it in practice, — for the best way I can take of showing that I have a true and just sense of the spirit of your condemnation, is not to sink sulky and dejected under it, but to exert myself to the utmost of my power in endeavors to produce something less reprehensible. And this shall be the way I will pursue as soon as my mind is more at ease about Hetty and Mrs. Thrale, and as soon as I have read myself into a forgetfulness of my old *dramatis personæ*, — lest I should produce something else as witless as the last.

Adieu, my dearest, kindest, truest, best friend. I will never proceed so far again without your counsel, and then I shall not only save myself so much useless trouble, but you, who so reluctantly blame, the kind pain which I am sure must attend your disapprobation. The world will not always go well, as Mrs. Sapient might say, and I am sure I have long thought I have had more than my share of success already.

Once more, adieu, dearest sir! and never may my philosophy be put to the test of seeing any abatement of true kindness from you, — for that would never be decently endured by your own,

FRANCES BURNEY.¹

¹ The following note is appended to this letter, in the handwriting of Miss Burney, at a subsequent period. “The objection of Mr. Crisp to the *Witlings*,’ was its resemblance to Molière’s *Femmes directrices* and consequent immense inferiority. It is, however, a curious and heretofore the author a consolatory one, that she had literally never read

¹ The *comédiantes* when she composed ‘*The Witlings*.’”
father, for his cr.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Well! "there are plays that are to be saved, and plays that are not to be saved!" so good night, Mr. Dabbler! — good night, Lady Smatter, — Mrs. Sapiient, — Mrs. Voluble, — Mrs. Wheedle, — Censor, — Cecilia, — Beaufort, — and you, you great oaf, Bobby! — good night! good night!

And good morning, Miss Fanny Burney! — I hope now you have opened your eyes for some time, and will not close them in so drowsy a fit again — at least till the full of the moon.

I won't tell you I have been absolutely *ravie* with delight at the fall of the curtain; but I intend to take the affair in the *tant mieux* manner, and to console myself for your censure by this greatest proof I have ever received of the sincerity, candor, and let me add, esteem, of my dear daddy. And as I happen to love myself rather more than my play, this consolation is not a very trifling one. As to all you say of my reputation and so forth, I perceive the kindness of your endeavors to put me in humor with myself, and prevent my taking huff, which, if I did, I should deserve to receive, upon any future trial, hollow praise from you — and the rest from the public.

As to the MS., I am in no hurry for it. Besides, it ought not to come till I have prepared an ovation, and the honors of conquest for it.

The only bad thing in this affair is, that I cannot take the comfort of my poor friend Dabbler, by calling you a crabbed fellow, because you write with almost more kindness than ever; neither can I (though I try hard) persuade myself that you have not a grain of taste in your whole composition.

This, however, seriously I do believe, — that when my two daddies put their heads together to concert for me that

hissing, groaning, catcalling epistle they sent me, they felt as sorry for poor little Miss Bayes as she could possibly do for herself. You see I do not attempt to repay your frankness with the art of pretended carelessness. But though somewhat disconcerted just now, I will promise not to let my vexation live out another day. I shall not browse upon it, but, on the contrary, drive it out of my thoughts, by filling them up with things almost as good of other people's. Our Hettina is much better; but pray don't keep Mr. B. beyond Wednesday, for Mrs. Thrale makes a point of my returning to Streatham on Tuesday, unless, which God forbid, poor Hetty should be worse again. Adieu, my dear daddy, I won't be mortified, and I won't be *downed*, — but I will be proud to find I have, out of my own family, as well as in it, a friend who loves me well enough to speak plain truth to me. Always do thus, and always you shall be tried by, your much obliged and most affectionate,

FRANCES BURNEY.

On Tuesday, Mr., Mrs., Miss Thrale, and “yours, ma'am, yours,” set out on their expedition. The day was very pleasant, and the journey delightful. We dined very comfortably at Sevenoaks, and thence made but one stage to Tunbridge. It was so dark when we went through the town that I could see it very indistinctly. Safely, however, we reached the Sussex Hotel, at Tunbridge Wells. Having looked at our rooms, and arranged our affairs, we proceeded to Mount Ephraim, where Miss Streatfield resides. We found her with only her mother, and spent the evening there.

Mrs. Streatfield is very — very little, but perfectly well made, thin, genteel, and delicate. She has been quite beautiful, and has still so much of beauty left, that to call it only the remains of a fine face seems hardly doing her

justice. She is very lively, and an excellent mimic, and is, I think, as much superior to her daughter in natural gifts as her daughter is to her in acquired ones: and how infinitely preferable are parts without education to education without parts!

The fair S. S. is really in higher beauty than I have ever yet seen her; and she was so caressing, so soft, so amiable, that I felt myself insensibly inclining to her with an affectionate regard. "If it was not for that little gush," as Dr. Delap said, I should certainly have taken a very great fancy to her: but tears so ready—oh, they blot out my fair opinion of her! Yet whenever I am with her, I like, nay, almost love her, for her manners are exceedingly captivating; but when I quit her, I do not find that she improves by being thought over—no, nor talked over; for Mrs. Thrale, who is always disposed to half adore her in her presence, can never converse about her without exciting her own contempt by recapitulating what has passed. This, however, must always be certain, whatever may be doubtful, that she is a girl in no respect like any other.

But I have not yet done with the mother; I have told you of her vivacity and her mimicry, but her character is not yet half told. She has a kind of whimsical conceit, and odd affectation, that, joined to a very singular sort of humor, makes her always seem to be rehearsing some scene in a comedy. She takes off, if she mentions them, all her own children, and, though she quite adores them, renders them ridiculous with all her power. She laughs at herself for her smallness and for her vagaries, just with the same ease and ridicule as if she were speaking of some other person; and, while perpetually hinting at being old and broken, she is continually frisking, flaunting, and playing tricks, like a young coquette.

When I was introduced to her by Mrs. Thrale, who said,

"Give me leave, ma'am, to present to you a friend of your daughter's — Miss Burney," she advanced to me with a tripping pace, and, taking one of my fingers, said, "Allow me, ma'am, will you, to create a little acquaintance with you." And, indeed, I readily entered into an alliance with her, for I found nothing at Tunbridge half so entertaining, except, indeed, Miss Birch, of whom hereafter. The next morning the S. S. breakfasted with us: and then they walked about to show me the place.

This Miss Birch is a niece of the charming Mrs. Pleydell, and so like her, that I should have taken her for her daughter, yet she is not, now, quite so handsome; but as she will soon know how to display her beauty to the utmost advantage, I fancy, in a few years, she will yet more resemble her lovely and most bewitching aunt. Everybody, she said, tells her how like she is to her aunt Pleydell.

As you, therefore, have seen that sweet woman, only imagine her ten years old, and you will see her sweet niece. Nor does the resemblance rest with the person; she sings like her, laughs like her, talks like her, caresses like her, and alternately softens and animates just like her. Her conversation is not merely like that of a woman already, but like that of a most uncommonly informed, cultivated, and sagacious woman; and at the same time that her understanding is thus wonderfully premature, she can, at pleasure, throw off all this rationality, and make herself a mere playful, giddy, romping child. One moment, with mingled gravity and sarcasm, she discusses characters, and the next, with school-girl spirits, she jumps round the room; then, suddenly, she asks, "Do you know such, or such a song?" and instantly, with mixed grace and buffoonery, singles out an object, and sings it; and then, before there has been time to applaud her, she runs into

the middle of the room, to try some new step in a dance; and after all this, without waiting till her vagaries grow tiresome, she flings herself, with an affectionate air, upon somebody's lap, and there, composed and thoughtful, she continues quiet till she again enters into rational conversation.

Her voice is really charming — infinitely the most powerful, as well as sweet, I ever heard at her age. Were she well and constantly taught, she might, I should think, do anything — for, two or three Italian songs, which she learnt out of only five months' teaching by Parsons, she sang like a little angel, with respect to taste, feeling, and expression; but she now learns of nobody, and is so fond of French songs, for the sake, she says, of the sentiment, that I fear she will have her wonderful abilities all thrown away. Oh, how I wish my father had the charge of her!

She has spent four years out of her little life in France, which has made her distractedly fond of the French operas, "Rose et Colas," "Annette et Lubin," &c., and she told us the story quite through of several I never heard of, always singing the *sujet* when she came to the airs, and comically changing parts in the duets. She speaks French with the same fluency as English, and every now and then, addressing herself to the S. S. — "*Que je vous adore!*" — "*Ah, permettez que je me mette à vos pieds!*" &c., with a dying languor that was equally laughable and lovely.

When I found, by her taught songs, what a delightful singer she was capable of becoming, I really had not patience to hear her little French airs, and entreated her to give them up; but the little rogue instantly began pestering me with them, singing one after another with a comical sort of malice, and following me round the room, when I said I would not listen to her, to say, "But is not this

pretty? — and this? — and this?” singing away with all her might and main.

She sung without any accompaniment, as we had no instrument; but the S. S. says she plays too, very well. Indeed, I fancy she can do well whatever she pleases.

We hardly knew how to get away from her when the carriage was ready to take us from Tunbridge, and Mrs. Thrale was so much enchanted with her that she went on the Pantiles and bought her a very beautiful inkstand.

“I don’t mean, Miss Birch,” she said, when she gave it to her, “to present you this toy as to a child, but merely to beg you will do me the favor to accept something that may make you now and then remember us.”

She was much delighted with this present, and told me, in a whisper, that she should put a drawing of it in her journal.

So you see, Susy, other children have had this whim. But something being said of novels, the S. S. said:

“Selina, do you ever read them?” — And, with a sigh, the little girl answered:

“But too often! — I wish I did not!”

The only thing I did not like in this seducing little creature was our leave-taking. The S. S. had, as we expected, her fine eyes suffused with tears, and nothing would serve the little Selina, who admires the S. S. passionately, but that she, also, must weep — and weep, therefore, she did, and that in a manner as pretty to look at, as soft, as melting, and as little to her discomposure, as the weeping of her fair exemplar. The child’s success in this pathetic art made the tears of both appear to the whole party to be lodged, as the English merchant says, “very near the eyes!”

BRIGHTHELMSTONE. — A few days since we drank tea at Mrs. Dickens’s, where, with other company, we met Sir

John and Lady S——. Sir John prides himself in being a courtier of the last age. He is abominably ugly, and a prodigious puffer — now of his fortune, now of his family, and now of his courtly connections and feats. His lady is a beautiful woman, tall, genteel, and elegant in her person, with regular features, and a fine complexion. For the rest, she is well-bred, gentle, and amiable.

She invited us all to tea at her house the next evening, where we met Lady Pembroke, whose character, as far as it appears, seems exactly the same as Lady S——'s. But the chief employment of the evening was listening to Sir John's braggadocios of what the old king said to him, — which of the ladies of quality were his cousins, — how many acres of land he enjoyed in Sussex, and other such modest discourse.

After tea, we all went to the rooms, Lady Pembroke having first retired. There was a great deal of company, and among them the Cumberlands. The eldest of the girls, who was walking with Mrs. Musters, quite turned round her whole person every time we passed each other, to keep me in sight, and stare at me as long as possible; so did her brother. I never saw anything so ill-bred and impertinent; I protest I was ready to quit the rooms to avoid them; till at last Miss Thrale, catching Miss Cumberland's eye, gave her so full, determined, and *downing* a stare, that whether cured by shame or by resentment, she forbore from that time to look at either of us. Miss Thrale, with a sort of good-natured dryness, said, "Whenever you are disturbed with any of these starers, apply to me, — I'll warrant I'll cure them. I dare say the girl hates me for it; but what shall I be the worse for that? I would have served master Dickey so too, only I could not catch his eye."

OCT. 20. — Last Tuesday, at the request of Lady S——, who patronized a poor actor, we all went to the play, —

which was Dryden's "Tempest," — and a worse performance have I seldom seen. Shakespeare's "Tempest," which for fancy, invention, and originality, is at the head of beautiful improbabilities, is rendered by the additions of Dryden a childish chaos of absurdity and obscenity; and the grossness and awkwardness of these poor unskilful actors rendered all that ought to have been obscure so shockingly glaring, that there was no attending to them without disgust. All that afforded me any entertainment was looking at Mr. Thrale, who turned up his nose with an expression of contempt at the beginning of the performance, and never suffered it to return to its usual place till it was ended!

The play was ordered by Mrs. Cumberland. These poor actors never have any company in the boxes unless they can prevail upon some lady to bespeak a play, and desire her acquaintance to go to it. But we all agreed we should not have been very proud to have had our names at the head of a play-bill of Dryden's "Tempest."

The other morning the two Misses came into Thomas's shop while we were there, and the eldest, as usual, gave me, it seems, the honor of employing her eyes the whole time she stayed. We afterwards meet them on the Steyne, and they courtesied to Mrs. Thrale, who stopped and inquired after their father, and then a dawdling conversation took place. "How were you entertained at the play, ma'am! — did you ever see anything so full?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, "the ladies are all dying of it! such holding up of fans!" "Oh, because it was so hot," cried Miss Cumberland, entirely misunderstanding her: "it was monstrous hot, indeed!"

The next time I meet them, I intend to try if I can stop this their staring system, by courtesying to them immedi-

ately. I think it will be impossible, if I claim them as acquaintance, that they can thus rudely fasten their eyes upon me. We have had a visit from Dr. Delap. He told me that he had another tragedy, and that I should have it to read. He was very curious to see Mr. Cumberland, who, it seems, has given evident marks of displeasure at his name, whenever Mrs. Thrale has mentioned it. That poor man is so wonderfully narrow-minded in his authorship capacity, though otherwise good, humane, and generous, that he changes countenance at either seeing or hearing of any writer whatsoever. Mrs. Thrale, with whom, this foible excepted, he is a great favorite, is so enraged with him for his littleness of soul in this respect, that, merely to plague him, she vowed at the rooms she would walk all the evening between Dr. Delap and me. I wished so little to increase his unpleasant feelings, that I determined to keep with Miss Thrale and Miss Dickens entirely. One time, though, Mrs. Thrale, when she was sitting by Dr. Delap, called me suddenly to her, and when I was seated, said, "Now let's see if Mr. Cumberland will come and speak to me!" But he always turns resolutely another way when he sees her with either of us; though at all other times he is particularly fond of her company. "It would actually serve him right," says she, "to make Dr. Delap and you strut at each side of me, one with a dagger, and the other with a mask, as tragedy and comedy." "I think, Miss Burney," said the doctor, "you and I seem to stand in the same predicament. What shall we do for the poor man? — suppose we burn a play apiece?" "Depend upon it," said Mrs. Thrale, "he has heard, in town, that you are both to bring one out this season, and perhaps one of his own may be deferred on that account."

On the announcement of the carriage, we went into the next room for our cloaks, where Mrs. Thrale and Mr.

Cumberland were in deep conversation. "Oh, here's Miss Burney!" said Mrs. Thrale aloud. Mr. Cumberland turned round, but withdrew his eyes instantly; and I, determined not to interrupt them, made Miss Thrale walk away with me. In about ten minutes she left him, and we all came home. As soon as we were in the carriage, "It has been," said Mrs. Thrale, warmly, "all I could do not to affront Mr. Cumberland to-night!" "Oh, I hope not!" cried I; "I would not have you for the world!" "Why, I have refrained; but with great difficulty!" And then she told me the conversation she had just had with him. As soon as I made off, he said, with a spiteful tone of voice, "Oh, that young lady is an author, I hear!" "Yes," answered Mrs. Thrale, "author of 'Evelina!'" "Humph — I am told it has some humor!" "Ay, indeed! Johnson says nothing like it has appeared for years!" "So," cried he, biting his lips, and waving uneasily in his chair, "so, so!" "Yes," continued she; "and Sir Joshua Reynolds told Mr. Thrale he would give fifty pounds to know the author!" "So, so — oh, vastly well!" cried he, putting his hand on his forehead. "Nay," added she, "Burke himself sat up all night to finish it!"

This seemed quite too much for him; he put both his hands to his face, and waving backwards and forwards, said, "Oh, vastly well! — this will do for anything!" with a tone as much as to say, Pray, no more! Then Mrs. Thrale bid him good night, longing, she said, to call Miss Thrale first, and say, "So you won't speak to my daughter? — why, she is no author!"

Do you know I have been writing to Dr. Johnson! I tremble to mention it; but he sent a message in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, to wonder why his pupils did not write to him, and to hope they did not forget him; Miss Thrale, therefore, wrote a letter immediately, and I added only

this little postscript: "P.S. — Dr. Johnson's other pupil a little longs to add a few lines to this letter, — but knows too well that all she has to say might be comprised in signing herself his obliged and most obedient servant, F. B.: so that's better than a long rigmarole about nothing."

CHAPTER III.

1780 — 1781.

BATH, APRIL 7. — Don't be angry that I have been absent so long without writing, for I have been so entirely without a moment to myself, except for dressing, that I really have not had it in my power. This morning, being obliged to have my hair dressed early, I am a prisoner, that I may not spoil it by a hat, and therefore I have made use of my captivity in writing to my dear Susy; and, briefly, I will now chronicle what has occupied me hitherto. The journey was very comfortable; Mr. Thrale was charmingly well and in very good spirits, and Mrs. Thrale must be charming, well or ill. We only went to Maidenhead Bridge the first night, where I found the caution given me by Mr. Smelt, of not attempting to travel near Windsor on a hunting day, was a very necessary one, as we were with difficulty accommodated even the day after the hunt; several stragglers yet remaining at all the inns, and we heard of nothing but the king and royal huntsmen and huntswomen.

The second day we slept at Speen Hill, and the third day we reached Devizes. And here, Mrs. Thrale and I were much pleased with our hostess, Mrs. Lawrence, who seemed something above her station in her inn. While we were at cards before supper, we were much surprised by the sound of a pianoforte. I jumped up and ran to listen whence it proceeded. I found it came from the next room, where the overture to the "*Buona Figliuola*"

was performing. The playing was very decent, but, as the music was not quite new to me, my curiosity was not whole ages in satisfying, and therefore I returned to finish the rubber. Don't I begin to talk in an old-cattish manner of cards? Well, another deal was hardly played, ere we heard the sound of a voice, and out I ran again. The singing, however, detained me not long, and so back I whisked: but the performance, however indifferent in itself, yet surprised us at the Bear at Devizes, and, therefore, Mrs. Thrale determined to know from whom it came. Accordingly, she tapped at the door. A very handsome girl, about thirteen years old, with fine dark hair upon a finely formed forehead, opened it. Mrs. Thrale made an apology for her intrusion, but the poor girl blushed and retreated into a corner of the room: another girl, however, advanced, and obligingly and gracefully invited us in, and gave us all chairs. She was just sixteen, extremely pretty, and with a countenance better than her features, though those were also very good. Mrs. Thrale made her many compliments, which she received with a mingled modesty and pleasure, both becoming and interesting. She was, indeed, a sweetly pleasing girl.

We found they were both daughters of our hostess, and born and bred at Devizes. We were extremely pleased with them, and made them a long visit, which I wished to have been longer. But though those pretty girls struck us so much, the wonder of the family was yet to be produced. This was their brother, a most lovely boy of ten years of age, who seems to be not merely the wonder of their family, but of the times, for his astonishing skill in drawing.¹ They protest he has never had any instruction, yet showed us some of his productions that were really beautiful.

¹ This boy was afterwards the celebrated painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy.

Those that were copies were delightful — those of his own composition amazing, though far inferior. I was equally struck with the boy and his works. We found that he had been taken to town, and that all the painters had been very kind to him, and Sir Joshua Reynolds had pronounced him, the mother said, the most promising genius he had ever met with. Mr. Hoare¹ has been so charmed with this sweet boy's drawings that he intends sending him to Italy with his own son. This house was full of books, as well as paintings, drawings, and music; and all the family seem not only ingenious and industrious, but amiable; added to which, they are strikingly handsome.

FRIDAY was a busy and comical day. We had an engagement of long standing to drink tea with Miss L——, whither we all went, and a most queer evening did we spend. When we entered, she and all her company were looking out of the window; however, she found us out in a few minutes, and made us welcome in a strain of delight and humbleness at receiving us, that put her into a flutter of spirits from which she never recovered all the evening.

Her fat, jolly mother took her seat at the top of the room; next to her sat a lady in a riding-habit, whom I soon found to be Mrs. Dobson; below her sat a gentlewoman, prim, upright, neat, and mean; and, next to her, sat another, thin, hagged, wrinkled, fine, and tawdry, with a thousand frippery ornaments and old-fashioned furbelows; she was excellently nick-named, by Mrs. Thrale, the Duchess of Monmouth. On the opposite side was placed Mrs. Thrale, and, next to her, Queeny. For my own part, little liking the appearance of the set, and half-dreading Mrs.

¹ Mr. C. Prince Hoare. The intended patronage did not take place. The Lawrences left Devizes almost immediately after the date of the above notice, and henceforth the whole family were supported by the extraordinary talents of the boy artist.

Dobson, from whose notice I wished to escape, I had made up myself to one of the now deserted windows, and Mr. Thrale had followed me. As to Miss L——, she came to stand by me, and her panic, I fancy, returned, for she seemed quite panting with a desire to say something, and an incapacity to utter it.

It proved happy for me that I had taken this place, for in a few minutes the mean, neat woman, whose name was Aubrey, asked if Miss Thrale was Miss Thrale? "Yes, ma'am." "And pray, ma'am, who is that other young lady?" "A daughter of Dr. Burney's, ma'am." "What!" cried Mrs. Dobson, "is that the lady that has favored us with that excellent novel?" "Yes, ma'am." Then burst forth a whole volley from all at once. "Very extraordinary, indeed!" said one — "Dear heart, who'd have thought it?" said another — "I never saw the like in my life!" said a third. And Mrs. Dobson, entering more into detail, began praising it through, but chiefly Evelina herself, which she said was the most natural character she had ever met in any book.

Meantime, I had almost thrown myself out of the window, in my eagerness to get out of the way of this gross and noisy applause; but poor Miss L——, having stood quite silent a long time, simpering, and nodding her assent to what was said, at last broke forth with: "I assure you, ma'am, we've been all quite delighted: that is, we had read it before, but only now upon reading it again." I thanked her, and talked of something else, and she took the hint to have done; but said: "Pray, ma'am, will you favor me with your opinion of Mrs. Dobson's works?" A pretty question, in a room so small that even a whisper would be heard from one end to another! However, I truly said I had not read them.

Mr. and Mrs. Whalley now arrived, and I was obliged

to go to a chair — when such staring followed ; they could not have opened their eyes wider when they first looked at the Guinean giants. I looked with all the gravity and demureness possible, in order, to keep them from coming plump to the subject again, and, indeed, this, for a while, kept them off. Soon after, Dr. Harrington arrived, which closed our party. Miss L—— went whispering to him, and then, came up to me, with a look of dismay, and said : “ Oh, ma’am, I’m so prodigiously concerned ; Mr. Henry won’t come ! ” “ Who, ma’am ? ” “ Mr. Henry, ma’am, the doctor’s son. But, to be sure, he does not know you are here, or else — but I’m quite concerned, indeed, for here now we shall have no young gentlemen ! ”

Soon after the mamma hobbled to me, and began a furious panegyric upon my book, saying, at the same time : “ I wonder, Miss, how you could get at them low characters. As to the lords and ladies, that’s no wonder at all ; but, as to t’ others, why, I have not stirred, night nor morning, while I’ve been reading it : if I don’t wonder how you could be so clever ! ” And much, much more. And, scarcely had she unburthened herself, ere Miss L—— trotted back to me, crying in a tone of mingled triumph and vexation : “ Well, ma’am, Mr. Henry will be very much mortified when he knows who has been here ; that he will, indeed ; however, I’m sure he deserves it ! ” We had now some music. But the first time there was a cessation of harmony, Miss L——, again respectfully approaching me, cried : “ Well, all my comfort is that Mr. Henry will be prodigiously mortified ! But there’s a ball to-night, so I suppose he’s gone to that. However, I’m sure if he had known of meeting you young ladies here — but it’s all good enough for him, for not coming ! ”

Soon after this, a chair next mine being vacated, Mrs. Dobson came and seated herself in it, to my somewhat

dismay, as I knew what would follow. Plump she came upon her subject, saying: "Miss Burney, I am come to thank you for the vast entertainment you have given me. I am quite happy to see you; I wished to see you very much. It's a charming book, indeed; the characters are vastly well supported!" In short, she ran on for half an hour, I believe, in nothing but plain, unadorned, downright praise; while I could only bow, and say she was very good, and long to walk out of the room.

I was not two minutes relieved, ere Miss L—— returned, to again assure me how glad she was that Mr. Henry would be mortified. The poor lady was quite heart-broken that we did not meet. The next vacation of my neighboring chair was filled by Mrs. L——, who brought me some flowers; and when I thanked her, said: "O, Miss, you deserve everything! You've writ the best and prettiest book. That lord there—I forget his name, that marries her at last, what a fine gentleman he is! You deserve everything for drawing such a character; and then Miss Elena, there, Miss Belmont, as she is at last—what a noble couple of 'em you have put together! As to that t'other lord, I was glad he had not her, for I see he had nothing but a bad design."

Well, have you enough of this ridiculous evening? Mrs. Thrale and I have mutually agreed that we neither of us ever before had so complete a dish of gross flattery as this night.

BATH, MAY 28. — I was very happy, my dearest girls, with the account of your safe return from the borough. I never mentioned your having both accompanied me till I had got half-way to Bath; for I found my dear Mrs. Thrale so involved in business, electioneering, canvassing, and letter-writing, that after our first *embrassades*, we hardly exchanged a word till we got into the chaise next morning.

Dr. Johnson, however, who was with her, received me even joyfully; and, making me sit by him, began a gay and spirited conversation, which he kept up till we parted, though in the midst of all this bustle.

The next morning we rose at four o'clock, and when we came downstairs, to our great surprise, found Dr. Johnson waiting to receive and breakfast with us: though the night before he had taken leave of us, and given me the most cordial and warm assurances of the love he has for me, which I do indeed believe to be as sincere as I can wish; and I failed not to tell him the affectionate respect with which I return it; though, as well as I remember, we never came to this open declaration before. We, therefore, drank our coffee with him, and then he handed us both into the chaise. He meant to have followed us to Bath, but Mrs. Thrale discouraged him, from a firm persuasion that he would be soon very horribly wearied of a Bath life: an opinion in which I heartily join.

SUNDAY. — We had an excellent sermon from the Bishop of Peterborough, who preached merely at the request of Mrs. Thrale. From the Abbey we went to the pump-room, where we met Mrs. and Miss Byron. At the pump-room we also saw the beautiful Miss Ditcher. At dinner, we had the Bishop and Dr. Harrington; and the Bishop, who was in very high spirits, proposed a frolic, which was, that we should all go to Spring Gardens, where he should give us tea, and thence proceed to Mr. Ferry's, to see a very curious house and garden. Mrs. Thrale pleaded that she had invited company to tea at home, but the Bishop said we would go early, and should return in time, and was so gaily authoritative that he gained his point. He had been so long accustomed to command, when master of Westminster school, that he cannot prevail with himself, I believe, ever to be overcome.

Dr. Harrington was engaged to a patient, and could not be of our party. But the three Thrales, the Bishop, and I, pursued our scheme, crossed the Avon, had a sweet walk through the meadows, and drank tea at Spring Gardens, where the Bishop did the honors with a spirit, a gaiety, and an activity that jovialized us all, and really we were prodigiously lively. We then walked on to Mr. Ferry's habitation. Mr. Ferry is a Bath alderman; his house and garden exhibit the house and garden of Mr. Tattersall, enlarged. Just the same taste prevails, the same paltry ornaments, the same crowd of buildings, the same unmeaning decorations, and the same unsuccessful attempts at making something of nothing. They kept us half an hour in the garden, while they were preparing for our reception in the house, where after parading through four or five little vulgarly showy closets, not rooms, we were conducted into a very gaudy little apartment, where the master of the house sat reclining on his arm, as if in contemplation, though everything conspired to show that the house and its inhabitants were carefully arranged for our reception. The Bishop had sent in his name by way of gaining admission.

The Bishop, with a gravity of demeanor difficult to himself to sustain, apologized for our intrusion, and returned thanks for seeing the house and garden. Mr. Ferry started from his pensive attitude, and begged us to be seated, and then a curtain was drawn, and we perceived through a glass a perspective view of ships, boats, and water! This raree-show over, the maid who officiated as show-woman had a hint given her, and presently a trap-door opened, and up jumped a covered table, ornamented with various devices. When we had expressed our delight at this long enough to satisfy Mr. Ferry, another hint was given, and presently down dropped an eagle from the ceiling, whose talons were put into a certain hook at the top of the covering of the

table, and when the admiration at this was over, up again flew the eagle, conveying in his talons the cover, and leaving under it a repast of cakes, sweetmeats, oranges, and jellies. When our raptures upon this feat subsided, the maid received another signal, and then seated herself in an armchair, which presently sunk down underground, and up in its room came a barber's block, with a vast quantity of black wool on it, and a high head-dress. This, you may be sure, was more applauded than all the rest: we were *en extase*, and having properly expressed our gratitude, were soon after suffered to decamp.

FRIDAY. — In the evening was the last ball expected to be at Bath this season, and, therefore, knowing we could go to no other, it was settled we should go to this. Of our party were Mrs. Byron and Augusta, Miss Philips, and Charlotte Lewis. Captain Bouchier asked me for the honor of my hand, but I had previously resolved not to dance, and, therefore, declined his offer. But he took, of the sudden, a fancy to prate with me, and therefore budged not after the refusal. He told me he had very lately met with Hannah More, and then mentioned Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter, whence he took occasion to say most high and fine things of the ladies of the present age, — their writings, and talents; and I soon found he had no small reverence for us blue-stockings. About this time, Charlotte, who had confessedly dressed herself for dancing, but whose pretty face had by some means been overlooked, drawled towards us, and asked me why I would not dance? "I never intended it," said I; "but I hoped to have seen you." "No," said she, yawning, "no more shall I, — I don't choose it." "Don't you?" said Captain Bouchier, drily, "why not?" "Why, because I don't like it." "O fie!" cried he; "consider how cruel that is." "I must consider myself," said she, pertly; "for I don't choose to

heat myself this hot weather." Just then, a young man came forward, and requested her hand. She colored, looked excessively silly, and walked off with him to join the dancers. When, between the dances, she came our way, he plagued her, *à la* Sir Clement. "Well," cried he, "so you have been dancing this hot night! I thought you would have considered yourself better?" "Oh," said she, "I could not help it—I had much rather not;—it was quite disagreeable to me." "No, no,—pardon me there!" said he, maliciously; "I saw pleasure dance first in your eyes; I never saw you look more delighted: you were quite the queen of smiles!" She looked as if she could have killed him: and yet, from giddiness and good-humor, was compelled to join in the laugh.

After this we went to tea. When that was over, and we all returned to the ball-room, Captain Bouchier followed me, and again took a seat next mine, which he kept, without once moving, the whole night. Before we broke up, this Captain asked me if I should be at the play next night?—"Yes," I could not but say, as we had had places taken some time; but I did not half like it, for his manner of asking plainly implied, "If *you* go, why *I* will!" When we made our exit, he saw me safe out of the rooms, with as much attention as if we had actually been partners. As we were near home we did not get into chairs; and Mr. Travell joined us in our walk. "Why, what a flirtation!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "why, Burney, this is a man of taste!—Pray, Mr. Travell, will it do? What has he?" "Twenty thousand pounds, ma'am," answered the beau. "O ho! has he so?—Well, well, we'll think of it." Finding her so facetious, I determined not to acquaint her with the query concerning the play, knowing that, if I did, and he appeared there, she would be outrageous in merriment. She is a most dear creature, but never restrains her

tongue in anything, nor, indeed, any of her feelings : — she laughs, cries, scolds, sports, reasons, makes fun, — does everything she has an inclination to do, without any study of prudence, or thought of blame ; and, pure and artless as is this character, it often draws both herself and others into scrapes which a little discretion would avoid.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Nobody does write such sweet letters as my dear Mrs. Thrale, and I would sooner give up a month's allowance of meat, than my week's allowance of an epistle. The report of the parliament's dissolution I hope is premature. I inquire of everybody I see about it, and always hear that it is expected now to last almost as long as it can last. Why, indeed, should government wish to dissolve it, when they meet with no opposition from it? Since I wrote last I have drunk tea with Dr. Johnson. My father took me to Bolt-court, and we found him, most fortunately, with only one brass-headed cane gentleman. Since that, I have had the pleasure to meet him again at Mrs. Reynolds's, when he offered to take me with him to Grub-street, to see the ruins of the house demolished there in the late riots, by a mob that, as he observed, could be no friend to the Muses ! He inquired if I had ever yet visited Grub-street ? but was obliged to restrain his anger when I answered " No," because he acknowledged he had never paid his respects to it himself. " However," says he, " you and I, Burney, will go together ; we have a very good right to go, so we'll visit the mansions of our progenitors, and take up our own freedom together." There's for you, madam ! What can be grander ?

Yesterday I drank tea at Sir Joshua's, and met by acci-

dent with Mrs. Cholmondeley ; I was very glad to find that her spirits are uninjured by her misfortunes ; she was as gay, flighty, entertaining, and frisky as ever. Her *sposo* is not confined, as was said ; he is only gone upon his travels : she seems to bear his absence with remarkable fortitude. After all, there is something in her very attractive ; her conversation is so spirited, so humorous, so enlivening, that she does not suffer one's attention to rest, much less to flag, for hours together. Sir Joshua told me he was now at work upon your pictures, touching them up for Streatham, and that he has already ordered the frames, and shall have them quite ready whenever the house is in order for them.

Adieu, dearest madam, and from me accept not only love, and not only respects, but both, and gratitude, and warmest wishes, and constancy invariable into the bargain.

F. BURNEY.

From Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, Wednesday, July 19, 1780.

And so my letters please you, do they, my sweet Burney ? I know yours are the most entertaining things that cross me in the course of the whole week ; and a miserable praise too, if you could figure to yourself my most dull companions. I write now from Bowen's shop, where he has been settled about three days I think ; and here comes in one mau hopping, and asks for "Russell on Sea-water" — another tripping, and begs to have the last new novel sent him home to-night ; one lady tumbles the ballads about, and fingers the harpsichord which stands here at every blockhead's mercy ; and another looks over the Lilliputian library, and purchases Polly Sugarcake for her long-legged missey.

My master is gone out riding, and we are to drink tea

with Lady Rothés; after which the Steyne hours begin, and we cluster round Thomas's shop, and contend for the attention of Lord John Clinton, a man who could, I think, be of consequence in no other place upon earth, though a very well-informed and modest-mannered boy. Dr. Pepys is resolutely and profoundly silent: and Lady Shelley, having heard wits commended, has taken up a new character, and says not only the severest but the cruellest things you ever heard in your life. Here is a Mrs. K——, too, sister to the Duchess of M——, who is very uncompanionable indeed, and talks of *Tumbridge*. These, however, are literally all the people we ever speak to — oh yes, the Drummonds — but they are scarce blest with utterance.

The going to Grub-street would have been a pretty exploit. Are you continuing to qualify yourself for an inhabitant? Sweet Mrs. Cholmondeley! I am glad she can frolic and frisk so: — the time will come too soon that will, as Grumio expresses it, “tame man, woman, and beast,” — and thyself, fellow Curtis.

Adieu, — and divide my truest kindness among all the dear Newtonians,¹ and keep yourself a large share. You are in no danger of invaders from the sea-coast. Susan and Sophy bathe and grow, and riot me out of my senses. I am ever, my dear girl, most faithfully yours,

H. L. T.

Journal resumed.

STREATHAM, MONDAY, DECEMBER 6. — As I am now well enough to employ myself my own way, though not to go downstairs, I will take this first opportunity I have had since my return hither, to write again to my dearest Susan.

¹ Alluding to the house of Sir Isaac Newton, in St. Martin's-street, in which Dr. Burney was at this time residing.

Your letters, my love, have been more than usually welcome to me of late ; their contents have been very entertaining and satisfactory, and their arrival has been particularly seasonable ; not on account of my illness — that alone never yet lowered my spirits as they are now lowered, because I knew I must ere long, in all probability, be again well ; but O Susy ! I am — I have been — and I fear must always be, alarmed indeed for Mr. Thrale ; and the more I see and know him, the more alarmed, because the more I love and dread to lose him.

Poor Mr. Thrale had had this vile influenza for two days before we set out ; but then seemed better. We got on to Crawley all well ; he then ordered two of the servants to go on to Reigate and prepare dinner : meantime he suffered dreadfully from the coldness of the weather ; he shook from head to foot, and his teeth chattered aloud very frightfully. When we got again into the coach, by degrees he grew warm and tolerably comfortable ; but when we stopped at Reigate his speech grew inarticulate, and he said one word for another. I hoped it was accident, and Mrs. Thrale, by some strange infatuation, thought he was joking — but Miss Thrale saw how it was from the first.

By very cruel ill-luck, too tedious to relate, his precaution proved useless ; for we had not only no dinner ready, but no fire, and were shown into a large and comfortless room. The town is filled with militia. Here the cold returned dreadfully — and here, in short, it was but too plain to all, his faculties were lost by it. Poor Mrs. Thrale worked like a servant ; she lighted the fire with her own hands — took the bellows, and made such a one as might have roasted an ox in ten minutes. But I will not dwell on particulars : — after dinner Mr. Thrale grew better ; and for the rest of our journey was sleepy and mostly silent.

It was late in the night when we got to Streatham. Mrs. Thrale consulted me what to do:—I was for a physician immediately; but Miss Thrale opposed that, thinking it would do harm to alarm her father by such a step. However, Mrs. Thrale ordered the butler to set off by six the next morning for Dr. Heberden and Mr. Seward.

The next morning, however, he was greatly better, and when they arrived he was very angry; but I am sure it was right. Dr. Heberden ordered nothing but cupping. Mr. Seward was very good and friendly, and spent five days here, during all which Mr. Thrale grew better. Dr. Johnson, you know, came with my dear father the Thursday after our return.

You cannot, I think, have been surprised that I gave up my plan of going to town immediately: indeed, I had no heart to leave either Mr. Thrale in a state so precarious, or his dear wife in an agitation of mind hardly short of a fever.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

STREATHAM, Thursday, 4th January.

Don't I pick up franks prettily? I sent a hundred miles for this, and the churl enclosed but one—"certain that Miss Burney could not live long enough away from me to need two." Ah, cruel Miss Burney! she will never come again, I think.

Well! but I did see Philips written in that young man's honest face, though nobody pronounced the word; and I boldly bid him "*Good morrow, Captain,*" at the door, trusting to my own instinct when I came away. Your sweet father, however, this day trusted me with the whole secret,

and from my heart do I wish every comfort and joy from the match.

'Tis now high time to tell you that the pictures are come home, all but *mine*, — which my master don't like. He has *ordered* your father to sit to-morrow, in his peremptory way; and I shall have the dear Doctor every morning at breakfast. I took ridiculous pains to tutor him to-day, and to insist, in *my* peremptory way, on his forbearing to write or read late this evening, that my picture might not have blood-shot eyes.

Merlin has been here to tune the fortepianos. He told Mrs. Davenant and me that he had thoughts of inventing a particular mill to grind old ladies young, as he was so prodigiously fond of their company. I suppose he thought we should bring *grist*. Was that the way to put people in *tune*? I asked him.

Doctor Burney says your letters and mine are alike, and that it comes by writing so incessantly to each other. I feel proud and pleased, and find I shall slip pretty readily into the Susannuccia's place, when she goes to settle on her 700*l.* a-year; of which God give her joy seven hundred times over, dear creature! I never knew how it was to love an *incognita* but Susan Burney: my personal acquaintance with her is actually nothing — is it? and yet we always seem to understand one another. H. L. T.

Journal resumed.

(Addressed to Mr. Crisp.)

MARCH 23rd, 1781. — I have very narrowly escaped a return of the same vile and irksome fever which with such difficulty has been conquered, and that all from vexation. Last week I went to dinner in Grosvenor Square. I ran

upstairs, as usual, into Mrs. Thrale's dressing-room, and she there acquainted me that Mr. Thrale had resolved upon going abroad: *first* to Spa, next to Italy, and then whither his fancy led him! that Dr. Johnson was to accompany them, but that, as their journey was without limit either of time or place, as Mr. Thrale's ill state of health and strange state of mind would make it both melancholy and alarming, she could not in conscience think of taking *me* from my own friends and country without knowing either whither, or for what length of time. She would write to me, however, every post; leave me the keys of all she left of any value, and, in case of any evil to herself, make me her executrix!

Oh, what words! and what a scheme! I was so infinitely shocked, surprised, and grieved, that I was forced to run away from her, and insist upon hearing no more; neither could I sufficiently recover even to appear at dinner, as Dr. Johnson, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Ingram, were of the party; I was obliged, therefore, to shut myself up all the afternoon.

You will not, I am sure, wonder that I should be utterly disconcerted and afflicted by a plan so wild in itself, and so grievous to me. I was, indeed, hardly able to support myself with any firmness all day; and, unfortunately, there was in the evening a great rout. I was then obliged to appear, and obliged to tell everybody I was but half recovered from my late indisposition.

I have been so often and so provokingly interrupted in writing this, that I must now finish it by *lumping* matters at once. Sir Richard Jebb and Dr. Pepys have both been consulted concerning this going abroad, and are both equally violent against it, as they think it even unwarrantable, in such a state of health as Mr. Thrale's; and, therefore, it is settled that a great meeting of his friends is to take place

before he actually prepares for the journey, and they are to encircle him in a body, and endeavor, by representations and entreaties, to prevail with him to give it up; and I have little doubt myself but, amongst us, we shall be able to succeed.

*Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.*¹

Wednesday evening.

You bid me write to you, and so I will; you bid me pray for you, and so, indeed, I do, for the restoration of your sweet peace of mind. I pray for your resignation to this hard blow, for the continued union and exertion of your virtues with your talents, and for the happiest reward their exertion can meet with, in the gratitude and prosperity of your children. These are my prayers for my beloved Mrs. Thrale; but these are not my only ones; no, the unfailing warmth of her kindness for myself I have rarely, for a long time past, slept without first petitioning.

I ran away without seeing you again when I found you repented that sweet compliance with my request which I had won from you. For the world would I not have pursued you, had I first seen your prohibition, nor could I endure to owe that consent to teasing which I only solicited from tenderness. Still, however, I think you had better have suffered me to follow you; I might have been of some use; I hardly could have been in your way. But I grieve now to have forced you to an interview which I

¹ This letter was written in reply to a few words from Mrs. Thrale, in which, alluding to her husband's sudden death, she begs Miss Burney to "write to me — pray for me!" The hurried note from Mrs. Thrale. She endorsed by Miss Burney: — "Written a few hours after the death of Mr. Thrale, which happened by a sudden stroke of apoplexy, on the 10th of a day on which half the fashion of London had been invited to a grand assembly at his house in Grosvenor-square." — I love her. Such,

would have spared myself as well as you, had I foreseen how little it would have answered my purpose.

Yet though I cannot help feeling disappointed, I am not surprised; for in any case at all similar, I am sure I should have the same eagerness for solitude.

I tell you nothing of how sincerely I sympathize in your affliction; yet I believe that Mr. Crutchley and Dr. Johnson alone do so more earnestly; and I have some melancholy comfort in flattering myself that, allowing for the difference of our characters, that true regard which I felt was as truly returned. Nothing but kindness did I ever meet with; he ever loved to have me, not merely with his family, but with himself; and gratefully shall I ever remember a thousand kind expressions of esteem and good opinion, which are now crowding upon my memory.

Ah, dearest madam! you had better have accepted; I am sure, if unfit for *you*, I am at this time unfit for everybody. Adieu, and Heaven preserve my heart's dearest friend! Don't torment yourself to write to me, nor will I even ask Queeny, though she is good, and I believe would not deny me; but what can you say but that you are sad and comfortless? and do I not know that far too well? I will write again to you, and a thousand times again, for nothing am I more truly than your

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

STREATHAM, April 29th, 1781.

Have you not, my dearest daddy, thought me utterly inconsolable, and, indeed, to all power of either giving or taking violent airs certainly have been for some time past. I did such a state of me, *hope* that poor Mr. Thrale could live very settled that a alteration I saw in him only during my ab-

sence while with you, had shocked and astonished me. Yet, still the suddenness of the blow gave me a horror from which I am not even now recovered. The situation of sweet Mrs. Thrale, added to the true concern I felt at his loss, harassed my mind till it affected my health, which is now again in a state of precariousness and comfortless restlessness that will require much trouble to remedy.

You have not, I hope been angry at my silence; for, in truth, I have had no spirits to write, nor, latterly, ability of *any* kind, from a headache that has been incessant.

I now begin to long extremely to hear more about yourself, and whether you have recovered your sleep and any comfort. The good nursing you mention is always my consolation when I have the painful tidings of your illness; for I have myself experienced the kindness, care, and unwearied attention of the ever good and friendly Kitty, who, indeed, as you well say, can by no one be excelled in that most useful and most humane of all sciences.

Mrs. Thrale flew immediately upon this misfortune to Brighthelmstone, to Mr. Scrase — *her* Daddy Crisp — both for consolation and counsel; and she has but just quitted him, as she deferred returning to Streatham till her presence was indispensably necessary upon account of proving the will. I offered to accompany her to Brighthelmstone; but she preferred being alone, as her mind was cruelly disordered, and she saw but too plainly I was too sincere a mourner myself to do much besides adding to her grief. The moment, however, she came back, she solicited me to meet her, — and I am now here with her, and endeavor, by every possible exertion, to be of some use to her. She looks wretchedly indeed, and is far from well; but she bears up, though not with calm intrepidity, yet with flashes of spirit that rather, I fear, spend than relieve her. Such,

however, is her character, and were this exertion repressed, she would probably sink quite.

Miss Thrale is steady and constant, and very sincerely grieved for her father.

The four executors, Mr. Cator,¹ Mr. Crutchley,² Mr. Henry Smith, and Dr. Johnson, have all behaved generously and honorably, and seem determined to give Mrs. Thrale all the comfort and assistance in their power. She is to carry on the business jointly with them. Poor soul! it is a dreadful toil and worry to her.

Adieu, my dearest daddy. I will write again in a week's time. I have now just been blooded; but am by no means *restored* by that loss. But well and ill, equally and ever, your truly affectionate child,
F. B.

STREATHAM, THURSDAY, MAY —. — This was the great and most important day to all this house, upon which the sale of the Brewery was to be decided. Mrs. Thrale went early to town, to meet all the executors, and Mr. Barclay, the Quaker³, who was the *bidder*. She was in great agitation of mind, and told me if all went well she would wave a white pocket-handkerchief out of the coach window. Four o'clock came and dinner was ready and no Mrs. Thrale. Five o'clock followed, and no Mrs. Thrale. Queeny and I went out upon the lawn, where we sauntered, in eager

¹ M. P. for Ipswich in 1784. Described by Dr. Johnson as having "much good in his character, and much usefulness in his knowledge." Johnson used to visit Mr. Cator at his splendid seat at Beckenham.

² M. P. for Horsham in 1784.

³ David Barclay was one of seven sons of the celebrated Apologist of the Quakers, — all of whom were living fifty years after the death of their father. David was the last of them. He was a wealthy mercer in Cheapside, and entertained successively three kings (George I., II., and III.) on their respective visits to the city on Lord Mayor's day. He was subsequently the purchaser of Mr. Thrale's brewery, and founder of the most famous brewing firm of the present day, Barclay, Perkins, and Co.

expectation, till near six, and then the coach appeared in sight, and a white pocket-handkerchief was waved from it.

I ran to the door of it to meet her, and she jumped out of it, and gave me a thousand embraces while I gave my congratulations. We went instantly to her dressing-room, where she told me, in brief, how the matter had been transacted, and then we went down to 'dinner.

WEDNESDAY. — We had a terrible noisy day. Mr. and Mrs. Cator came to dinner, and brought with them Miss Collison, a niece. Mrs. Nesbitt was also here, and Mr. Pepys. The long war which has been proclaimed among the wits concerning Lord Lyttelton's "Life," by Dr. Johnson, and which a whole tribe of *blues*, with Mrs. Montagu at their head, have vowed to execrate and revenge, now broke out with all the fury of the first actual hostilities, stimulated by long-concerted schemes and much spiteful information. Mr. Pepys, Dr. Johnson well knew, was one of Mrs. Montagu's steadiest abettors; and, therefore, as he had some time determined to defend himself with the first of them he met, this day he fell the sacrifice to his wrath.

In a long *tête-à-tête* which I accidentally had with Mr. Pepys before the company was assembled, he told me his apprehensions of an attack, and entreated me earnestly to endeavor to prevent it; modestly avowing he was no antagonist for Dr. Johnson; and yet declaring his personal friendship for Lord Lyttelton made him so much hurt by the "Life," that he feared he could not discuss the matter without a quarrel, which, especially in the house of Mrs. Thrale, he wished to avoid. It was, however, utterly impossible for me to serve him. I could have stopped Mrs. Thrale with ease, and Mr. Seward with a hint, had either of them begun the subject; but, unfortunately, in the middle of dinner, it was begun by Dr. Johnson himself, to oppose whom, especially as he spoke with great

anger, would have been madness and folly. Never before have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion.

“Mr. Pepys,” he cried, in a voice the most enraged, “I understand you are offended by my ‘Life of Lord Lyttelton.’ What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!” “No, sir,” cried Mr. Pepys, “not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started.” I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson made not to this any answer: he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but *mortal* man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe. I never saw him so before, and I heartily hope I never shall again. He has been long provoked, and justly enough, at the *sneaking* complaints and murmurs of the Lytteltonians; and, therefore, his long-excited wrath, which hitherto had met no object, now burst forth with a vehemence and bitterness almost incredible.

Mr. Pepys meantime never appeared to so much advantage; he preserved his temper, uttered all that belonged merely to himself with modesty, and all that more immediately related to Lord Lyttelton with spirit. Indeed, Dr. Johnson, in the very midst of the dispute, had the candor and liberality to make him a personal compliment by saying, — “Sir, all that you say, while you are vindicating one who cannot thank you, makes me only think better of you than I ever did before. Yet still I think you do *me* wrong,” &c., &c. Some time after, in the heat of the argument, he called out — “The more my ‘Lord Lyttelton’ is inquired after, the worse he will appear; Mr. Seward has just heard two stories of him which cor-

roborate all I have related." He then desired Mr. Seward to repeat them. Poor Mr. Seward, looked almost as frightened as myself at the very mention of his name; but he quietly and immediately told the stories, which consisted of fresh instances, from good authorities, of Lord Lyttelton's illiberal behavior to Shenstone; and then he flung himself back in his chair, and spoke no more during the whole debate, which I am sure he was ready to vote a bore.

One happy circumstance, however, attended the quarrel, which was the presence of Mr. Cator, who would by no means be prevented talking himself, either by reverence for Dr. Johnson, or ignorance of the subject in question; on the contrary, he gave his opinion, quite uncalled, upon everything that was said by either party, and that with an importance and pomposity, yet with an emptiness and verbosity, that rendered the whole dispute, when in his hands, nothing more than ridiculous, and compelled even the disputants themselves, all inflamed as they were, to laugh. To give a specimen—one speech will do for a thousand. "As to this here question of Lord Lyttelton I can't speak to it to the purpose, as I have not read his 'Life,' for I have only read the 'Life of Pope;' I have got the books though, for I sent for them last week, and they came to me on Wednesday, and then I began them; but I have not yet read 'Lord Lyttelton.' 'Pope' I have begun, and that is what I am now reading. But what I have to say about Lord Lyttelton is this here: Mr. Seward says that Lord Lyttelton's steward dunned Mr. Shenstone for his rent, by which I understand he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's. Well, if he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's, why should he not pay his rent?" Who could contradict this? When dinner was quite over, and we left the men to their wine, we hoped they would finish the affair; but Dr. Johnson was determined to talk it through, and make

a battle of it, though Mr. Pepys tried to be off continually. When they were all summoned to tea, they entered still warm and violent. Mr. Cator had the book in his hand, and was reading the "Life of Lyttelton," that he might better, he said, understand the cause, though not a creature cared if he had never heard of it.

Mr. Pepys came up to me and said, — "Just what I had so much wished to avoid! I have been crushed in the very onset." I could make him no answer, for Dr. Johnson immediately called him off, and harangued and attacked him with a vehemence and continuity that quite concerned both Mrs. Thrale and myself, and that made Mr. Pepys, at last, resolutely silent, however called upon. This now grew more unpleasant than ever; till Mr. Cator, having some time studied his book, exclaimed, — "What I am now going to say, as I have not yet read the 'Life of Lord Lyttelton' quite through, must be considered as being only said aside, because what I am going to say ——"

"I wish, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale, "it had been *all* said aside; here is too much about it, indeed, and I should be very glad to hear no more of it." This speech, which she made with great spirit and dignity, had an admirable effect. Everybody was silenced. Mr. Cator, thus interrupted in the midst of his proposition, looked quite amazed; Mr. Pepys was much gratified by the interference; and Dr. Johnson, after a pause, said, — "Well, madam, you *shall* hear no more of it; yet I will defend myself in every part and in every atom!" And from this time the subject was wholly dropped. This dear violent Doctor was conscious he had been wrong, and therefore he most candidly bore the reproof.

Mr. Cator, after some evident chagrin at having his speech thus rejected, comforted himself by coming up to Mr. Seward, who was seated next me, to talk to him of the

changes of the climates from hot to *could* in the countries he had visited; and he prated so much, yet said so little, and pronounced his words so vulgarly, that I found it impossible to keep my countenance, and was once, when most unfortunately he addressed himself to me, surprised by him on the full grin. To soften it off as well as I could, I pretended unusual complacency, and instead of recovering my gravity, I continued a most ineffable smile for the whole time he talked, which was indeed no difficult task. Poor Mr. Seward was as much off his guard as myself, having his mouth distended to its fullest extent every other minute.

When the leave-taking time arrived, Dr. Johnson called to Mr. Pepys to shake hands, an invitation which was most coldly and forcibly accepted. Mr. Cator made a point of Mrs. Thrale's dining at his house soon, and she could not be wholly excused, as she has many transactions with him; but she fixed the day for three weeks hence. They have invited me so often, that I have now promised not to fail making one.

THURSDAY MORNING. — Dr. Johnson went to town for some days, but not before Mrs. Thrale read him a very serious lecture upon giving way to such violence; which he bore with a patience and quietness that even more than made his peace with me; for such a man's confessing himself wrong is almost more amiable than another man being steadily right.

MONDAY, JUNE 17TH. — There passed, some time ago, an agreement between Mr. Crutchley and Mr. Seward, that the latter is to make a visit to the former, at his country-house in Berkshire; and to-day the time was settled: but a more ridiculous scene never was exhibited. The host elect and the guest elect tried which should show least expectation of pleasure from the meeting, and neither

of them thought it at all worth while to disguise his terror of being weary of the other. Mr. Seward seemed quite melancholy and depressed in the prospect of making, and Mr. Crutchley absolutely miserable in that of receiving, the visit. Yet nothing so ludicrous as the distress of both, since nothing less necessary than that either should have such a punishment inflicted. I cannot remember half the absurd things that passed; but a few, by way of specimen, I will give.

"How long do you intend to stay with me, Seward?" cried Mr. Crutchley; "how long do you think you can bear it?" "O, I don't know; I sha'n't fix," answered the other: "just as I find it." "Well, but — when shall you come? Friday or Saturday? I think you'd better not come till Saturday." "Why yes, I believe on Friday." "On Friday! Oh, you'll have too much of it! what shall I do with you?" "Why on Sunday we'll dine at the Lyells. Mrs. Lyell is a charming woman; one of the most elegant creatures I ever saw." "Wonderfully so," cried Mr. Crutchley; "I like her extremely — an insipid idiot! She never opens her mouth but in a whisper; I never *heard* her speak a word in my life. But what must I do with you on Monday? will you come away?" "Oh, no; I'll stay and see it out." "Why, how long shall you stay? Why I must come away myself on Tuesday." "O, I sha'n't settle yet," cried Mr. Seward, very dryly. "I shall put up six shirts, and then do as I find it." "Six shirts!" exclaimed Mr. Crutchley; and then, with equal dryness added — "Oh, I suppose you wear two a-day."

And so on.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26TH. — Dr. Johnson, who had been in town some days, returned, and Mr. Crutchley came also, as well as my father. I did not see the two former till summoned to dinner; and then Dr. Johnson, seizing my

hand, while with one of his own he gave me a no very gentle tap on the shoulder, half drolly and half reproachfully called out, — “ Ah, you little baggage, you ! and have you known how long I have been here, and never to come to me ? ” And the truth is, in whatever sportive mode he expresses it, he really likes not I should be absent from him half a minute whenever he is here, and not in his own apartment.

Mr. Crutchley said he had just brought Mr. Seward to town in his phaeton, *alive*. He gave a diverting account of the visit, which I fancy proved much better than either party pretended to expect, as I find Mr. Seward not only went a day sooner, but stayed two days later, than was proposed ; and Mr. Crutchley, on his part, said he had invited him to repeat his visit at any time when he knew not in what other manner “ to knock down a day or two.” What curious characters these are ! Mr. Crutchley, however, continues the least fathomable, not only of these, but of all the men I have seen. I will give you, therefore, having, indeed, nothing better to offer, some further specimens to judge of.

Dr. Johnson, as usual when here, kept me in chat with him in the library after all the rest had dispersed ; but when Mr. Crutchley returned again, he went upstairs, and, as I was finishing some work I had in hand, Mr. Crutchley, either from civility or a sudden turn to loquacity, forbore his books, to talk. Among other folks, we discussed the two rival duchesses, Rutland and Devonshire. “ The former,” he said, “ must, he fancied, be very weak and silly, as he knew that she endured being admired to her face, and complimented perpetually, both upon her beauty and her dress : ” and when I asked whether *he* was one who joined in trying her — “ Me ! ” cried he ; “ no, indeed ! I never complimented anybody ; that is, I never said to any-

body a thing I did not think, unless I was openly laughing at them, and making sport for other people." "Oh," cried I, "if everybody went by this rule, what a world of conversation would be curtailed! The Duchess of Devonshire, I fancy, has better parts." "Oh, yes; and a fine, pleasant, open countenance. She came to my sister's once, in Lincolnshire, when I was there, in order to see hare-hunting, which was then quite new to her." "She is very amiable, I believe," said I; "for all her friends love and speak highly of her." "Oh, yes, very much so; perfectly good-humored and unaffected. And her horse was led, and she was frightened; and we told her *that* was the hare, and *that* was the dog; and the dog pointed at the hare, and the hare ran away from the dog, and then she took courage, and then she was timid; — and, upon my word, she did it all very prettily! For my part, I liked it so well, that in half an hour I took to my own horse, and rode away."

FRIDAY. — The moment breakfast was over, Mr. Crutchley arose, and was taking leave; but Mrs. Thrale told him, with an arch laugh, he had better stay, for he would not get mended by going. He protested, however, that he must certainly go home. "And why?" cried she; "what do you go for?" "Nay," cried he, hesitating, "I don't know, I am sure!" "Never mind him, madam," cried Dr. Johnson; "a man who knows not why he goes, knows not why he stays; therefore never heed him."

"Does anybody expect you?" said Mrs. Thrale. "Do you want to see anybody?" "Not a soul!" "Then why can't you stay?" "No; I can't stay now; I'll meet you on Tuesday." "If you know so little why you should either go or stay," said Dr. Johnson, "never think about it, sir; toss up — that's the shortest way. Heads or tails! — let that decide." "No, no, sir," answered he; "this is but

talk, for I cannot reduce it to that mere indifference in my own mind." "What! must you go, then?" said Mrs. Thrale. "I must go," returned he, "upon a system of economy." "What! to save your horses coming again?" "No; but that I may not weary my friends quite out." "Oh, your friends are the best judges for themselves," said Mrs. Thrale; "do you think you can go anywhere that your company will be more desired?" "Nay, nay," cried Dr. Johnson, "after such an excuse as that, your friends have a right to practise Irish hospitality, and lock up your bridle."

The matter was still undecided when Mrs. Thrale called him to walk out with her. In about two hours, and when I thought he was certainly gone, he came into the library, where I was reading Sherlock's flippant but entertaining letters, and said,—"A good morning to you, ma'am." "Are you going at last," cried I, "in all this heat?" "No," cried he; "I am upon a new plan now. I have sent my man to Sunning-hill, and I am going now to see if I can stop him; for, in spite of all my resolves, I find there is no resisting the pleasures of this place." "There is, indeed, no resisting Mrs. Thrale," said I; "but why indeed, *should* you resist her?" "Oh," cried he, in a tone half vexed, half laughing, "I wish with all my heart I was at Jericho at this very moment." He then wished me good-bye, and was off; leaving me, indeed, little better able to judge his actual character than the first day I saw him. At dinner, accordingly, he returned, and is now to stay till Tuesday.

STREATHAM, AUGUST. — I fear you will think me a long time, my dearest Susy, without giving any sign of life; but your letter of yesterday, for which I much thank you, has given me sufficient compunction for my silence to cause my seizing my pen, and going back to

MONDAY, JULY 30TH. — Mrs. Thrale ran out to meet me upon my return, in the court-yard; and then we *explicated* about the letters, and the coach, and so forth, and, as I came, all went well. Then, leading the way into the library, she called out, —

“Mr. Crutchley, I have got my *Tyo* again!”

I was somewhat surprised to find him here, as I had only expected him to meet the great party the next day; but it seems he escorted his guests, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and Dr. Johnson, from Sunning-hill park on Saturday, and was not yet returned thither.

His park and house, Mrs. Thrale says, are extremely fine; his sister is a sensible and unaffected woman; he entertained them quite magnificently; and his character among his own people, and in his own neighborhood, is so high, that she has left his place with double the esteem, if possible, that she entered it. He is indeed, I believe sincerely, one of the worthiest and most amiable creatures in the world, however full of spleen, oddities, and minor foibles.

STREATHAM. — My poor journal is now so in arrears, that I forget wholly the date of what I sent you last. I have, however, minutes by me of things, though not of times, and, therefore, the chronology not being very important, take them, my dear girls, promiscuously. I am still, I know, in August, *et voilà tout*.

We have now a new character added to our set, and one of no small diversion, — Mr. Musgrave, an Irish gentleman of fortune, and member of the Irish Parliament. He is tall, thin, and agreeable in his face and figure; is reckoned a good scholar, has travelled, and been very well educated. His manners are impetuous and abrupt; his language is high-flown and hyperbolical; his sentiments are romantic and tender; his heart is warm and generous; his head hot and wrong! And the whole of his conversation is a

mixture the most uncommon, of knowledge and triteness, simplicity and fury, literature and folly !

Keep this character in your mind, and, contradictory as it seems, I will give you, from time to time, such specimens as shall remind you of each of these six epithets.

Mrs. Thrale who, though open-eyed enough to his absurdities, thinks well of the goodness of his heart, has a real regard for him ; and he quite adores her, and quite worships Dr. Johnson — frequently declaring (for what he once says, he says continually), that he would spill his blood for him, — or clean his shoes, — or go to the East Indies to do him any good ! “ I am never,” says he, “ afraid of him ; none but a fool or a rogue has any need to be afraid of him. What a fine old lion (looking up at his picture) he is ! Oh ! I love him, — I honor him, — I reverence him ! I would black his shoes for him. I wish I could give him my night's sleep ! ”

These are exclamations which he is making continually. Mrs. Thrale has extremely well said that he is a caricature of Mr. Boswell, who is a caricature, I must add, of all other of Dr. Johnson's admirers. The next great favorite he has in the world to our Doctor, and the person whom he talks *next most* of, is Mr. Jessop, who was his schoolmaster, and whose praise he is never tired of singing in terms the most vehement, — quoting his authority for every other thing he says, and lamenting our misfortune in not knowing him. His third favorite topic, at present, is “ The life of Louis XV.” in 4 vols. 8vo., lately translated from the French ; and of this he is so extravagantly fond, that he talks of it as a man might talk of his mistress, provided he had so little wit as to talk of her at all.

Painting, music, all the fine arts in their turn, he also speaks of in raptures. He is himself very accomplished, plays the violin extremely well, is a very good linguist,

and a very decent painter. But no subject in his hands fails to be ridiculous, as he is sure, by the abruptness of its introduction, the strange turn of his expressions, or the Hibernian twang of his pronunciation, to make everything he says, however usual or common, seem peculiar and absurd.

When he first came here, upon the present renewal of his acquaintance at Streatham, Mrs. Thrale sent a summons to her daughter and me to come downstairs. We went together: I had long been curious to see him, and was glad of the opportunity. The moment Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, he began a warm *éloge* of my father, speaking so fast, so much, and so Irish, that I could hardly understand him.

When we met again at dinner, and were joined by Dr. Johnson, the incense he paid him, by his solemn manner of listening, by the earnest reverence with which he eyed him, and by a theatric start of admiration every time he spoke, joined to the Doctor's utter insensibility to all these tokens, made me find infinite difficulty in keeping my countenance during the whole meal. His talk, too, is incessant: no female, however famed, can possibly excel him for volubility. He told us a thousand strange staring stories, of noble deeds of valor and tender proofs of constancy, interspersed with extraordinary, and indeed incredible accidents, and with jests, and jokes, and bon-mots, that I am sure must be in Joe Miller. And in the midst of all this jargon he abruptly called out, "Pray, Mrs. Thrale, what is the Doctor's opinion of the American war?" Opinion of the American war at this time of day! We all laughed cruelly; yet he repeated his question to the Doctor, who, however, made no other answer but by laughing too. But he is never affronted with Dr. Johnson, let him do what he will; and he seldom ventures to speak to him till he has

asked some other person present for advice how he will *take* such or such a question.

Some time after Sophy Streatfield was talked of, — Oh, with how much impertinence ! as if she was at the service of any man who would make proposals to her ! Yet Mr. Seward spoke of her with praise and tenderness all the time, as if, though firmly of this opinion, he was warmly her admirer. From such admirers and such admiration Heaven guard me ! Mr. Crutchley said but little ; but that little was bitter enough. “ However,” said Mr. Seward, “ after all that can be said, there is nobody whose manners are more engaging, nobody more amiable, than the little Sophy ; and she is certainly very pretty : I must own I have always been afraid to trust myself with her.”

Here Mr. Crutchley looked very sneeringly. “ Nay, ’squire,” cried Mr. Seward, “ she is very dangerous, I can tell you ; and if she had you at a fair trial, she would make an impression that would soften even your hard heart.” “ No need of any further trial,” answered he, laughing, “ for she has done that already ; and so soft was the impression that it is absolutely all dissolved ! — melted quite away, and not a trace of it left !” Mr. Seward then proposed that she should marry Sir John Miller, who has just lost his wife ; and very gravely said, he had a great mind to set out for Tunbridge, and carry her with him to Bath, and so make the match without delay ! “ But surely,” said Mrs. Thrale, “ if you fail, you will think yourself bound in honor to marry her yourself.” “ Why, that’s the thing,” said he ; “ no, I can’t take the little Sophy myself ; I should have too many rivals ; no, that won’t do.” How abominably conceited and *sure* these pretty gentlemen are ! However, Mr. Crutchley here made a speech that half won my heart. “ I wish,” said he, “ Miss Streatfield was here at this moment to cuff you, Seward !” “ Cuff me !” cried he. “ What,

the little Sophy!—and why?” “For disposing of her so freely. I think a man deserves to be cuffed for saying *any* lady will marry him.”

MONDAY, SEPT. 3. — We had half done breakfast before Dr. Johnson came down; he then complained he had had a bad night, and was not well. “I could not sleep,” said he laughing, “no, not a wink, for thinking of Miss Burney; her cruelty destroys my rest.” “Mercy, sir!” cried Mrs. Thrale; “what, beginning again already?—why, we shall all assassinate her. Late at night, and early at morn,—no wonder you can’t sleep!” “Oh! what would I give,” cried he, “that Miss Burney would come and tell me stories all night long!—if she would but come and talk to me!” “That would be delightful indeed!” said I; “but when, then, should I sleep?” “Oh, that’s *your* care! I should be happy enough in keeping you awake.”

“I wish, sir,” cried Mr. Musgrave, with vehemence, “I could give you my own night’s sleep!” “I would have you,” continued Dr. Johnson to me (taking no notice of this flight), “come and talk to me of *Mr. Smith*, and then tell me stories of old *Branghton*, and then of his son, and then of your sea-captain.” “And pray, sir,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “don’t forget *Lady Louisa*, for I shall break my heart if you do.” “Ay,” answered he, “and of *Lady Louisa*, and of *Evelina* herself as much as you please, but not of *Mr. Macartney*,—no, not a word of him!” “I assure you, ma’am,” said Mr. Musgrave, “the very person who first told me of that book was Mr. Jessop, my schoolmaster. Think of that!—was it not striking? ‘A daughter,’ says he, ‘of your friend Dr. Burney has written a book, and it does her much credit.’ Think of that! (lifting up his hands to enforce his admiration); and he desired me to read it—he recommended it to me;—a man of the finest taste,—a man of great profundity,—an extraordinary scholar,—

living in a remote part of Ireland, — a man I esteem, upon my word !”

“But, sir,” cried Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, “why, these men tell such wonders of what you said last night ! Why, you spoke quite an oration in favor of Miss Burney.”

“Ay,” said Mr. Crutchley, “the moment it was over I went to bed. I stayed to hear the panegyric ; but I thought I could bear nothing after it, and made off.”

“I would you were off now,” cried I, “and in your phaeton in the midst of this rain !” “Oh, sir !” cried Mr. Musgrave, “the Doctor went on with it again after you went ; I had the honor to hear a great deal more.” “Why, this is very fine indeed !” said Mrs. Thrale ; “why, Dr. Johnson, — why, what is all this ?” “These young fellows,” answered he, “play me false ; they take me in ; they start the subject, and make me say something of that Fanny Burney, and then the rogues know that when I have once begun I shall not know when to leave off.”

CHAPTER IV.

1782.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, February 25, 1782.

ARE you quite *enragée* with me, my dearest Susy? Indeed, I think I am with myself, for not sooner and oftener writing to you; and every night when I go to bed, and every morning when I wake, I determine shall be the last I will do either again till I have written to you. But *hélas!* my pens get so fagged, and my hands so crippled, when I have been up two or three hours, that my resolution wavers, and I sin on, till the time of rest and meditation, and then I repent again. Forgive me, however, my dearest girl, and pray pay me not in kind; for, as Charlotte would say, *kind* that would not be, however deserved and just.

My work¹ is too long in all conscience for the hurry of my people to have it produced. I have a thousand million of fears for it. The mere copying, without revising and correcting, would take at least ten weeks, for I cannot do more than a volume in a fortnight, unless I scrawl short hand and rough hand as badly as the original. Yet my dear father thinks it will be published in a month! Since you went I have copied one volume and a quarter—no more! Oh, I am sick to think of it! Yet not a little reviving is my father's very high approbation of the first

¹ Her novel "Cecilia."

volume, which is all he has seen. I totally forget whether, in my last, I told you I had presented it to him? but I am sure you would never forget, for the pleasure you would have felt for me, had you seen or heard him reading any part of it. Would you ever believe, bigoted as he was to "Evelina," that he now says he thinks this a superior design and superior execution?

You can never half imagine the delight this has given me. It is answering my first wish and first ambition in life. And though I am certain, and though he thinks himself, it will never be so popular as "Evelina," his so warm satisfaction will make me amends for almost any mortification that may be in store for me. One thing frets me a good deal, which is, that my book affair has got wind, and seems almost everywhere known, notwithstanding my earnestness and caution to have it kept snug till the last. Mr. Barry, t'other day, told me he had heard from Miss Mudge what, &c., &c., he had soon to expect from me.

The Hooles have both told Charlotte how glad they are in the good news they hear; and Mrs. Boyle and the strangers take it for granted, they say, that I am too busy for visiting! Mrs. Ord, also, attacked me very openly about it, and I have seen nobody else. It is easy to guess whence this comes, but not easy to stop its course, or to prevent the mischief of long expectation, any more than the great *désagrément* of being continually interrogated upon the subject.

I thank you most heartily for your two sweet letters, my ever dearest Susy, and equally for the kindness they contain and the kindness they accept. And as I have a frank and a subject, I will leave my *bothers*, and write you and my dear brother Molesworth a little account of a *route* I have just been at, at the house of Mr. Paradise.

You will wonder, perhaps, in this time of hurry, why I

went thither ; but when I tell you Pacchierotti was there, you will not think it surprising.

There was a crowd of company ; Charlotte and I went together ; my father came afterwards. Mrs. Paradise received us very graciously, and led me immediately up to Miss Thrale, who was sitting by the Pac.

Mrs. Paradise, leaning over the Kirwans and Charlotte, who hardly got a seat all night for the crowd, said she begged to speak to me. I squeezed my great person out, and she then said, — “Miss Burney, Lady Say and Sele desires the honor of being introduced to you.” Her ladyship stood by her side. She seems pretty near fifty — at least turned forty ; her head was full of feathers, flowers, jewels, and gew-gaws, and as high as Lady Archer’s ; her dress was trimmed with beads, silver, Persian sashes, and all sort of fine fancies ; her face is thin and fiery, and her whole manner spoke a lady all alive.

“Miss Burney,” cried she, with great quickness, and a look all curiosity, “I am very happy to see you ; I have longed to see you a great while ; I have read your performance, and I am quite delighted with it. I think it’s the most elegant novel I ever read in my life. Such a style ! I am quite surprised at it. I can’t think where you got so much invention !” You may believe this was a reception not to make me very loquacious. I did not know which way to turn my head. “I must introduce you,” continued her ladyship, “to my sister ; she’ll be quite delighted to see you. She has written a novel herself ; so you are sister authoresses. A most elegant thing it is, I assure you ; almost as pretty as yours, only not quite so elegant. She has written two novels, only one is not so pretty as the other. But I shall insist upon your seeing them. One is in letters, like yours, only yours is prettiest ; it’s called the ‘Mausoleum of Julia !’” What

unfeeling things, thought I, are *my* sisters! I'm never heard them go about thus praising *me*! Mrs. And dis^{it's}e then again came forward, and taking my hand, led ^{me} up to her ladyship's sister, Lady Hawke, saying aloud, and with a courteous smirk, "Miss Burney, ma'am, authoress of 'Evelina.'"

"Yes," cried my friend, Lady Say and Sele, who followed me close, "it's the authoress of 'Evelina;' so you are sister authoresses!" Lady Hawke arose and curtsied. She is much younger than her sister, and rather pretty: extremely languishing, delicate, and pathetic; apparently accustomed to be reckoned the genius of her family, and well contented to be looked upon as a creature dropped from the clouds. I was then seated between their ladyships, and Lady S. and S., drawing as near to me as possible, said,—"Well, and so you wrote this pretty book!—and pray did your papa know of it?" "No, ma'am; not till some months after the publication." "So I've heard; it's surprising! I can't think how you invented it!—there's a vast deal of invention in it! And you've got so much humor, too! Now my sister has no humor—hers is all sentiment. You can't think how I was entertained with that old grandmother and her son!" I suppose she meant Tom Branghton for the son.

"How much pleasure you must have had in writing it; had not you?" "Y—e—s, ma'am." "So has my sister; she's never without a pen in her hand; she can't help writing for her life. When Lord Hawke is travelling about with her, she keeps writing all the way." "Yes," said Lady Hawke; "I really can't help writing. One has great pleasure in writing the things; has not one, Miss Burney?" "Y—e—s, ma'am." "But your novel," cried Lady Say and Sele, "is in such a style!—so elegant! I am vastly glad you made it end happily. I hate a novel

went t^hon't end happy." "Yes," said Lady Hawke, with a you^y guid smile, "I was vastly glad when she married Lord Orville. I was sadly afraid it would not have been."

"My sister intends," said Lady Say and Sele, "to print her 'Mausoleum,' just for her own friends and acquaintances."

"Yes," said Lady Hawke; "I have never printed yet."

"I saw Lady Hawke's name," quoth I to my first friend, "ascribed to the play of 'Variety.'" "Did you indeed?" cried Lady Say, in an ecstasy. "Sister! do you know Miss Burney saw your name in the newspapers, about the play!"

"Did she?" said Lady Hawke, smiling complacently. "But I really did not write it; I never wrote a play in my life." "Well," cried Lady Say, "but do repeat that sweet part that I am so fond of — you know what I mean; Miss Burney *must* hear it, — out of your novel, you know!"

Lady H. No, I can't; I have forgot it.

Lady S. Oh, no! I am sure you have not; I insist upon it.

Lady H. But I know you can repeat it yourself; you have so fine a memory; I am sure you can repeat it.

Lady S. — Oh, but I should not do it justice! that's all, — I should not do it justice!

Lady Hawke then bent forward, and repeated — "If, when he made the declaration of his love, the sensibility that beamed in his eyes was felt in his heart, what pleasing sensations and soft alarms might not that tender avowal awaken!"

"And from what, ma'am," cried I, astonished, and imagining I had mistaken them, "is this taken?" "From my sister's novel!" answered the delighted Lady Say and Sele, expecting my raptures to be equal to her own; "it's in the 'Mausoleum,' — did not you know that? Well, I

can't think how you can write these sweet novels! And it's all just like that part. Lord Hawke himself says it's all poetry. For my part, I'm sure I never could write so. I suppose, Miss Burney, you are producing another, — a'n't you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, I dare say you are. I dare say you are writing one at this very minute!" Mrs. Paradise now came up to me again, followed by a square man, middle-aged, and hum-drum, who, I found, was Lord Say and Sele, afterwards from the Kirwans; for though they introduced him to me, I was so confounded by their vehemence and their manners, that I did not hear his name. "Miss Burney," said Mrs. P., presenting me to him, "authoress of 'Evelina.'"

"Yes," cried Lady Say and Sele, starting up, "'t is the authoress of 'Evelina!'" "Of what?" cried he. "Of 'Evelina.' You'd never think it, — she looks so young, to have so much invention, and such an elegant style! Well, I could write a play, I think, but I'm sure I could never write a novel."

"Oh, yes, you could, if you would try," said Lady Hawke.

"Oh, no, I could not," answered she; "I could not get a style — that's the thing — I could not tell how to get a style! and a novel's nothing without a style, you know!"

"Why no," said Lady Hawke; "that's true. But then you write such charming letters, you know!"

"Letters!" repeated Lady S. and S., simpering; "do you think so? Do you know I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Ray just before I came here, this very afternoon, — quite a long letter! I did, I assure you!" Here Mrs. Paradise came forward with another gentleman, younger, slimmer, and smarter, and saying to me, "Sir Gregory Page Turner," said to him, "Miss Burney, authoress of 'Evelina!'" At

which Lady Say and Sele, in fresh transport, again arose, and rapturously again repeated — “Yes, she’s authoress of ‘Evelina!’ Have you read it?”

“No! is it to be had?”

“Oh dear, yes! it’s been printed these two years! You’d never think it! But it’s the most elegant novel I ever read in my life. Writ in such a style!”

“Certainly,” said he, very civilly, “I have every inducement to get it. Pray where is it to be had? everywhere, I suppose?”

“Oh, nowhere, I hope!” cried I, wishing at that moment it had been never in human ken.

My *square* friend, Lord Say and Sele, then putting his head forward, said, very solemnly, “I’ll purchase it!”

His lady then mentioned to me a hundred novels that I had never heard of, asking my opinion of them, and whether I knew the authors; Lady Hawke only occasionally and languidly joining in the discourse: and then Lady S. and S., suddenly arising, begged me not to move, for she should be back again in a minute, and flew to the next room. I took, however, the first opportunity of Lady Hawke’s casting down her eyes, and reclining her delicate head, to make away from this terrible set; and, just as I was got by the pianoforte, where I hoped Pacchierotti would soon present himself, Mrs. Paradise again came to me, and said, — “Miss Burney, Lady Say and Sele wishes vastly to cultivate your acquaintance, and begs to know if she may have the honor of your company to an assembly at her house next Friday? — and I will do myself the pleasure to call for you, if you will give me leave.”

“Her ladyship does me much honor, but I am unfortunately engaged,” was my answer, with as much promptness as I could command.

F. B.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Tuesday Night.

My eyes red with reading and crying, I stop every moment to kiss the book¹ and to wish it was my Burney! 'Tis the sweetest book, the most interesting, the most engaging. Oh! it beats every other book, even your own other volumes, for "Evelina" was a baby to it.

Dear charming creature! do I stop every six pages to exclaim; and my Tit is no less delighted than I; she is run out of the room for a moment. But young Delville is come and Queeny returned, so I leave the pen and seize the MSS.

Such a novel! Indeed, I am seriously and sensibly touched by it, and am proud of her friendship who so knows the human heart. May mine long bear the inspection of so penetrating, so discriminating an eye! This letter is written by scraps and patches, but every scrap is admiration, and every patch thanks you for the pleasure I have received. I will say no more; I cannot say half I think with regard to praise.

I am sorry Pacchierotti does not come on Thursday, for on Thursday se'nnight I am engaged. In your book his praises will be recorded, and by it they will be diffused.

The Belfields are my joy, my delight. Poor Henrietta! how I adore her! How easily was her sweet heart engaged by that noble friend! But I have not finished my book yet; 't is late now, and I pant for morning. Nothing but hoarseness made me leave off at all.

My most ingenious, my most admirable friend, adieu! If I had more virtue than "Cecilia," I should half fear the censures of such an insight into the deepest recesses of the mind. Since I have read this volume, I have seriously

¹ Cecilia.

thanked Heaven that all the litter of mine was in sight ; none hoarded in holes, nor hastily stuffed into closets. You have long known the worst of your admiring

H. L. T.

Journal resumed.

JUNE, 1782. — At length, my ever dearest Susan, my long-neglected journal and long-promised renewal behold at your feet — for thither shall I speed them with all the expedition in my power.

So much has passed since I lost you — for I cannot use any other word — that I hardly know what first to record ; but I think 't is best to begin with what is uppermost in my mind, Mr. Burke. Among the many I have been obliged to shirk this year, for the sake of living almost solely with "Cecilia," none have had less patience with my retirement than Miss Palmer, who, bitterly believing I intended never to visit her again, has forborne sending me any invitations : but, about three weeks ago, my father had a note from Sir Joshua Reynolds, to ask him to dine at Richmond, and meet the Bishop of St. Asaph : and, therefore, to make my peace, I scribbled a note to Miss Palmer to this purpose, — "After the many kind invitations I have been obliged to refuse, will you, my dear Miss Palmer, should I offer to accompany my father to-morrow, bid me remember the old proverb, —

'Those who will not when they may,
When they will, they shall have nay !'

"F. B."

This was graciously received ; and the next morning Sir Joshua and Miss Palmer called for my father and me, accompanied by Lord Corke. We had a mighty pleasant ride. Miss Palmer and I *made up*, though she scolded most vio-

lently about my long absence, and attacked me about the book without mercy. The book, in short, to my great consternation, I find is talked of and expected all the town over. My dear father himself, I do verily believe, mentions it to everybody; he is fond of it to enthusiasm, and does not foresee the danger of raising such general expectation, which fills *me* with the horrors every time I am tormented with the thought.

Sir Joshua's house is delightfully situated, almost at the top of Richmond Hill. We walked till near dinner-time upon the terrace, and there met Mr. Richard Burke, the brother of the orator. Miss Palmer, stopping him, said, — "Are you coming to dine with us?" "No," he answered; "I shall dine at the Star and Garter."

"How did you come — with Mrs. Burke, or alone?" "Alone." "What, on horseback?" "Aye, sure!" cried he, laughing; "*up and ride!* Now's the time." And he made a fine flourish with his hand, and passed us. He is just made under-secretary at the Treasury. He is a tall and handsome man, and seems to have much dry drollery; but we saw no more of him. After our return to the house, and while Sir Joshua and I were *tête-à-tête*, Lord Corke and my father being still walking and Miss Palmer having, I suppose, some orders to give about the dinner, the "Knight of Plympton" was desiring my opinion of the prospect from his window, and comparing it with Mr. Burke's, as he told me after I had spoken it, — when the Bishop of St. Asaph and his daughter, Miss Georgiana Shipley, were announced. Miss Palmer soon joined us; and, in a short time, entered more company, — three gentlemen and one lady; but there was no more ceremony used of introductions. The lady, I concluded, was Mrs. Burke, wife of *the* Mr. Burke, and was not mistaken. One of the gentlemen I recollected to be young Burke, her son,

whom I once met at Sir Joshua's in town, and another of them I knew for Mr. Gibbon; but the third I had never seen before. I had been told that *the* Burke was not expected; yet I could conclude this gentleman to be no other; he had just the air, the manner, the appearance, I had prepared myself to look for in him, and there was an evident, a striking superiority in his demeanor, his eye, his motions, that announced him no common man. I could not get at Miss Palmer to satisfy my doubts, and we were soon called downstairs to dinner. Sir Joshua and the *unknown* stopped to speak with one another upon the stairs; and, when they followed us, Sir Joshua, in taking his place at the table, asked me to sit next to him; I willingly complied. "And then," he added, "Mr. Burke shall sit on the other side of you."

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Miss Georgiana, who also had placed herself next Sir Joshua; "I won't consent to that; Mr. Burke must sit next *me*; I won't agree to part with him. Pray, come and sit down quiet, Mr. Burke." Mr. Burke, — for him it was, — smiled and obeyed. "I only meant," said Sir Joshua, "to have made my peace with Mr. Burke, by giving him that place, because he has been scolding me for not introducing him to Miss Burney. However, I must do it now; — Mr. Burke! — Miss Burney!" We both half rose, and Mr. Burke said, — "I have been complaining to Sir Joshua that he left me wholly to my own sagacity; however, it did not here deceive me." "Oh dear, then," said Miss Georgiana, looking a little *consternated*, "perhaps you won't thank me for calling you to this place!" Nothing was said, and so we all began dinner, — young Burke making himself my next neighbor.

Captain Phillips knows Mr. Burke. Has he or has he not told you how delightful a creature he is? If he has

not, pray, in my name, abuse him without mercy; if he has, pray ask if he will subscribe to my account of him, which herewith shall follow. He is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address graceful; his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language is copious, various, and eloquent; his manners are attractive, his conversation is delightful. What says Captain Phillips? Have I chanced to see him in his happiest hour? or is he all this in common? Since we lost Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting.

Now to the present state of things and people.

My father is all himself—gay, facile, and sweet. He comes to all meals, writes without toiling, and gives us more of his society than he has done many years. His third volume he is not tied down to produce at any stated time, and he has most wisely resolved not to make any promise to the public about it, nor take in any subscriptions, but to keep free from all engagement.

A serious piece of intelligence has given, does give, and long must give me the utmost concern and sorrow. My dear Mrs. Thrale, the friend, though not the *most* dear friend of my heart, is going abroad for three years certain. This scheme has been some time in a sort of distant agitation, but it is now brought to a resolution. Much private business belongs to it relative to her detestable lawsuit; but much private inclination is also joined with it relative to her long wishing to see Italy. I have determined, therefore, to do all in my power to bear this blow steadily; and the remembrance how very much I suffered when such an one was formerly thought of, makes me suppress all my regret, and drive the subject from my mind by every method in my power, that I may save myself from again experiencing such unavailing concern. The thought, indeed, that she wishes to go would reconcile me to a yet

longer absence, by making me feel that my own sorrow is merely selfish.

Streatham, — my other home, and the place where I have long thought my residence dependent only upon my own pleasure, and where, indeed, I have received such as my father and you alone could make greater, — is already let for three years to Lord Shelburne. If I were to begin with talking of my loss, my strangeness, I had almost said, for these three years, I should never have done, and only make us both melancholy; so nothing will I say about the matter, but that you, tender and liberal as you are, will be almost my only friend who will not rejoice in this separation, as the most effectual means of keeping me more in London; though you, my Susy, will be, perhaps the most sincerely gratified by what additional time it may give me.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, OCT. 26TH. — My journey was incidentless; but the moment I came into Brighthelmstone I was met by Mrs. Thrale, who had most eagerly been waiting for me a long while, and therefore I dismounted, and walked home with her. It would be very superfluous to tell you how she received me, for you cannot but know, from her impatient letters, what I had reason to expect of kindness and welcome. I was too much tired to choose appearing at dinner, and therefore eat my eat upstairs, and was then decorated a little, and came forth to tea.

Dr. Johnson received me too with his usual goodness, and with a salute so loud, that the two young beaus, Cotton and Swinerton, have never done laughing about it.

OCT. 27TH. — The Pepyses came to visit me in form, but I was dressing; in the evening, however, Mrs. and Miss T. took me to them. Dr. Johnson would not go; he told me it was my day, and I should be crowned, for Mr. Pepys was wild about "Cecilia." "However," he added, "do not hear too much of it; but when he has

talked about it for an hour or so, tell him to have done. There is no other way." A mighty easy way, this! however, 'tis what he literally practises for himself.

MONDAY, OCT. 28TH. — At dinner, we had Dr. Delap and Mr. Selwyn, who accompanied us in the evening to a ball; as did also Dr. Johnson, to the universal amazement of all who saw him there; but he said he had found it so dull being quite alone the preceding evening, that he determined upon going with us; "for," he said, "it cannot be worse than being alone." Strange that he should think so! I am sure I am not of his mind.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30TH. — In the evening we all went to Mrs. Hatsel's, where there was a large party; the Countess Rothes, Lady Shelley, Lady Warren, formerly Miss Clavering, Miss Benson, Mrs. and Miss Dickens, H. Cotton, Mr. Swinerton, two Bartons, the Hatsels, and Mrs. and Miss Thrale. Dr. Johnson was not invited. We had a very good evening; but that I had a vile cold, and could not quit the fire a moment.

Lady Warren is immensely tall, and extremely beautiful: she is now but just nineteen, though she has been married two or three years. She is giddy, gay, chatty, good-humored, and a little affected; she hazards all that occurs to her, seems to think the world at her feet, and is so young, and gay, and handsome, that she is not much mistaken. She is, in short, an inferior Lady Honoria Pember-ton: somewhat beneath her in parts and understanding, but strongly in that class of character. I had no conversation with her myself; but her voice is loud and deep, and all she said was for the whole room.

Take a trait or two, which I think will divert my daddy Crisp. Marriages being talked of, — "I'll tell you," cried she, "a story; that is, it sha'n't be a story, but a fact. A lady of my acquaintance, who had 50,000*l.* fortune, ran

away to Scotland with a gentleman she liked vastly ; so she was a little doubtful of him, and had a mind to try him : so when they stopped to dine, and change horses, and all that, she said, ‘ Now, as I have a great regard for you, I daresay you have for me : so I will tell you a secret : I have got no fortune at all, in reality, but only 5,000*l.* ; for all the rest is a mere pretence : but if you like me for myself, and not for my fortune, you won’t mind that.’ So the gentleman said, ‘ Oh, I don’t regard it at all, and you are the same charming angel that ever you was,’ and all those sort of things that people say to one, and then went out to see about the chaise. So he did not come back ; but when dinner was ready, the lady said, ‘ Pray, where is he ?’ ‘ Lor, ma’am,’ said they, ‘ why, that gentleman has been gone ever so long !’ So she came back by herself ; and now she’s married to somebody else, and has her 50,000*l.* fortune all safe.”

SATURDAY, NOV. 2ND. — We went to Lady Shelley’s. Dr. Johnson, again, excepted in the invitation. He is almost constantly omitted, either from too much respect or too much fear. I am sorry for it, as he hates being alone, and as, though he scolds the others, he is well enough satisfied himself ; and, having given vent to all his own occasional anger or ill-humor, he is ready to begin again, and is never aware that those who have so been “downed” by him, never can much covet so triumphant a visitor. In contests of wit, the victor is as ill off in future consequences as the vanquished in present ridicule.

MONDAY, NOV. 4TH. — This was a grand and busy day. Mr. Swinerton has been some time arranging a meeting for all our house, with Lady De Ferrars, whom you may remember as Charlotte Ellerker, and her lord and sisters : and this morning it took place, by mutual appointment, at his lodgings, where we met to breakfast. Dr. Johnson,

who already knew Lord De Ferrars, and Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and myself, arrived first; and then came the Lord and Lady, and Miss Ellerker and her youngest sister, Harriet. Lord De Ferrars is very ugly, but extremely well-bred, gentle, unassuming, sensible, and pleasing. His lady is much improved since we knew her in former days, and seems good-humored, lively, and rather agreeable. Miss Ellerker is nothing altered.

I happened to be standing by Dr. Johnson when all the ladies came in; but, as I dread him before strangers, from the staring attention he attracts both for himself and all with whom he talks, I endeavored to change my ground. However, he kept prating a sort of comical nonsense that detained me some minutes whether I would or not; but when we were all taking places at the breakfast-table I made another effort to escape. It proved vain; he drew his chair next to mine, and went rattling on in a humorous sort of comparison he was drawing of himself to me, — not one word of which could I enjoy, nor can I remember, from the hurry I was in to get out of his way. In short, I felt so awkward from being thus marked out, that I was reduced to whisper a request to Mr. Swinerton to put a chair between us, for which I presently made a space: for I have often known him stop all conversation with me, when he has ceased to have me for his next neighbor. Mr. Swinerton, who is an extremely good-natured young man, and so intimate here that I make no scruple with him, instantly complied, and placed himself between us.

But no sooner was this done, than Dr. Johnson, half seriously, and very loudly, took him to task. "How now, sir! what do you mean by this? Would you separate me from Miss Burney?" Mr. Swinerton, a little startled, began some apologies, and Mrs. Thrale winked at him to give up the place; but he was willing to oblige me, though he

grew more and more frightened every minute, and colored violently as the Doctor continued his remonstrance, which he did with rather unmerciful raillery, upon his taking advantage of being in his own house to thus supplant him, and *crow*; but when he had borne it for about ten minutes, his face became so hot with the fear of hearing something worse, that he ran from the field, and took a chair between Lady De Ferrars and Mrs. Thrale. I think I shall take warning by this failure, to trust only to my own expedients for avoiding his public notice in future.

Miss Thrale, who had met with Miss Benson, brought me a long message from her, that I had used her very ill, and would make her no reparation; for she had been reading my book till she was so blind with crying, she had disfigured herself in such a manner she could not dress, and must give up going to the ball in the evening, though it was the last; and though she had not yet near come to the end, she was so knocked up with blubbering, she must give up every engagement in order to go on with it, being quite unfit for anything else; but she desired Miss Thrale to tell me she thought it very unwarrantable in me to put her nerves in such a state! "Ay," cried Dr. Johnson, 'some people want to make out some credit to me from the little rogue's book. I was told by a gentleman this morning, that it was a very fine book, if it was all her own. 'It is all her own,' said I, 'for me, I am sure, for I never saw one word of it before it was printed.' "

SUNDAY, NOV. 10TH, brings in a new person. The Honorable Miss Monckton,¹ who is here with her mother, the Dowager Lady Galway, has sent various messages of her earnest desire to be acquainted with Mrs. Thrale and your humble servant to command. Dr. Johnson she already knew, for she is one of those who stand foremost in col-

¹ Afterwards Countess of Cork and Orrery.

lecting all extraordinary or curious people to her London conversaziones, which, like those of Mrs. Vesey, mix the rank and the literature, and exclude all beside. Well, after divers intimations of this sort, it was at last settled that Lady De Ferrars should bring her here this morning. In the evening came Lady De Ferrars, Miss Monckton, and Miss Ellerker. Miss Monckton is between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, voice, and discourse, that speak all within to be comfortable; and her rage of seeing anything curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, by looking in a mirror.

I can give you no account of the conversation, as it was broken, and not entertaining. Miss Monckton went early, having another engagement, but the other ladies stayed very late. She told us, however, one story extremely well worth recording. The Duke of Devonshire was standing near a very fine glass lustre in a corner of a room, at an assembly, and in a house of people who, Miss Monckton said, were by no means in a style of life to hold expense as immaterial, and, by carelessly lolling back, he threw the lustre down, and it was broke. He showed not, however, the smallest concern or confusion at the accident, but coolly said, "I wonder how I did that!" He then removed to the opposite corner, and to show, I suppose, he had forgotten what he had done, leaned his head in the same manner, and down came the opposite lustre! He looked at it very calmly, and, with a philosophical dryness, merely said, "This is singular enough!" and walked to another part of the room, without either distress or apology.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20TH, Mrs. and the three Miss Thrales and myself all arose at six o'clock in the morning,

and "by the pale blink of the moon" we went to the sea-side, where we had bespoke the bathing-women to be ready for us, and into the ocean we plunged. It was cold, but pleasant. I have bathed so often as to lose my dread of the operation, which now gives me nothing but animation and vigor. We then returned home, and dressed by candle-light, and, as soon as we could get Dr. Johnson ready, we set out upon our journey, in a coach and a chaise, and arrived in Argyll Street at dinner time. Mrs. Thrale has there fixed her tent for this short winter, which will end with the beginning of April, when her foreign journey takes place.

CHAPTER V.

1782 — 1786.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, DEC. 8TH. — Now for Miss Monckton's assembly. I had begged Mrs. Thrale to call for me, that I might have her countenance and assistance upon my entrance. Miss Thrale came also. Everything was in a new style. We got out of the coach into a hall full of servants, not one of which inquired our names, or took any notice of us. We proceeded, and went upstairs, and when we arrived at a door, stopped and looked behind us. No servant had followed or preceded us. We deliberated what was to be done. To announce ourselves was rather awkward, neither could we be sure we were going into the right apartment. I proposed our going up higher, till we met with somebody; Miss Thrale thought we should go down and call some of the servants; but Mrs. Thrale, after a ridiculous consultation, determined to try her fortune by opening the door. This being done, we entered a room full of — tea-things, and one maid-servant! "Well," cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "what is to be done now? I suppose we are come so early that nothing is ready." The maid stared, but said, — "There's company in the next room."

Then we considered again how to make ourselves known; and then Mrs. Thrale again resolved to take courage and enter. She therefore opened another door, and went into another apartment. I held back, but looked after, and observing that she made no curtesy, concluded she was

gone into some wrong place. Miss Thrale followed, and after her went little I, wondering who was to receive, or what was to become of us. Miss Monckton lives with her mother, the old Dowager Lady Galway, in a noble house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The room was large and magnificent. There was not much company, for we were very early. Lady Galway sat at the side of the fire, and received nobody. She seems very old, and was dressed with a little round white cap, and not a single hair, no cushion, roll, nor anything else but the little round cap, which was flat upon her forehead. Such part of the company as already knew her made their compliments to her where she sat, and the rest were never taken up to her, but belonged wholly to Miss Monckton.

Miss Monckton's own manner of receiving her guests was scarce more laborious; for she kept her seat when they entered, and only turned round her head to nod it, and say "How do do?" after which they found what accommodation they could for themselves. As soon, however, as she perceived Mrs. and Miss Thrale, which was not till they had been some minutes in the room, she arose to welcome them, contrary to her general custom, and merely because it was their first visit. Our long trains making my entrance some time after theirs, gave me the advantage of being immediately seen by her, and she advanced to me with quickness, and very politely thanked me for coming, and said, — "I fear you think me very rude for taking the liberty of sending to you." "No, indeed, -you did me much honor," quoth I.

She then broke further into her general rules, by making way for me to a good place, and seating me herself, and then taking a chair next me, and beginning a little chat. I really felt myself much obliged to her for this seasonable attention, for I was presently separated from

Mrs. Thrale, and entirely surrounded by strangers, all dressed superbly, and all looking saucily; and as nobody's names were spoken, I had no chance to discover any acquaintances. Mr. Metcalf, indeed, came and spoke to me the instant I came in, and I should have been very happy to have had him for my neighbor; but he was engaged in attending to Dr. Johnson, who was standing near the fire, and environed with listeners. Some new people now coming in, and placing themselves in a regular way, Miss Monekton exclaimed, — "My whole care is to prevent a circle;" and hastily rising, she pulled about the chairs, and planted the people in groups, with as dexterous a disorder as you would desire to see.

The company in general were dressed with more brilliancy than at any rout I ever was at, as most of them were going to the Duchess of Cumberland's, and attired for that purpose. Just behind me sat Mrs. Hampden, still very beautiful, but insufferably affected. Another lady, in full dress, and very pretty, came in soon after, and got herself a chair just before me; and then a conversation began between her and Mrs. Hampden, of which I will give you a specimen.

"How disagreeable these sacques are! I am so incommoded with these nasty ruffles! I am going to Cumberland House — are you?"

"To be sure," said Mrs. Hampden; "what else, do you think, would make me bear this weight of dress? I can't bear a sacque."

"Why, I thought you said you should always wear them?"

"Oh, yes, but I have changed my mind since then — as many people do."

"Well, I think it vastly disagreeable indeed," said the other; "you can't think how I'm encumbered with these ruffles!"

"Oh, I am quite oppressed with them," said Mrs. Hampden; "I can hardly bear myself up."

"And I dined in this way!" cried the other; "only think, dining in a sacque!"

"Oh," answered Mrs. Hampden, "it really puts me quite out of spirits."

Well, have you enough?—and has my daddy raved enough?

Mrs. and Miss Thrale had other engagements, and soon went away. Miss Monckton then took a chair again next to me, which she kept till we both started at the same voice, and she cried out,—"Oh, it's Mr. Burke!" and she ran to him with as much joy as, if it had been our house, I should. Cause the second for liking her better. I grew now in a violent fidget, both to have his notice, and for what his notice would be; but I sat very still, and he was seized upon by scores, and taken to another part of the room.

Then came in Sir Joshua Reynolds and he soon drew a chair near mine, and from that time I was never without some friend at my elbow.

"Have you seen," said he, "Mrs. Montagu lately?"

"No, not very lately."

"But within these few months?"

"No, not since last year."

"Oh, you must see her, then. You ought to see and to hear her—'t will be worth your while. Have you heard of the fine long letter she has written?"

"Yes, but I have not met with it."

"I have."

"And who is it to?"

"The old Duchess of Portland. She desired Mrs. Montagu's opinion of 'Cecilia,' and she has written it at full length. I was in a party at Her Grace's, and heard of nothing but you. She is so delighted, and so sensibly, so

rationally, that I only wish you could have heard her. And old Mrs. Delany had been forced to begin it, though she had said she should never read any more ; however, when we met, she was reading it already for the third time."

Pray tell my daddy to rejoice for me in this conquest of the Duchess, his old friend, and Mrs. Delany, his sister's.

Sir Joshua is extremely kind ; he is always picking up some anecdote of this sort for me ; yet, most delicately, never lets me hear his own praises but through others. He looks vastly well, and as if he had never been ill.

After this Mrs. Burke saw me, and, with much civility and softness of manner, came and talked with me, while her husband, without seeing me, went behind my chair to speak to Mrs. Hampden.

Miss Monckton tripped to somebody else, and Mr. Burke very quietly came from Mrs. Hampden, and sat down in the vacant place at my side. I could then wait no longer, for I found he was more near-sighted than myself ; I, therefore, turned towards him and bowed : he seemed quite amazed, and really made me ashamed, however delighted, by the expressive civility and distinction with which he instantly rose to return my bow, and stood the whole time he was making his compliments upon seeing me, and calling himself the blindest of men for not finding me out sooner. And Mrs. Burke, who was seated near me, said, loud enough for me to hear her, — " See, see ! what a flirtation Mr. Burke is beginning with Miss Burney ! and before my face too ! "

These ceremonies over, he sate down by me, and began a conversation which you, my dearest Susy, would be glad to hear, for my sake, word for word ; but which I really could not listen to with sufficient ease, from shame at his warm eulogiums, to remember with any accuracy. The general substance, however, take as I recollect it. After many

most eloquent compliments upon the book, too delicate either to shock or sicken the nicest ear, he very emphatically congratulated me upon its most universal success; said, "he was now too late to speak of it, since he could only echo the voice of the whole nation;" and added, with a laugh, "I had hoped to have made some merit of my enthusiasm; but the moment I went about to hear what others say, I found myself merely one in a multitude."

He then told me that, notwithstanding his admiration, he was the man who had dared to find some faults with so favorite and fashionable a work. I entreated him to tell me what they were, and assured him nothing would make me so happy as to correct them under his direction. He then enumerated them: and I will tell you what they are, that you may not conclude I write nothing but the fairer part of my adventures, which I really always relate very honestly, though so fair they are at this time, that it hardly seems possible they should not be dressed up.

The masquerade he thought too long, and that something might be spared from Harrel's grand assembly; he did not like Morrice's part of the pantheon; and he wished the conclusion either more happy or more miserable; "for in a work of imagination," said he, "there is no medium." I was not easy enough to answer him, or I have much, though perhaps not good for much, to say in defence of following life and nature as much in the conclusion as in the progress of a tale; and when is life and nature completely happy or miserable? "But," said he, when he had finished his comments, "what excuse must I give for this presumption? I have none in the world to offer but the real, the high esteem I feel for you; and I must at the same time acknowledge it is all your own doing that I am able to find fault; for it is your general perfection in writing that has taught me to criticise where it is not quite

uniform." Here's an orator, dear Susy! Then, looking very archly at me, and around him, he said, "Are you sitting here for characters? Nothing, by the way, struck me more in reading your book than the admirable skill with which your ingenious characters make themselves known by their own words."

He then went on to tell me that I had done the most wonderful of wonders in pleasing the old wits, particularly the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany, who resisted reading the book till they were teased into it, and, since they began, could do nothing else; and he failed not to point out, with his utmost eloquence, the difficulty of giving satisfaction to those who piqued themselves upon being past receiving it. Sir Joshua Reynolds now joined us. "Are you telling her," said he, "of our conversation with the old wits? I am glad you hear it from Mr. Burke, Miss Burney, for he can tell it so much better than I can, and remember their very words."

I was extremely happy to have my dear father with me at Miss Monckton's. We found Mrs. Siddons, the actress, there. She is a woman of excellent character, and therefore I am very glad she is thus patronized, since Mrs. Abington, and so many frail fair ones, have been thus noticed by the great. She behaved with great propriety; very calm, modest, quiet, and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance, and her eyes look both intelligent and soft. She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging. Mrs. Thrale, who was there, said, — "Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshipping! however, we shall soon gild it."

I went in the evening to call on Mrs. Thrale, and tore myself away from her to go to Bolt Court to see Dr. Johnson, who is very unwell. He received me with great kindness, and bade me come oftener, which I will try to

contrive. He told me he heard of nothing but me, call upon him who would; and, though he pretended to growl, he was evidently delighted for me. His usual set, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins, were with him; and some queer man of a parson, who, after grinning at me some time, said, —

“Pray, Mrs. Desmoulins, is the fifth volume of ‘Cecilia’ at home yet? Dr. Johnson made me read it, ma’am.”

“Sir, he did it much honor ——”

“*Made* you, sir?” said the Doctor; “you give an ill account of your own taste or understanding if you wanted any *making*, to read such a book as ‘Cecilia.’”

“Oh, sir, I don’t mean that; for I am sure I left every thing in the world to go on with it.”

A shilling was now wanted for some purpose or other, and none of them happened to have one; I begged that I might lend one.

“Ay, do,” said the Doctor, “I will borrow of you; authors are like privateers, always fair game for one another.”

“True, sir,” said the parson, “one author is always robbing another.”

“I don’t know that, sir,” cried the Doctor; “there sits an author who, to my knowledge, has robbed nobody. I have never once caught her at a theft. The rogue keeps her resources to herself!”

SATURDAY, DEC. 28TH. — My father and I dined and spent the day at Sir Joshua Reynolds’, after many preceding disappointments. Our dinner party consisted merely of Mr. West,¹ the painter, Mr. Jackson of Exeter, and Miss Reynolds. Mr. West had, some time ago, desired my father to invite him to our house, to see that lion, your sister, saying to him, “you will be safe, Dr. Bur-

¹ Benjamin West, afterwards President of the Royal Academy.

ney, in trusting to our meeting, for I am past forty, and married."

After dinner Mr. Jackson undertook to teach us all how to write with our left hands. Some succeeded, and some failed; but both he and Mr. West wrote nothing but my name. I tried, and would have written Sir Joshua, but it was illegible, and I tore the paper; Mr. Jackson was very vehement to get it from me. "I have done the worst," cried I, "and I don't like disgracing myself." "Pho!" cried he, "let me see it at once; do you think you can do any thing with your left hand that will lessen the credit of what you have done with your right?" This, however, was all that was hinted to me upon that subject by him. I had afterwards one slight touch from Mr. West, but the occasion was so tempting I could not possibly wonder at him. Sir Joshua had two snuff-boxes in use, a gold and a tin one; I examined them, and asked why he made use of such a vile and shabby tin one.

"Why," said he laughing, "because I naturally love a little of the blackguard. Ay, and so do you too, little as you look as if you did, and all the people all day long are saying, where can you have seen such company as you treat us with?"

"Why you have seen such, Sir Joshua," said Mr. West, taking up the tin snuff-box, "for this box you must certainly have picked up at Briggs's sale."

You may believe I was eager enough now to call a new subject; and Sir Joshua, though he loves a little passing speech or two upon this matter, never insists upon keeping it up, but the minute he sees he has made me look about me or look foolish, he is most good-naturedly ready to give it up. But how, my dearest Susy, can you wish any wishes about Sir Joshua and me? A man who has had two shakes of the palsy! What misery should I

suffer if I were only his niece, from a terror of a fatal repetition of such a shock! I would not run voluntarily into such a state of perpetual apprehension for the wealth of the East. Wealth, indeed, *per se*, I never too much valued, and my acquaintance with its possessors has by no means increased my veneration for it.

TUESDAY, DEC. 31ST. — I went this morning with my dear father to Sir John Ashton Lever's, where we could not but be entertained. Sir Ashton came and talked to us a good while. He may be an admirable naturalist, but I think if in other matters you leave the *ist* out, you will not much wrong him. He looks full sixty years old, yet he had dressed not only two young men, but himself, in a green jacket, a round hat, with green feathers, a bundle of arrows under one arm, and a bow in the other, and thus, accoutred as a forester, he pranced about; while the younger fools, who were in the same garb, kept running to and fro in the garden, carefully contriving to shoot at some mark, just as any of the company appeared at any of the windows. After such a specimen of his actions, you will excuse me if I give you none of his conversation.

FRIDAY, 4TH JAN. — We had an invited party at home, both for dinner and the evening. The occasion was in honor of Dr. Parr, of Norwich, Mr. Twining's friend; and who has been very kind about our Charles. He had been asked to dinner, to meet Dr. Johnson, but could not come till the evening. Mr. Seward and Mr. Sastres came early. Charles also came from Chiswick. Dr. Johnson came so very late, that we had all given him up; he was, however, very ill, and only from an extreme of kindness did he come at all. When I went up to him, to tell how sorry I was to find him so unwell, — "Ah!" he cried, taking my hand and kissing it, "who shall ail anything when 'Cecilia' is so near? Yet you do not think how poorly I am!" This

was quite melancholy, and all dinner time he hardly opened his mouth but to repeat to me, — “Ah! you little know how ill I am.” He was excessively kind to me, in spite of all his pain, and indeed I was so sorry for him, that I could talk no more than himself. All our comfort was from Mr. Seward, who enlivened us as much as he possibly could by his puns and his sport. But poor Dr. Johnson was so ill, that after dinner he went home.

FRIDAY. — I made a visit to poor Dr. Johnson, to inquire after his health. I found him better, yet extremely far from well. One thing, however, gave me infinite satisfaction. He was so good as to ask me after Charles, and said, “I shall be glad to see him; pray tell him to call upon me.” I thanked him very much, and said how proud he would be of such a permission.

“I should be glad,” said he, still more kindly, “to see him, if he were not your brother; but were he a dog, a cat, a rat, a frog, and belonged to you, I must needs be glad to see him!”

SUNDAY, JAN. 19. — And now for Mrs. Delany. I spent one hour with Mrs. Thrale, and then called for Mrs. Chapone, and we proceeded together to St. James's Place. Mrs. Delany was alone in her drawing-room, which is entirely hung round with pictures of her own painting, and ornaments of her own designing. She came to the door to receive us. She is still tall, though some of her height may be lost: not much, however, for she is remarkably upright. She has no remains of beauty in feature, but in countenance I never but once saw more, and that was in my sweet maternal grandmother. Benevolence, softness, piety, and gentleness are all resident in her face; and the resemblance with which she struck me to my dear grandmother, in her first appearance, grew so much stronger from all that came from her mind, which seems to contain

nothing but purity and native humility, that I almost longed to embrace her; and I am sure if I had, the recollection of that saint-like woman would have been so strong that I should never have refrained from crying over her.

Mrs. Chapone presented me to her, and taking my hand, she said, — “You must pardon me if I give you an old-fashioned reception, for I know nothing new.” And she saluted me. “Can you forgive, Miss Burney,” she continued, “this great liberty I have taken with you, of asking for your company to dinner? I wished so impatiently to see one from whom I have received such extraordinary pleasure, that, as I could not be alone this morning, I could not bear to put it off to another day; and, if you had been so good to come in the evening, I might, perhaps, have had company; and I hear so ill that I cannot, as I wish to do, attend to more than one at a time; for age makes me stupid even more than I am by nature; and how grieved and mortified I must have been to know I had Miss Burney in the room, and not to hear her!”

She then mentioned her regret that we could not stay and spend the evening with her, which had been told her in our card of accepting her invitation, as we were both engaged, which, for my part, I heartily regretted.

“I am particularly sorry,” she added, “on account of the Duchess Dowager of Portland, who is so good as to come to me in an evening, as she knows I am too infirm to wait upon her Grace myself: and she wished so much to see Miss Burney. But she said she would come as early as possible, and you won’t, I hope, want to go very soon?”

My time, I answered, was Mrs. Chapone’s, and Mrs. Chapone said she could not stay later than half-past seven.

“Fie, fie!” cried Mrs. Delany smiling; “why Miss Larolles would not for the world go before eight. However, the Duchess will be here by seven, I dare say, for she said

nothing should detain her." Mrs. Chapone then made me look at the paintings, which I greatly admired; particularly a copy of Saccharissa, from Vandyke. There was also a portrait of Madame de Sévigné, which struck me very much; and, while I was noticing the gaiety of its countenance, Mrs. Delany, with an arch look, said, —

"Yes, it is very *enjouée*, as *Captain Aresby* would say."

And afterwards of some other, but I have forgot what, she said, —

"I don't know how it is, Mrs. Chapone, but I can never look at that picture without thinking of poor *Belfield*. You must forgive us, Miss Burney; it is not right to talk of these people; but we don't know how to speak at all now without, they are so always in our minds!"

Soon after we went to dinner, which was plain, neat, well-cooked, and elegantly served. When it was over, I began to speak; and now, my Chesington auditors, look to yourselves!

"Will you give me leave, ma'am, to ask if you remember anybody of the name of Crisp?"

"Crisp?" cried she; "what! Mrs. Ann Crisp?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"O surely! extremely well! a charming, an excellent woman she was; we were very good friends once; I visited her at Burford, and her sister Mrs. Gast."

Then came my turn, and I talked of the brother; but I won't write what I said.

Mrs. Delany said she knew him but very little; and by no means so much as she should have liked. I reminded her of a letter he wrote her from abroad, which she immediately recollected; and I told her that the account I had heard from him and from Mrs. Gast, of her former friendship for Mrs. Ann Crisp, had first given me a desire to be acquainted with her.

"I am sure, then," said she, "I am very much obliged to them both ; but how Mr. Crisp can so long have remembered so insignificant a body I don't know. I beg, however, when you write to him, you will give my compliments and thanks to him, and also to Mrs. Gast, for being so good as to think of me."

Mrs. Chapone then asked me a hundred questions about Mr. Crisp, and said, —

"Pray, is he a *Doctor Lyster* ?"

"I don't know Dr. Lyster, ma'am," cried I, very simply, for the book was so wholly out of my head at the time, that I really thought she meant some living character. They both laughed very much, and assured me they should soon teach me to remember names better, if I lived with them.

This Chesingtonian talk lasted till we went upstairs, and then she showed me the new art which she has invented. It is staining paper of all possible colors, and then cutting it out, so finely and delicately, that when it is pasted on paper or vellum, it has all the appearance of being pencilled, except that, by being raised, it has still a richer and more natural look. The effect is extremely beautiful. She invented it at seventy-five! She told me she did four flowers the first year ; sixteen the second ; and the third, 160 ; and after that many more. They are all from nature, and consist of the most curious flowers, plants and weeds, that are to be found. She has been supplied with patterns from all the great gardens, and all the great florists in the kingdom. Her plan was to finish 1000 ; but, alas ! her eyes now fail her, though she has only twenty undone of her task.

She has marked the places whence they all came, on the back, and where she did them, and the year ; and she has put her cypher, M.D., at the corner of each, in different

colored letters for every different year — such as red, blue, green, &c.

“But,” said she, “the last year, as I found my eyes grew very dim, and threatened to fail before my work was completed, I put my initials in white, for I seemed to myself already working in my winding sheet.”

I could almost have cried at the mingled resignation and spirit with which she made this melancholy speech.

Mrs. Chapone asked her whether any cold had lately attacked her eyes?

“No,” said she, smiling, “nothing but my reigning malady, old age! ’Tis, however, what we all wish to obtain; and, indeed, a very comfortable state I have found it. I have a little niece coming to me soon, who will see for me.”

At about seven o’clock, the Duchess Dowager of Portland came. She is not near so old as Mrs. Delany, nor, to me, is her face by any means so pleasing; but yet there is sweetness, and dignity, and intelligence in it. Mrs. Delany received her with the same respectful ceremony as if it was her first visit, though she regularly goes to her every evening. But what she at first took as an honor and condescension she has so much true humility of mind, that no use can make her see in any other light. She immediately presented me to her. Her Grace curtsied and smiled with the most flattering air of pleasure, and said she was particularly happy in meeting with me.

We then took our places, and Mrs. Delany said —

“Miss Burney, ma’am, is acquainted with Mr. Crisp, whom your Grace knew so well; and she tells me he and his sister have been so good as to remember me, and to mention me to her.”

The Duchess instantly asked me a thousand questions about him — where he lived, how he had his health, and

whether his fondness for the polite arts still continued. She said he was one of the most ingenious and agreeable men she had ever known, and regretted his having sequestered himself so much from the society of his former friends.

This conversation lasted a long while, for it was one upon which I could myself be voluble. I spared not for boasting of my dear daddy's kindness to me; and you can hardly imagine the pleasure, ease, and happiness, it was to me, to talk of him to so elegant a judge, who so well knew I said nothing that was not true. She told me, also, the story of the poor Birmingham boy, and of the sketches which Mr. Crisp, she said, had been so good as to give her.

In the course of this conversation I found her very charming, high-bred, courteous, sensible, and spirited; not merely free from pride, but free from affability — its most mortifying deputy.

After this she asked me if I had seen Mrs. Siddons, and what I thought of her. I answered that I admired her very much.

"If Miss Burney approves her," said the Duchess, "no approbation, I am sure, can do her so much credit; for no one can so perfectly judge of characters or of human nature."

"Ah, ma'am," cried Mrs. Delany, archly, "and does your Grace remember protesting you would never read 'Cecilia?'"

"Yes," said she, laughing; "I declared that five volumes could never be attacked; but since I began I have read it three times."

"O terrible!" cried I, "to make them out fifteen!"

"The reason," continued she, "I held out so long against reading them, was remembering the cry there was in favor of 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison' when they came

out; and those I never could read. I was teased into trying both of them; but I was disgusted with their tediousness, and could not read eleven letters with all the effort I could make: so much about my sisters and my brothers, and all my uncles and my aunts!"

"But if your Grace had gone on with 'Clarissa,' said Mrs. Chapone, "the latter part must certainly have affected you and charmed you."

"O, I hate anything so dismal! Everybody that did read it had melancholy faces for a week. 'Cecilia' is as pathetic as I can bear, and more sometimes; yet, in the midst of the sorrow, there is a spirit in the writing, a fire in the whole composition, that keep off that heavy depression given by Richardson. Cry, to be sure, we did. O, Mrs. Delany, shall you ever forget how we cried? But, then, we had so much laughter to make us amends, we were never left to sink under our concern."

I am really ashamed to write on.

"For my part," said Mrs. Chapone, "when I first read it, I did not cry at all; I was in an agitation that half killed me, that shook all my nerves, and made me unable to sleep at nights from the suspense I was in; but I could not cry for excess of eagerness."

"I only wish," said the Duchess, "Miss Burney could have been in some corner, amusing herself with listening to us, when Lord Weymouth, and the Bishop of Exeter, and Mr. Lightfoot, and Mrs. Delany, and I, were all discussing the point of the name. So earnest we were, she must have been diverted with us. Nothing, the nearest our own hearts and interests, could have been debated more warmly. The Bishop was quite as eager as any of us; but what cooled us a little, at last, was Mr. Lightfoot's thinking we were seriously going to quarrel; and while Mrs. Delany and I were disputing about Mrs. Delville, he

very gravely said, "Why, ladies, this is only a matter of imagination; it is not a fact; don't be so earnest."

"Ah, ma'am," said Mrs. Delany, "how hard your Grace was upon Mrs. Delville; so elegant, so sensible, so judicious, so charming a woman."

"O, I hate her!" cried the Duchess, "resisting that sweet Cecilia; coaxing her, too, all the time, with such hypocritical flattery."

"I shall never forget," said Mrs. Delany, "your Grace's earnestness when we came to that part where Mrs. Delville bursts a blood-vessel. Down dropped the book, and just with the same energy as if your Grace had heard some real and important news, you called out, 'I'm glad of it with all my heart!'"

"What disputes, too," said Mrs. Chapone, "there are about Briggs. I was in a room some time ago where somebody said there could be no such character; and a poor little mean city man, who was there, started up and said, 'But there is though, for I've one myself!'"

"The Harrels! — O, then, the Harrels!" cried Mrs. Delany.

"If you speak of the Harrels, and of the morality of the book," cried the Duchess, with a solemn sort of voice, "we shall, indeed, never give Miss Burney her due — so striking, so pure, so genuine, so instructive."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Chapone, "let us complain how we will of the torture she has given our nerves, we must all join in saying she has bettered us by every line."

"No book," said Mrs. Delany, "ever was so useful as this, because none other that is so good was ever so much read."

I think I need now write no more. I could, indeed, hear no more; for this last so serious praise, from characters so respectable, so moral, and so aged, quite affected

me; and though I had wished a thousand times during the discourse to run out of the room, when they gave me finally this solemn sanction to the meaning and intention of my writing, I found it not without difficulty that I could keep the tears out of my eyes; and when I told what had passed to our sweet father, his quite ran over.

Of all the scenes of this sort in which I have been engaged, this has been the least painful to me, from my high respect for the personages, from their own elegance, in looking only at one another while they talked, and from having no witnesses to either watch me or be wearied themselves: yet I still say only least painful; for pleasant nothing can make a conversation entirely addressed to one who has no means in the world of taking any share in it.

This meeting had so long been in agitation, and so much desired by myself, that I have not spared for being circumstantial.

The Duchess had the good sense and judgment to feel she had drawn up her panegyric to a climax, and therefore here she stopped; so, however, did not we, for our coach was ready.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19TH.¹ — We heard to-day that Dr. Johnson had been taken ill, in a way that gave a dreadful shock to himself, and a most anxious alarm to his friends. Mr. Seward brought the news here, and my father and I instantly went to his house. He had earnestly desired me, when we lived so much together at Streatham, to see him frequently if he should be ill. He saw my father, but he had medical people with him, and could not admit me upstairs, but he sent me down a most kind message, that he thanked me for calling, and when he was better should hope to see me often. I had the satisfaction to

¹In the mean time, early in April, Miss Burney had lost her kind friend and mentor, Samuel Crisp.

hear from Mrs. Williams that the physicians had pronounced him to be in no danger, and expected a speedy recovery. The stroke was confined to his tongue. Mrs. Williams told me a most striking and touching circumstance that attended the attack. It was at about four o'clock in the morning: he found himself with a paralytic affection; he rose, and composed in his own mind a Latin prayer to the Almighty, "that whatever were the sufferings for which he must prepare himself, it would please Him, through the grace and mediation of our blessed Saviour, to spare his intellects, and let them all fall upon his body." When he had composed this, internally, he endeavored to speak it aloud, but found his voice was gone.

JULY 7TH. — I spent the whole day with sweet Mrs. Delany, whom I love most tenderly. I always long to ask for her blessing. We had no company but Mrs. Sanford, an old lady who was formerly her *élève*, and who seems well worthy that honor. In the evening, came in Mr. Walpole, gay, though caustic; polite, though sneering; and entertainingly epigrammatical. I like and admire, but I could not love, nor trust him.

THURSDAY, OCT. 29TH. — This morning, at breakfast, Mr. Hoole called. I wanted to call upon Dr. Johnson, and it is so disagreeable to me to go to him alone, now poor Mrs. Williams is dead, on account of the quantity of men always visiting him; that I most gladly accepted, and almost asked, his 'squireship. We went together. The dear Doctor received me with open arms. "Ah, dearest of all dear ladies!" he cried, and made me sit in his best chair. He had not breakfasted. "Do you forgive my coming so soon?" said I. "I cannot forgive your not coming sooner," he answered. I asked if I should make his breakfast, which I have not done since we left Streat-ham; he readily consented.

"But sir," quoth I, "I am in the wrong chair." For I was away from the table. "It is so difficult," said he, "for anything to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I am in the wrong chair, to keep you from the right one." And then we changed. You will see by this how good were his spirits and his health. I stayed with him two hours, and could hardly get away; he wanted me to dine with him, and said he would send home to excuse me; but I could not possibly do that. Yet I left him with real regret.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19TH. I received a letter from Dr. Johnson, which I have not by me, but will try to recollect.

"To Miss Burney.

"Madam, — You have now been at home this long time, and yet I have neither seen nor heard from you. Have we quarrelled? I have met with a volume of the 'Philosophical Transactions,' which I imagine to belong to Dr. Burney. Miss Charlotte will please to examine. Pray send me a direction where Mrs. Chapone lives; and pray, some time, let me have the honor of telling you how much I am, madam, your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

"Bolt Court, Nov. 19th, 1783."

Now if ever you read anything more dry, tell me. I was shocked to see him undoubtedly angry, but took courage, and resolved to make a serious defence; therefore thus I answered, —

"To Dr. Johnson.

DEAR SIR, — May I not say dear? for quarrelled I am sure we have not. The bad weather alone has kept me from waiting upon you; but now you have condescended

to give me a summons, no lion shall stand in the way of my making your tea this afternoon, unless I receive a prohibition from yourself, and then I must submit; for what, as you said of a certain great lady, signifies the barking of a lap-dog, if once the lion puts out his paw? The book was very right. Mrs. Chapone lives at either No. 7 or 8 in Dean Street, Soho. I beg you, sir, to forgive a delay for which I can only 'tax the elements with unkindness,' and to receive, with your usual goodness and indulgence, your ever most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

"F. BURNEY.

"St. Martin's Street, Nov. 19th, 1783."

My dear father spared me the coach, and to Bolt Court therefore I went, and with open arms was I received. Nobody was there but Charles and Mr. Sastres, and Dr. Johnson was, if possible, more instructive, entertaining, good-humored, and exquisitely fertile, than ever. He thanked me repeatedly for coming, and was so kind I could hardly ever leave him.

TUESDAY. — I spent the afternoon with Dr. Johnson, who indeed is very ill, and whom I could hardly tell how to leave. But he is rather better since, though still in a most alarming way. Indeed, I am very much afraid for him! He was very, very kind! — Oh, what a cruel, heavy loss will he be!

TUESDAY, DEC. 30TH. — I went to Dr. Johnson, and spent the evening with him. He was very indifferent, indeed. There were some very disagreeable people with him; and he once affected me very much, by turning suddenly to me, and grasping my hand, and saying, — "The blister I have tried for my breath has betrayed some very bad tokens; but I will not terrify myself by talking of them: ah, *priez Dieu pour moi!*" You may believe I promised

that I would! — Good and excellent as he is, how can he so fear death? — Alas, my Susy, how awful is that idea! — He was quite touchingly affectionate to me. How earnestly I hope for his recovery!

THURSDAY, JAN. 8TH. — I dined with Mrs. Delany.¹ The venerable and excellent old lady received me with open arms, and we kissed one another as if she had been my sweet grandmother, whom she always reminds me of. She looks as well as ever, only rather thinner; but she is as lively, gay, pleasant, good-humored, and animated, as at eighteen. She sees, she says, much worse; “but I am thankful,” she added, cheerfully, “I can see at all at my age. My greatest loss is the countenance of my friends; however, to see even the light is a great blessing.”

She showed me a most elegant and ingenious loom, which the Queen made her a present of last summer at Windsor, for making fringe; and a gold knitting needle given her by the King. And she told me the whole history of their manner of presenting them, with a sort of grateful simplicity that was quite affecting. Did I ever tell you of the letter the Queen wrote her, when she gave her a beautiful case of instruments for her curious works? She signed it her “affectionate Queen.” I quite reverence the Queen for her sense of Mrs. Delany’s merit.

¹ Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany, niece of George, Lord Lansdowne, widow of Patrick Delany, Dean of Down, great great aunt of Frances, Baroness Bunsen, whose memoirs, published in 1878, by Augustus Hare, met with a cordial reception in both England and America. — *Mrs. Delany’s Autobiography and Correspondence*, 2 vols. Boston, 1879.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

BATH, Tuesday, 23rd March, 1784.

You were a dear creature, to write so soon and so sweetly ; but we shall never meet. I see that clearly, and have seen it long. My going to London would be a dreadful expense, and bring on a thousand inquiries and inconveniences — visits to Johnson and from Cator : and where must I live for the time, too ? Oh, I have desired nothing else since you wrote ; but all is impossibility. Why would you ever flatter me that you might, maybe, come to Bath ? I saw the unlikelihood even then, and my retired life will not induce your friends to permit your coming hither now. I fancy even my own young ladies will leave me, and I sincerely think they will be perfectly right so to do, as the world they wish to shine in is quite excluded by my style of living.

Bath flash they properly enough despise, and London flash I cannot attend them in. More chapters of the Bible, or more volumes of the Roman and English histories, would fatigue their ears — for their lungs have not yet suffered. I have, however, read to them the Bible from beginning to end, the Roman and English histories, Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, and Young's works from head to heel ; Warton and Johnson's criticisms on the Poets ; besides a complete system of dramatic writing ; and classical — I mean English classics — they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at ; "Rollin des Belles Lettres," and a hundred more.

But my best powers are past, and I think I must look them a lady to supply my deficiency, to attend them if they should like a jaunt next summer or so ; for I will not quit Bath. The waters and physicians of this place are all

my comfort, and I often think I never shall again leave the spot.

Ah, Burney! you little know the suffering, and, I will add, the patient suffering of your
H. L. T.¹

Journal resumed.

MONDAY, APRIL 26TH.—I spent with my dear Mrs. Delany, and more pleasantly than I have spent any day since my Susy left town. She gave me her letters to rummage, from Swift and Young; and she told me all the anecdotes that occurred to her of her acquaintance with them. How I grieve that her sight visibly continues to decay! all her other senses and faculties are perfect, though she says not.

“My friends,” said she once when we were alone, “will last, I believe, as long as I last, because they are very good; but the pleasure of our friendship is now all to be received by me, for I have lost all power of returning any.”

If she often spoke such untruths, I should not revere her as I do. She has been in great affliction lately for Lady Mansfield, a very old friend, just dead.

¹ The above letter is indorsed as follows in the handwriting of Madame d'Arblay:—

“Many letters of a subsequent date to this letter, of 14th March, 1784, I have utterly, for cogent reasons (cogent and conscientious), destroyed. Following, with this so long dearest friend, the simple, but unrivalled, golden rule, I would only preserve such as evince her conflicts, her misery, and her sufferings, mental and corporeal, to exonerate her from the banal reproach of yielding unresisting to her passions. Her fault and grievous misfortune was, not combating them in their origin; not flying even from their menace. How have I loved her! with what affection, what gratitude, what admiration, and what affliction!

“12th February, 1825.”

"The Duchess of Portland and I," said she, "have shut ourselves up together, and seen nobody; and some people said we did mischief to ourselves by it, for the Duchess lamented Lady Mansfield still more than I did. However, our sympathy has only done good to both. But to-day I wanted a cordial, and that made me wish for you."

How kind and how sweet! We were quite alone till evening, except for lovely Miss P——, whom I like very much; and I entreated Mrs. Delany always to let me dine with her alone; and I believe she will comply, for we grow more and more sociable and unreserved.

"I was told," said she once, "that when I grew older, I should feel less; but I do not find it so; I am sooner, I think, hurt than ever. I suppose it is with very old age as with extreme youth, the effect of weakness; neither of those stages of life have firmness for bearing misfortunes."

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

MORTIMER STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
Tuesday Night, May, 1784.

I am come, dearest Burney. It is neither dream nor fiction; though I love you dearly, or I would not have come. Absence and distance do nothing towards wearing out real affection; so you shall always find it in your true and tender

H. L. T.

I am somewhat shaken bodily, but 'tis the mental shocks that have made me unable to bear the corporeal ones. 'Tis past ten o'clock, and I must lay myself down with the sweet expectation of seeing my charming friend in the morning to breakfast. I love Dr. Burney too well to fear him, and he loves me too well to say a word which should make me love him less.

Journal resumed.

MAY 17. — Let me now, my Susy, acquaint you a little more connectedly than I have done of late how I have gone on. The rest of that week I devoted almost wholly to sweet Mrs. Thrale, whose society was truly the most delightful of cordials to me, however, at times, mixed with bitters the least palatable. One day I dined with Mrs. Garrick to meet Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hamilton, and Dr. and Miss Cadogan; and one evening I went to Mrs. Vesey, to meet almost everybody, — the Bishop of St. Asaph, and all the Shipleys, Bishop Chester and Mrs. Porteus, Mrs. and Miss Ord, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer, Mrs. Buller, all the Burrows, Mr. Walpole, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More, and some others. But all the rest of my time I gave wholly to dear Mrs. Thrale, who lodged in Mortimer Street, and who saw nobody else. Were I not sensible of her goodness, and full of incurable affection for her, should I not be a monster?

I parted most reluctantly with my dear Mrs. Thrale, whom, when or how, I shall see again, Heaven only knows! but in sorrow we parted — on *my* side in real affliction.¹

[Towards the end of July in this year, Mrs. Thrale's second marriage took place with Mr. Piozzi, and Miss Burney went at the same time to Norbury Park, where she

¹ “28th May, 1784. — I have been to London for a week to visit Fanny Burney, and to talk over my intended (and I hope approaching) nuptials. Dear Burney, who loves me *kindly* but the world *reverentially*, was, I believe, equally pained and delighted with my visit; ashamed to be seen in my company: much of her fondness for me must of course be diminished.” — *Extract from Mrs. Thrale's journal, in the Autobiography, Letters, &c., of Mrs. Piozzi, edited by A. Hayward.*

passed some weeks, with Mr. and Mrs. Locke. The following "sketch" of a letter, and memorandum of what had recently passed between Mrs. Piozzi and herself, is taken from the journal of that period.]

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Piozzi.

NORBURY PARK, Aug. 10, 1784.

When my wondering eyes first looked over the letter I received last night, my mind instantly dictated a high-spirited vindication of the consistency, integrity, and faithfulness of the friendship thus abruptly reproached and cast away. But a sleepless night gave me leisure to recollect that you were ever as generous as precipitate, and that your own heart would do justice to mine, in the cooler judgment of future reflection. Committing myself, therefore, to that period, I determined simply to assure you, that if my last letter hurt either you or Mr. Piozzi, I am no less sorry than surprised; and that if it offended you, I sincerely beg your pardon.

Not to that time, however, can I wait to acknowledge the pain an accusation so unexpected has caused me, nor the heartfelt satisfaction with which I shall receive, when you are able to write it, a softer renewal of regard.

May Heaven direct and bless you!

F. B.

[N. B. This is the sketch of the answer which F. Burney most painfully wrote to the unmerited reproach of not sending *cordial congratulations* upon a marriage which she had uniformly, openly, and with deep and avowed affliction, thought wrong.]

Mrs. Piozzi to Miss Burney.

WELBECK STREET, No 33, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
Friday, Aug. 13, 1784.

Give yourself no serious concern, sweetest Burney. All is well, and I am too happy myself to make a friend otherwise; quiet your kind heart immediately, and love my husband if you love his and your H. L. PIOZZI.

[N. B. To this kind note, F. B. wrote the warmest and most affectionate and heartfelt reply; but never received another word! And here and thus stopped a correspondence of six years of almost unequalled partiality and fondness on her side; and affection, gratitude, admiration, and sincerity on that of F. B., who could only conjecture the cessation to be caused by the resentment of Piozzi, when informed of her constant opposition to the union.

Diary resumed.

NORBURY PARK, SUNDAY, NOV. 28TH. — How will my Susan smile at sight of this date! Let me tell her how it has all happened. Last Thursday, Nov. 25th, my father set me down at Bolt-court, while he went on upon business. I was anxious to again see poor Dr. Johnson, who has had terrible health since his return from Lichfield. He let me in, though very ill. He was alone, which I much rejoiced at: for I had a longer and more satisfactory conversation with him than I have had for many months. He was in rather better spirits, too, than I have lately seen him; but he told me he was going to try what sleeping out of town might do for him.

“I remember,” said he, “that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman, was also advised to sleep out of

town; and when she was carried to the lodgings that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in very bad condition — for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places. ‘Oh,’ said the man of the house, ‘that’s nothing but by the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodgings!’” He laughed, though not without apparent secret anguish, in telling me this. I felt extremely shocked, but, willing to confine my words at least to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the unfeeling absurdity of such a confession. “Such a confession,” cried he, “to a person then coming to try his lodging for her health, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account for.”

I had seen Miss Thrale the day before. “So,” said he, “did I.” I then said, — “Do you ever, sir, hear from her mother?” “No,” cried he, “nor write to her. I drive her quite from my mind. If I meet with one of her letters, I burn it instantly. I have burnt all I can find. I never speak of her, and I desire never to hear of her more. I drive her, as I said, wholly from my mind.”

He then animated, and talked on, upon our immortal Shakespeare, with as much fire, spirit, wit, and truth of criticism and judgment, as ever yet I have heard him. How delightfully bright are his faculties, though the poor and infirm machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way. Yet, all brilliant as he was, I saw him growing worse, and offered to go, which, for the first time I ever remember, he did not oppose; but, most kindly pressing both my hands — “Be not,” he said, in a voice of even tenderness, “be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now.” I assured him I would be the sooner, and was running off, but he called me back, in a solemn voice, and, in a manner the most energetic, said — “Remember me in your prayers!”

I longed to ask him to remember me, but did not dare. I gave him my promise, and, very heavily indeed, I left him. Great, good, and excellent that he is, how short a time will he be our boast! Ah, my dear Susy, I see he is going! This winter will never conduct him to a more genial season here! Elsewhere, who shall hope a fairer? I wish I had bid him pray for me; but it seemed to me presumptuous, though this repetition of so kind a condescension might, I think, have encouraged me. Mrs. Locke, however, I know does it daily; my Susan's best prayers I know are always mine; and where can I find two more innocent pleaders? So God bless you both!

THURSDAY MORNING — I have been a second time to see poor Dr. Johnson, and both times he was too ill to admit me. I know how very much worse he must be, for when I saw him last, which was the morning before I went to Norbury, he repeatedly and even earnestly begged me to come to him again, and to see him both as soon and as often as I could. I am told by Mr. Hoole that he inquired of Dr. Brocklesby if he thought it likely he might live six weeks? and the Doctor's hesitation saying — No — he has been more deeply depressed than ever. Fearing death as he does, no one can wonder. Why he should fear it, all may wonder.

He sent me down yesterday, by a clergyman who was with him, the kindest of messages, and I hardly know whether I ought to go to him again or not; though I know still less why I say so, for go again I both must and shall. One thing, his extreme dejection of mind considered, has both surprised and pleased me; he has now constantly an amanuensis with him, and dictates to him such compositions, particularly Latin and Greek, as he has formerly made, but repeated to his friends without ever committing to paper. This, I hope, will not only gratify his survivors,

but serve to divert him. The good Mr. Hoole and equally good Mr. Sastres attend him, rather as nurses than friends, for they sit whole hours by him, without even speaking to him. He will not, it seems, be talked to — at least very rarely. At times, indeed, he re-animates; but it is soon over, and he says of himself, “I am now like Macbeth, — question enrages me.”

My father saw him once while I was away, and carried Mr. Burke with him, who was desirous of paying his respects to him once more in person. He rallied a little while they were there; and Mr. Burke, when they left him, said to my father — “His work is almost done; and well has he done it!”

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10TH. — I went in the evening to poor Dr. Johnson. Frank told me he was very ill, but let me in. He would have taken me upstairs, but I would not see him without his direct permission. I desired Frank to tell him I called to pay my respects to him, but not to disturb him if he was not well enough to see me. Mr. Strahan, a clergyman, he said, was with him alone. In a few minutes, this Mr. Strahan came to me himself. He told me Dr. Johnson was very ill, very much obliged to me for coming, but so weak and bad he hoped I would excuse his not seeing me. I had promised to call for Charlotte at Mr. Hoole's; and there I went in to tea, sure of a good reception, though too much out of spirits to be worth one. They were all at home, and their good humor and happiness were pleasant to behold, after such an unexpected blow. Dear, dear, and much-reverenced Dr. Johnson! how ill or how low must he be, to decline seeing a creature he has so constantly, so fondly, called about him! If I do not see him again I shall be truly afflicted. And I fear, I almost know, I cannot! —

At night my father brought us the most dismal tidings of dear Dr. Johnson. Dr. Warren had seen him, and told him to take what opium he pleased! He had thanked and taken leave of all his physicians. Alas!—I shall lose him, and he will take no leave of me! My father was deeply depressed; he has himself tried in vain for admission this week. Yet some people see him—the Hooles, Mr. Sastres, Mr. Langton;—but then they must be in the house, watching for one moment, whole hours. I hear from every one he is now perfectly resigned to his approaching fate, and no longer in terror of death. I am thankfully happy in hearing that he speaks himself now of the change his mind has undergone, from its dark horror, and says—“He feels the irradiation of hope!” Good, and pious, and excellent Christian—who shall feel it if not he?

DEC. 11TH. — We had a party to dinner, by long appointment, for which, indeed, none of us were well disposed, the apprehension of hearing news only of death being hard upon us all. The party was, Dr. Rose, Dr. Gillies,¹ Dr. Garthshore,² and Charles.

The day could not be well—but mark the night. My father, in the morning, saw this first of men! I had not his account till bedtime; he feared over-exciting me. He would not, he said, but have seen him for worlds! He happened to be better, and admitted him. He was up,

¹ Dr. Gillies. The learned author of the “History of Ancient Greece till the Division of the Macedonian Empire,” and several other historical works. He was appointed by George III. Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. Dr. Gillies was born in Forfarshire (Scotland) in 1750, and died in 1824.

² Dr. Garthshore. An eminent physician, son of the minister of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, where he was born. He came to London in 1763, and practised there the various branches of his profession, till his death, in 1812. He was the writer of many valuable medical and physiological papers in the Transactions of the Royal Society, &c.

and very composed. He took his hand very kindly, asked after all his family, and then, in particular, how Fanny did? "I hope," he said, "Fanny did not take it amiss that I did not see her? I was very bad!" Amiss!—what a word! Oh that I had been present to have answered it! My father stayed, I suppose, half an hour, and then was coming away. He again took his hand, and encouraged him to come again to him; and when he was taking leave, said — "Tell Fanny to pray for me!"

Ah! dear Dr. Johnson! might I but have *your* prayers! After which, still grasping his hand, he made a prayer for himself, — the most fervent, pious, humble, eloquent, and touching, my father says, that ever was composed. Oh, would I had heard it! He ended it with Amen! in which my father joined, and was echoed by all present. And again, when my father was leaving him, he brightened up, something of his arch look returned, and he said — "I think I shall throw the ball at Fanny yet!" Little more passed ere my father came away, deciding, most tenderly, not to tell me this till our party was gone.

This most earnestly increased my desire to see him; this kind and frequent mention of me melted me into double sorrow and regret. I would give the world I had but gone to him that day! It was, however, impossible, and the day was over before I knew he had said what I look upon as a call to me. This morning, after church time, I went. Frank said he was very ill, and saw nobody; I told him I had understood by my father the day before that he meant to see me. He then let me in. I went into his room upstairs; he was in his bedroom. I saw it crowded, and ran hastily down. Frank told me his master had refused seeing even Mr. Langton. I told him merely to say I had called, but by no means to press my admission. His own feelings were all that should be consulted; his tender-

ness, I knew, would be equal, whether he was able to see me or not.

I went into the parlor, preferring being alone in the cold to any company with a fire. Here I waited long, here and upon the stairs, which I ascended and descended to meet again with Frank, and make inquiries: but I met him not. At last, upon Dr. Johnson's ringing his bell, I saw Frank enter his room, and Mr Langton follow. "Who's that?" I heard him say; they answered "Mr Langton," and I found he did not return. Soon after, all the rest went away but a Mrs. Davis, a good sort of woman, whom this truly charitable soul had sent for to take a dinner at his house. I then went and waited with her by the fire: it was, however, between three and four o'clock before I got any answer. Mr. Langton then came himself. He could not look at me, and I turned away from him. Mrs. Davis asked how the Doctor was? "Going on to death very fast!" was his mournful answer. "Has he taken," said she, "anything?" "Nothing at all! We carried him some bread and milk—he refused it, and said, 'The less the better.'" She asked more questions, by which I found his faculties were perfect, his mind composed, and his dissolution was quick drawing on. —

I could not immediately go on, and it is now long since I have written at all; but I will go back to this afflicting theme, which I can now better bear. Mr. Langton was, I believe, a quarter of an hour in the room before I suspected he meant to speak to me, never looking near me. At last he said—"This poor man, I understand, ma'am, desired, yesterday to see you." "My understanding that, sir, brought me to-day." "Poor man! it is a pity he did not know himself better, and that you should have had this trouble." "Trouble!" cried I; "I would come a hundred

times to see him the hundredth and first !” “He hopes, now, you will excuse him ; he is very sorry not to see you ; but he desired me to come and speak to you myself, and tell you he hopes you will excuse him, for he feels himself too weak for such an interview.”

I hastily got up, left him my most affectionate respects and every good wish I could half utter, and ran back to the coach. Ah, my Susy ! I have never been to Bolt-court since !

DEC. 20TH. — This day was the ever-honored, ever-lamented Dr. Johnson committed to the earth. Oh, how sad a day to me ! My father attended, and so did Charles. I could not keep my eyes dry all day ! nor can I now in the recollecting it ; but let me pass over what to mourn is now so vain !

Miss Burney to Miss —.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, Jan. 3rd, 1785.

Your and my beloved Mrs. Delany I have not yet been able to see, though we are now both inhabitants of this “dark and busy city.” I heard on Thursday of her arrival, from Mr. Sandford, the seaman, whom I met at Mrs. Chaponé's, and the next morning early I hastened to St. James's Place. I was anxious to catch her alone, that I might enjoy what is so precious to me, — her own conversation, unmixed, uninterrupted, I had almost said unadulterated, by casual visitors and miscellaneous talk ; but I fancy, by my ill success, my plan was too selfish. She had been tired the day before, and was not stirring. Mrs. Astley, however, assured me she was pretty well, and I have heard, from Mrs. Boscawen, that she is in excellent spirits ; and her spirits, we know, enliven all around her, though their vivacity is so gentle that they could not oppress even a

mourner in the deepest affliction — if, indeed, such a one could be present and her spirits not sink into similar sadness.

I am sure my dear M—— will give me a little share of concern for the loss of my great, good, and highly revered friend, Dr. Johnson. My loss, indeed, where a whole nation has cause to mourn, it seems almost impertinent to mention ; yet, immaterial as it is in so wide and general a regret, I do not feel it the less for knowing it to be universal. You can now only know him in his works ; and, perhaps, from his character of harshness and severity, you may think you could there alone know him to any advantage. But had you been presented to him, you would not have found that the case. He was always indulgent to the young, he never attacked the unassuming, nor meant to terrify the diffident. I pretend not, however, to vindicate his temper, nor to justify his manners ; but his many and essential virtues and excellences made all who were much connected with him rather grieve at his defects than resent them, — grieve, indeed, to see how much remains to be pardoned, even where there is most to be applauded and admired !

Our all-amiable Mrs. Delany seems to me to have these two reflections ever uppermost, and to owe to them chiefly the benevolence that makes her so pleasing to others, and the purity that makes her so valuable in herself. Need I say to my dear M—— how edifying an example ? Oh, no ! no one is more watchfully awake to all her virtues. You have constantly before you whatever is most worthy to be imitated. Sweet and happy plant ! long may you thrive, and long may those who rear you rejoice in your fragrance !

To one of your cultivators, I beg to present my best respects ; to the other, I hope personally to pay them very

speedily. A very happy new year to you and your fire-side. I am, my dear M——'s sincerely affectionate friend,
F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, July 11th, 1785.

I have been this whole morning with Madame de Genlis, the sweetest as well as most accomplished Frenchwoman I ever met with. Were my time and mind more disengaged, I would send you an account of her, highly interesting both for you and Mr. and Mrs. Locke; but I have neither leisure nor spirits for journalizing.

[A note from Madame de Genlis was long preserved as a memorial of so attractive a person.]

Madame de Genlis to Miss Burney.

Ce Vendredi, 15 Juillet, 1785.

Combien j'ai été fâchée, ma chère amie, de n'avoir pu jouir du plaisir de vous recevoir; mais je dinois avec des personnes qu'il m'étoit impossible de quitter. Recevez tous mes remerciemens du précieux présent que vous m'avez fait, et chargez vous d'exprimer à monsieur votre père toute la reconnaissance que je lui dois. Je sais combien son ouvrage est estimable; il sera pour moi doublement intéressant, et je me flatte que vous en devinerez facilement la raison. Je pars dans l'instant pour Oxford: adieu ma chère amie; n'oubliez pas que vous avez pris l'engagement de m'aimer. Pour moi, je vous aime depuis l'instant où j'ai lu *Evelina* et *Cecilia*, et le bonheur de vous entendre et de vous connaître personnellement, a rendu ce sentiment aussi tendre qu'il est bien fondé.

[The acquaintance, however, was not kept up. They were not at this time thrown in each other's way, and afterwards, such tales, whether true or false, were forced into the unwilling ears of Miss Burney, that, to use her own words, "notwithstanding the most ardent admiration of Madame de Genlis' talents, and a zest yet greater for her engaging society and elegantly lively and winning manners, she yet dared no longer come within the precincts of her fascinating allurements." — "In France, equally, she felt compelled to keep aloof, though most reluctantly."]

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, August 24th, 1785.

I have been very much alarmed, dearest sir, these last four days, by a feverish attack which dear Mrs. Delany has suffered. Unfortunately none of her physical assistants were in town ; however, she is now, thank Heaven ! recovering, and if there is no relapse, will soon, I hope, be well. I must tell you, dearest sir, a tale concerning her, which I am sure you will hear with true pleasure. Among the many inferior losses which have been included in her great and irreparable calamity,¹ has been that of a country house for the summer, which she had in Bulstrode,² and which for the half of every year was her constant home. The Duke of Portland behaved with the utmost propriety and feeling upon this occasion, and was most earnest to accommodate her, to the best of his power, with every comfort

¹ The death of the Duchess Dowager of Portland.

² Miss Burney would seem to have been misinformed, as Mrs. Delany's Autobiography and Correspondence make it evident that her summers were habitually passed with her friend at Bulstrode, and not in any separate house provided for her. — AM. ED.

to which she had been accustomed ; but this noblest of women declared she loved the memory of her friend beyond all other things, and would not suffer it to be tainted in the misjudging world by an action that would be construed into a reflection upon her Will, as if deficient in consideration to her. "And I will not," said she to me, "suffer the children of my dearest friend to suppose that their mother left undone anything she ought to have done. She did not ; I knew her best, and I know she did what she was sure I should most approve." She steadily, therefore, refused all offers, though made to her with even painful earnestness, and though solicited till her refusal became a distress to herself.

This transaction was related, I believe, to their Majesties ; and Lady Weymouth, the Duchess's eldest daughter, was commissioned to wait upon Mrs. Delany with this message : — That the Queen was extremely anxious about her health, and very apprehensive lest continuing in London during the summer should be prejudicial to it ; she entreated her, therefore, to accept a house belonging to the King at Windsor, which she should order to be fitted up for her immediately ; and she desired Lady Weymouth to give her time to consider this proposal, and by no means to hurry her ; as well as to assure her, that happy as it would make her to have one she so sincerely esteemed for a neighbor, she should remember her situation, and promise not to be troublesome to her. The King, at the same time, desired to be allowed to stand to the additional expenses incurred by the maintenance of two houses, and that Mrs. Delany would accept from him £300 a year.

It would be needless to tell you how Mrs. Delany was touched by this benevolence ; for no creature has heard it without emotion, and I am sure my dear father will not be the first. Yet she dreaded accepting what she feared would

involve her in a new course of life, and force her into notice and connections she wished to drop or avoid. She took the time the Queen so considerately gave her for deliberation, and she consulted with some of her old friends. They all agreed there must be no refusal, and, after many circumstances too long for writing, though otherwise well worth knowing, Lady Weymouth was made the messenger of her Majesty's offer being accepted. The house, therefore, is now fitting up, and the King sees after the workmen himself.

A few days ago Miss Planta was sent from the Queen, with very kind inquiries after Mrs. Delany's health, and information that she would receive a summons very soon. She told her, also, that as the house might still require a longer time in preparation than would suit Mrs. Delany to wait in London, the Queen had ordered some apartments in the Castle, which lately belonged to Prince Edward, to be got ready with all speed, that she might reside in them till her own house was finished.

This is the state of her affairs. I am now with her entirely. At first I slept at home; but going after supper, and coming before breakfast, was inconvenient, and she has therefore contrived me a bedroom.

When she sets off for Windsor, Mr. Locke will be so kind as to send his carriage for me to return to Norbury.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, August 25th, 1785.

My most dear Susan's letter is this moment arrived, just as I was preparing to write to her without so kind an inducement. You are right in concluding me entirely under this roof. My plans are lying in wait for Mrs. Delany's,

which depend upon her summons from the Queen, and her ability to obey it. She is far from well, and unfit at present to remove. But Miss Cambridge earnestly claims my long-given promise, and I have sent her the situation of things. She is very good, and very affectionate, and very sincere, and I will certainly go to her for one night and day.

I am by no means at ease about my revered Mrs. Delany. Dr. Turton has been with her. He says she has a thrush, and says, too, by the state he finds her in, that what she must have suffered is very great indeed. Sweet soul! I have all along dreaded some such effect, from the constraint she has imposed upon all her feelings. I would not but be here for the world. I draw her from so hard and dangerous a self-set task, with all the vigilance in my power; and to me, whenever we are quite alone, she now unburthens her loaded heart, and allows her tears some vent. And to see them upon her venerable cheeks calls forth mine, as if the friend she laments had been equally dear to myself. It is, indeed, the most touching spectacle that can be beheld.

As I told my dear Susan some melancholy circumstances relative to the examination we are making of her papers, let me not forget to mention that she is taken by surprise with respect to those, but employs me by design to search for all she thinks I can receive entertainment from; and I have met with a thousand both amusing and instructive things in the course of the general survey.

The Queen sent a message the other day to tell Mrs. Delany that, as her own house would still require a week or two, she had ordered apartments to be prepared for her in the Castle.

If she does but recover her strength, honors and favors such as these, to her grateful and most loyal heart, will prove, I am sure, very pleasant.

She preserves, indeed, in the midst of affliction, a disposition to happiness, that makes her thankfully accept whatever is put in her way, to lead her back to it. She repulses no attempt even at gaiety, and delights in nothing so much as in seeing her sweet niece in high spirits. I talk to her often of Norbury, and she always hears me with pleasure.

August 29.

My dear Mrs. Delany has gone on mending gradually ever since I wrote last. She is employing me, when able, to look over her papers: 'tis to me a sacred task, for she cannot read what she is trusting me with. Sometimes, with a magnifying glass, she examines, first, if what she is giving me is some manuscript of secrecy, with respect to the affairs or character of her friends; and as a word suffices to inform her, she destroys, unread, whatever is of that sort. But this, though a business she wishes to have done, produces letters and memorandums too affecting for her spirits. Yet she never, but by persuasion, leaves off; she seems bent upon subduing all emotions but those that might give pain to others by their suppression. I frequently court her to sadness, for her exertions make me tremble more than her tears; yet those, when they do fall, I can hardly, indeed, with all her example before my eyes, bear to look at.

Just now we have both of us been quite overset. In examining some papers in a pocket-book, she opened one with two leaves dried in it; she held them a little while in silence, but very calmly, in her hand, yet as something I saw she highly prized: she then bade me read what was written on the envelope;—it was, I think, these words — “Two leaves picked at Balsover, by the Duchess of Portland and myself, in September, 1756, the 20th year of our most intimate and dear friendship.” I could hardly read

to her the last words, and, upon hearing them, for a little while she sunk. But I hastened, the moment I could, to other less interesting papers, and she forced her attention to them with a strength of resolution that makes me honor as much as I love her.

To me alone, she kindly says, she gives way to any indulgence of sorrow ; she fears being misunderstood and thought repining by most others ; and, indeed, the rest of her friends spending with her but a short time, she thinks it her duty to study their comfort, by appearing composed to them. Mine, she justly and sweetly sees, can only be studied by what is most relief to herself. The nobleness of her mind can never have had such opportunity of displaying itself as during this last month ; and in the numberless instances in which it now appears, she seems already raised to that height I am still selfishly trying to keep her from yet reaching.

All our movements are at present uncertain ; her Windsor house is still unfinished, but I suppose it will be fit for her reception by the beginning of next week, and I have the happiest reasons for hoping she will then be fit for it herself. Her maid has been to see what forwardness it is in, and this was her report :—She was ordered to wait upon Miss Goldsworthy, by the King's direction, who heard of her being sent to inspect the house ; and there she received commands, in the name of both King and Queen, to see that Mrs. Delany brought with her nothing but *herself and clothes*, as they insisted upon fitting up her habitation with everything themselves, including not only plate, china, glass, and linen, but even all sorts of stores — wine, sweetmeats, pickles, &c., &c. Their earnestness to save her every care, and give her every gratification in their power, is truly benevolent and amiable. They seem to know and feel her worth as if they

had never worn crowns, or wearing, annexed no value to them.

I have just written to Mrs. Walsingham, to apologize for my long forbearance of that satisfaction, and to talk of Thames Ditton. I was informed, the other day, by Mr. Walpole, that she is going, or gone, to see the lakes in the North, with Mrs. Garrick and Miss More. — Mrs. Delany had sent for Mr. Walpole, to return him a picture of her uncle Lansdowne, which he had lent her to get copied; and I never knew him so entertaining, for he exerted himself to the utmost to amuse my dear friend, who accepted his attempts with a grace and sweetness that encouraged them, and gave double poignancy to all his anecdotes.

I will not say, forgive me that I talk of her so much; who can I talk of so fitted to my dear Fredy's ear? I only wish I had time to acquaint you with everything that belongs to her, and everything that passes. F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Gast.

NORBURY PARK, Nov. 14th, 1785.

Can you, dear madam, after a silence so long, bear to receive a letter from me, that has no other motive for being written than a wish to inquire after your health, and an anxiety to solicit your pardon for not sooner thanking you for the kind letter with which you last favored me?

I am happy to find we thought so exactly alike with respect to my most beloved friend, your honored and truly incomparable brother. As to his "Virginia,"¹ I believe, indeed, it was his wish and intention that everything belonging to it should rest in silence and quiet, till they finally

¹ A tragedy, by Mr. Crisp, which had been produced at Drury-lane Theatre by Garrick, with moderate success. It was printed in 1754.

sunk in the oblivion. With me nothing can, that ever belongs to him ; but I shall keep all the papers with which you have so kindly entrusted me, wholly to myself.

I have great pleasure in telling you, dear madam, that our good Kitty Cooke is evidently restored to some share of her natural, though long lost cheerfulness. Her spirits, however, have received a shock which they can never wholly recover ; nor can I wonder, when I consider how every way irreparable is the loss she has sustained, and when I feel that, with the innumerable blessings with which I am myself encompassed, scarce a day passes in which I do not lament him, and not an incident happens to me that I do not long to communicate to him. My confidence in him was one of the greatest sources of my happiness ; his wisdom and his kindness made my unbounded trust at once my pleasure and my profit. He thought no occasion too trifling to be consulted upon ; and I thought none too important to be governed in wholly by his advice. I hardly ever could tell whether I most loved or admired him, for my reverence for his abilities always kept pace with my affection for his virtues. Unconscious of his own superiority, he used frequently to apprehend that when I went more into the world, my regard for him would weaken. But, even if my nature had been of so ungrateful a texture, (which I must hope is not the case) he would still have had nothing to fear ; for where could I go to meet friendship more sincere ? and whom could I see to inspire a more deserved return ?

You will forgive me, I hope — I know, indeed, you will forgive me — for entering so largely upon this subject ; for though you have looked too far and too clearly to suffer your affection to overpower you, I am sure your best beloved on earth will ever be uppermost in your thoughts, and the grateful justice done his honored memory by her

whom you so truly call his favorite adopted child, cannot be offensive to you.

Captain Frodsham and his amiable lady and their family are, I hope, better than when you were so good as to write last. I beg my best compliments when you see them.

I am now at the house of a friend, Mr. Locke, who lives only six miles from Chesington, and whose many similar excellences, both of head and heart, make me frequently regret that he knew not what a treasure was in his neighborhood. Mr. Crisp could not, with all his persevering love of retirement, have rejected the acquaintance of a man so nobly worthy his attention and regard, and whose own good and great qualities would have taught him the value of our beloved hermit's. His lady, too, the fair partner of his worth as well as affection, being no fine lady, but, on the contrary, the pattern of all that is amiable and lovely in woman, would have conquered unavoidably my dear daddy's secluding spirit. But it would have made me, perhaps, too happy here, to have been allowed the friendship I now experience from this admirable family, while my first and best friend, out of my own house, was still spared me. I remain, dear madam, your obliged and affectionately obedient servant,

F. BURNEY.

Journal resumed.

Addressed to her Father and Sister.

WINDSOR, NOVEMBER, 1785. — As you don't quite hate one another, you will not, I hope, hate me, for coupling you in my journal. It will be impossible for me to write separate accounts of any length or satisfaction, so I crave your joint permissions to address you together. And now, this

settled, I have only to beg of Fortune some events worth recording, and only to remind my dear father it is my misfortune, not fault, if they will not happen; his misfortune, too, I grant, should he have but common nothings to read. As to Susanna, I heed her not, for she has been in that practice all her life, when we have been separated. Well, then, —

SATURDAY, NOV. 25TH. — I got to Hounslow almost at the same moment with Mrs. Astley, my dear Mrs. Delany's maid, who was sent to meet me. As soon as she had satisfied my inquiries concerning her lady, she was eager to inform me that the Queen had drunk tea with Mrs. D—— the day before, and had asked when I should come, and heard the time; and that Mrs. Delany believed she would be with her again that evening, and desire to see me.

This was rather fidgetting intelligence. I rather, in my own mind, thought the Queen would prefer giving me the first evening alone with my dear old friend.

I found that sweet lady not so well as I had hoped, and strongly affected by afflicting recollections at sight of me. With all her gentleness and resignation, bursts of sorrow break from her still, whenever we are alone together; and with all her gratitude and all her real fondness for the Queen, her suffering heart moans internally its irreparable loss; for the Duchess of Portland was a bosom friend — a very Susan to her.

The Queen herself is most sensible of this, and while she tries, by all the means in her power, to supply the place of the lamented Duchess of Portland, she is the first to observe and to forgive the impossibility of a full success; indeed, the circumstances I am continually hearing of her sweetness and benevolence make me more than ever rejoice she has taken my dear Mrs. Delany under her immediate protection.

Miss P——, who is a truly lovely girl, received me with her usual warmth of joy, and was most impatient to whisper me that “all the Princesses intended to come and see me.” She is just at the age to dote upon an *ado*, and nothing so much delights her as the thought of my presentations.

My dear Mrs. Delany, meanwhile, fearful of occasioning the smallest embarrassment, gave me no hint of any design to notice me, but only told me things of the Queen, that could not but make it my own wish to see her in her private conduct, life, and demeanor.

I did well, it seems, to be the champion of Madame de Genlis; for Miss P—— tells me Madame de Genlis spoke of me to the Queen in terms the most extraordinary, and which the Queen has repeated to Mrs. Delany, and which, when we meet, perhaps I may tell, but on *paper*, this hint, methinks, is pretty well. Mrs. Delany acquainted me that the Queen, in their first interview, upon her coming to this house, said to her, “Why did you not bring your friend Miss Burney with you?” My dear Mrs. Delany was very much gratified by such an attention to whatever could be thought interesting to her, but, with her usual propriety, answered that, in coming to a house of her Majesty's, she could not presume to ask anybody without immediate and express permission. “The King, however,” she added, “made the very same inquiry when I saw him next.”

SUNDAY, NOV. 26TH. — So now the royal encounters, for a while at least, are out of all question. Nobody came last night, though Mrs. Delany I saw, and Miss P—— I heard, in continual expectation; but this morning, Mr. Battiscombe, apothecary to the household, called, and said that an express arrived from Germany yesterday afternoon, with an account of the death of the Queen's youngest brother.

The Queen, whose domestic virtues rise upon me every hour, is strongly attached to all her family, and in much

affliction at this news ; for though this brother was quite a boy when she left Germany, he has twice been to visit her in England. None of the Royal Family will appear till the mourning takes place ; the Queen, perhaps, may shut herself up still longer.

Afterwards came Lady Louisa Clayton, who had dined at the Queen's Lodge, where she often attends in the place of her sister, Lady Charlotte Finch, whose ill health makes her frequently require assistance in her office of governess. The Queen, she said, had been expecting this ill news some time, though she heard it with great grief.

Lady Louisa is very earnest to oblige Mrs. Delany, and most civilly offered her an apartment for me in her house, if the single spare bed in this should be at all wanted by any of her nephews ; desiring that no circumstance of that sort might hasten my leaving Windsor a moment sooner than I was obliged to go.

Some time after, while I was writing to my dear father about my mourning, Miss P—— jumped into my room.

“Oh, Miss Burney ! you must come this moment ! Here's a gentleman here wants to see you, and he says he has danced with you.”

I could not conceive who this might be, but she would not let me rest till I went into the dining-room, and there who should I find but Dr. Lind, who might, perhaps, have been my partner at Mr. Bremner's Twelfth Night ball. He asked very much after my father, and invited me to see his curiosities ; which invitation I shall be glad to accept, as will Miss P——. He is married and settled here, and follows, as much as he can get practice, his profession ; but his taste for tricks, conundrums, and queer things, makes people fearful of his trying experiments upon their constitutions, and think him a better conjurer than physician ; though I don't know why the same man should not be both.

At night, quite *incog.*, quite alone, and quite privately, the King came, and was shut up with Mrs. Delany for an hour. It is out of rule for any of the family to be seen till in mourning, but he knew she was anxious for an account of the Queen. I had a very narrow escape of being surprised by him, which would have vexed me, as he only meant to see Mrs. Delany by herself, though she says he told her he was very glad to hear I was come.

TUESDAY, NOV. 29TH. — My dear Mrs. Delany was ill yesterday, and to-day she has been much worse. The Queen sent to ask her to the Lodge, but she was obliged to be blooded, and seemed so full of inflammation, that I was extremely alarmed for her. The Queen sent Miss Planta to see her at night; she says the Queen is in much grief for her brother.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30TH. — This morning I had the happiness of seeing my dear Mrs. Delany much cooler and more easy, but a little incident happened that a good deal affected her. It shows the tenderness of the Queen for her in so strong and amiable a manner, that I must tell it my dear father and Susan, who, I am sure, like me, will grow more and more loyal in hearing it. When the Duchess of Portland died, the Duke, before Mrs. Delany took her last leave of Bulstrode, begged her to choose and to take whatever she pleased that had belonged to his mother. Mrs. Delany refused everything that was proposed to her of any value, but said she would name one thing herself, which was all she could accept: this was a favorite bird of her friend's, — a weaver, an African bird, — which the Duchess had been very fond of, and always kept in her room. She brought it to town with her, and thence to Windsor, and it has grown so dear to her, that she could scarce ever look at it with dry eyes. Imagine, then, if I was concerned, when this morning, upon coming into the room where we break-

fast, not seeing the bird perching, I took down the cage, and perceived it at the bottom, lying dead.

Mrs. Delany was still in her own room, weak and unwell, though better. It was a particularly unlucky time to tell her of this loss, which we knew she would regard as the conclusion of all that had remained to her of Bulstrode. While Miss P—— and I were considering what we could do, Miss Planta came in, to inquire from the Queen, how Mrs. Delany had passed the night. The bird was in my hand, and I told her the circumstances belonging to it. She was sorry, went to speak with Mrs. Delany in her bedroom, and returned to the Queen. In less than a quarter of an hour she came back again, bringing with her a bird in a very fine cage. It was the weaver bird, she said, and sent by the Queen, to know if we thought it could not be put in the same cage that had belonged to the Duchess, and prevent Mrs. Delany from hearing that hers was dead.

This tender desire to spare her any pain, though without the reward of having such kindness known to its object, touched me extremely, and the more, for being told the Queen herself had never possessed but two of those birds. I saw, however, the kind deception could not succeed, for the resemblance was very imperfect, and much as my dear old friend has lost of the acuteness of her eyesight, enough, thank Heaven! yet remains to have discerned the change. I told Miss Planta this, but at the same time added, that, if she could leave the bird, an attention so sweet and so delicate in the Queen would soften the tale we had to tell, and be her best solace for the loss. Miss Planta answered, she would certainly leave it; for the Queen had desired that if we thought it could not pass for the same bird, it might be left in its own cage, and given immediately from herself. This, accordingly, we did; she heard it more quietly than we expected, yet not without emotion; but when we

brought her the Queen's bird, the tears came into her eyes, and she looked at it with great tenderness, and exclaimed, "Don't you, too, die in my hands!"

THURSDAY, DEC. 1ST. — To-day the Queen sent Miss Planta to tell Mrs. Delany that if she could not yet venture to the Lodge, she would come to her in the evening. Mrs. Delany accepted the gracious offer, and, at tea-time, she came, as well as the King, and spent two hours here. They talked of me, she says, a good deal; and the King asked many questions about me. There is a new play, he told Mrs. Delany, coming out; "and it is said to be Miss Burney's!" Mrs. Delany immediately answered that she knew the report must be untrue. "But I hope she is not idle?" cried the King. "I hope she is writing something?" What an opportunity, my dear father, for the speech Mr. Cambridge told you he longed to make — that "*Miss B. had no time to write, for she was always working at her clothes!*"

What Mrs. Delany said I know not; but he afterwards inquired what she thought of my writing a play. "What," said he, "do you wish about it, Mrs. Delany?" Mrs. Delany hesitated, and the Queen then said, "I wish what I know Mrs. Delany does — that she may not; for though her reputation is so high, her character, by all I hear, is too delicate to suit with writing for the stage." Sweet Queen! I could have kissed the hem of her garment for that speech, and I could not resist writing it. Mrs. Delany then said, "Why, my opinion is what I believe to be Miss Burney's own; that it is too public and hazardous a style of writing for her quiet and fearful turn of mind." I have really the grace to be a little ashamed of scribbling this, but I know I can scribble nothing my dear father will be more curious to hear.

SATURDAY, DEC. 3RD. — To-night, the King and Queen

again spent two hours with Mrs. Delany. They were both of them in the greatest alarm for the Princess Elizabeth, who has a complaint on the chest, and whose sufferings afflict them very deeply. They go to her two or three times a day, but are forbid speaking to her. How happy for sweet Mrs. Delany that, after the obligations innumerable showered down upon her by the King and Queen, she now sees herself the resource to which they fly for comfort and relief in their own distresses! The Queen sees nobody else.

In the midst of all, the Queen took the good-humored pleasure of telling Mrs. Delany the kind things said of her guest, by Madam de la Fite:—"You two," she said, "speak of her just alike."

Madame de la Fite sent me a note, to say she heard the Queen was to pass the evening with Mrs. Delany, and to ask me to pass it with her. I was very busy, however, at work, and excused myself till to-morrow, when Mrs. Delany, if well enough, will go to the Lodge; and she is very much better.

Miss P——and I went to Dr. Lind's, and saw his fat, handsome wife, who is as tall as himself, and about six times as big. We had not time to stay and look at his collection, but he showed me one very curious representation of the "Elephanta," in the East Indies, which has been admirably executed, from a drawing of his own, taken on the spot, by Paul Sandby. He told me that when he went to see it, with a large party of English, they carried masons, carpenters, and workmen with them, no less in number than sixty—in short, I suppose all who could dig, saw, or carry—from the ship he belonged to, for he was surgeon to an East Indiaman. But after all their toiling, in this wonderful excavation, they found the rock so impenetrable, and the pillars and idols so stupendous, that they could

only bring away an odd head or two, and a few limbs. I assured him he now fully explained to me why, in "Gulliver's Travels," Swift has ranked in one class, assassins, murderers, robbers, and *virtuosi*.

This morning we had better news of the Princess; and Mrs. Delany went again to the Lodge in the evening, to the Queen. When Mrs. Delany returned, she confirmed the good accounts of the Princess Elizabeth's amendment. She had told the Queen I was going to-morrow to Thames Ditton for a week; and was asked many questions about my coming back, which the Queen said she was sure I should be glad to do from Mrs. W—— to Mrs. Delany. O most penetrating Queen!

She gratified Mrs. Delany, by many kind speeches, of being sorry I was going, and glad I was returning, and so forth. Mrs. Delany then told her I had been reading "The Clandestine Marriage" to her, which the Queen had recommended, and she thanked her Majesty for the very great pleasure she had received from it.

"Oh, then," cried the Queen, "if Miss Burney reads to you, what a pleasure you must have to make her read her own works!"

Mrs. Delany laughed, and exclaimed,

"Oh, ma'am! read her own works!—your Majesty has no notion of Miss Burney! I believe she would as soon die!"

This, of course, led to a great deal of discussion, in the midst of which the Queen said,

"Do you know Dr. Burney, Mrs. Delany?"

"Yes, ma'am, extremely well," answered Mrs. Delany.

"I think him," said the Queen, "a very agreeable and entertaining man."

There, my dear father! said I not well just now, "O most penetrating Queen?"

So here ends my Windsor journal, part the first. To-morrow morning I go for my week to Thames Ditton.

WINDSOR, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14TH, 1785. — Yesterday I returned to my dear Mrs. Delany, from Thames Ditton, and had the great concern of finding her very unwell. Mr. Bernard Dewes, one of her nephews, and his little girl, a sweet child of seven years old, were with her, and, of course, Miss P——. She had been hurried, though only with pleasure, and her emotion, first in receiving, and next in entertaining them, had brought on a little fever. Her health, now, is fearfully precarious, and her days, to me, are most tremblingly precious. Everything shatters her dear feeble frame : she can bear neither joy nor sorrow ; and how few are those placid days that are touched by neither ! Her mind, however, has still its original strength, and all her faculties are in their fullest vigor ; 't is only the "tenement of clay" that has suffered by time.

I am now obliged to confess a little discussion I have had with my dear Mrs. Delany, almost all the time I spent with her at first, and now again upon my return, relative to the royal interview, so long in expectation. Immediately upon my arrival, she had imagined, by what had preceded it, that a visit would instantly ensue here, and I should have a summons to appear ; but the death of the Queen's brother, which was known the very night I came, confined her Majesty and all the family for some days to the Lodge ; and the dangerous illness of the Princess Elizabeth next took place, in occupying all their thoughts, greatly to their credit. My dear old friend, however, earnest I should have an honor which her grateful reverence for their Majesties makes her regard very highly, had often wished me to stay in the room when they came to see her, assuring me that though they were so circumstanced as not to send for a stranger, she knew they would be much

pleased to meet with me. This, however, was more than I could assent to, without infinite pain, and that she was too kind to make a point of my enduring.

Yesterday, upon my return, she began again the same reasoning; the Princess Elizabeth had relapsed, and she knew, during her being worse, there was no chance the Queen would take any active step towards a meeting. "But she inquires," continued Mrs. Delany, "so much about you, and is so earnest that you should be with me, that I am sure she wants to see and converse with you. You will see her, too, with more ease to yourself by being already in the room, than from being summoned. I would not for the world put this request to you, if I were not sure she wishes it." There was no withstanding the word "request," from Mrs. Delany, and little as I liked the business, I could not but comply. What next was to be done, was to beg directions for the encounter.

Now, though you, my dear father, have had an audience, and you, my dear Susan, are likely enough to avoid one, yet I think the etiquettes on these occasions will be equally new to you both; for one never inquired into them, and the other has never thought of them. Here, at Windsor, where more than half the people we see are belonging to the Court, and where all the rest are trying to be in the same predicament, the intelligence I have obtained must be looked upon as accurate; and I shall therefore give it in full confidence you will both regard it as a valuable addition to your present stock of Court knowledge, and read it with that decent awe the dignity of the topic requires!

Directions for a private encounter with the Royal Family.

But no, they will take me so long that I had better put them on a separate sheet, and go on with my journal while all is fresh in my memory. I am sorry to have wasted so

solemn a preamble, but hope you will have the generosity to remember it when I produce my directions, as I cannot possibly undertake writing another.

To come, then, now, to those particular instructions I received myself, and which must not be regarded as having anything to do with general rules.

"I do beg of you," said dear Mrs. Delany, "when the Queen or the King speak to you, not to answer with mere monosyllables. The Queen often complains to me of the difficulty with which she can get any conversation, as she not only always has to start the subjects, but, commonly, entirely to support them: and she says there is nothing she so much loves as conversation, and nothing she finds so hard to get. She is always best pleased to have the answers that are made her lead on to further discourse. Now, as I know she wishes to be acquainted with you, and converse with you, I do really entreat you not to draw back from her, nor to stop conversation with only answering Yes, or No."

This was a most tremendous injunction; however, I could not but promise her I would do the best I could. To this, nevertheless, she readily agreed, that if upon entering the room, they should take no notice of me, I might quietly retire. And that, believe me, will not be very slowly! They cannot find me in this house without knowing who I am, and therefore they can be at no loss whether to speak to me or not, from incertitude.

In the midst of all this the Queen came! I heard the thunder at the door, and, panic struck, away flew all my resolutions and agreements, and away after them flew I! Don't be angry, my dear father — I would have stayed if I could, and I meant to stay; but, when the moment came, neither my preparations nor intentions availed, and I arrived at my own room, ere I well knew I had left the

drawing-room, and quite breathless between the race I ran with Miss Port and the joy of escaping. Mrs. Delany, though a little vexed at the time, was not afterwards, when she found the Queen very much dispirited, by a relapse of the poor Princess Elizabeth. She inquired if I was returned, and hoped I now came to make a longer stay.

FRIDAY, DEC. 16TH. — Yesterday morning we had a much better account of the Princess Elizabeth; and Mrs. Delany said to me, — “Now you will escape no longer, for if their uneasiness ceases, I am sure they will send for you, when they come next.”

After dinner, while Mrs. Delany was left alone, as usual, to take a little rest, — for sleep it but seldom proves, — Mr. B. Dewes, his little daughter, Miss Port, and myself, went into the drawing-room. And here, while, to pass the time, I was amusing the little girl with teaching her some Christmas games, in which her father and cousin joined, Mrs. Delany came in. We were all in the middle of the room, and in some confusion; — for she had but just come up to us to inquire what was going forwards, and I was disentangling myself from Miss Dewes, to be ready to fly off if any one knocked at the street-door, when the door of the drawing-room was again opened, and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking.

A ghost could not more have scared me, when I discovered by its glitter on the black, a star! The general disorder had prevented his being seen, except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss P——, turning round, exclaimed, “The King! — Aunt, the King!”

O mercy! thought I, that I were but out of the room! which way shall I escape? and how pass him unnoticed? There is but the single door at which he entered, in the room! Every one scampered out of the way: Miss P——,

to stand next the door; Mr. Bernard Dewes to a corner opposite it; his little girl clung to me; and Mrs. Delany advanced to meet his Majesty, who, after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached, and inquired how she did.

I had now retreated to the wall, and purposed gliding softly, though speedily, out of the room; but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs. Delany, said, "Is that Miss Burney?" — and on her answering, "Yes, sir," he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good humor, came close up to me.

A most profound reverence on my part arrested the progress of my intended retreat. "How long have you been come back, Miss Burney?" "Two days, sir."

Unluckily he did not hear me, and repeated his question; and whether the second time he heard me or not, I don't know, but he made a little civil inclination of his head, and went back to Mrs. Delany.

He insisted she should sit down, though he stood himself, and began to give her an account of the Princess Elizabeth, who once again was recovering, and trying, at present, James's Powders. She had been blooded, he said, twelve times in this last fortnight, and had lost seventy-five ounces of blood, besides undergoing blistering and other discipline. He spoke of her illness with the strongest emotion, and seemed quite filled with concern for her danger and sufferings.

Mrs. Delany next inquired for the younger children. They had all, he said, the whooping-cough, and were soon to be removed to Kew.

"Not," added he, "for any other reason than change of air for themselves; though I am pretty certain I have never had the distemper myself, and the Queen thinks she has not had it either: — we shall take our chance. When

the two eldest had it, I sent them away, and would not see them till it was over ; but now there are so many of them that there would be no end to separations, so I let it take its course."

Mrs. Delany expressed a good deal of concern at his running this risk, but he laughed at it, and said he was much more afraid of catching the rheumatism, which has been threatening one of his shoulders lately. However, he added, he should hunt the next morning, in defiance of it.

A good deal of talk then followed about his own health, and the extreme temperance by which he preserved it. The fault of his constitution, he said, was a tendency to excessive fat, which he kept, however, in order by the most vigorous exercise, and the strictest attention to a simple diet.

When Mrs. Delany was beginning to praise his forbearance, he stopped her.

"No, no," he cried, "'t is no virtue ; I only prefer eating plain and little, to growing diseased and infirm."

During this discourse, I stood quietly in the place where he had first spoken to me. His quitting me so soon, and conversing freely and easily with Mrs. Delany, proved so delightful a relief to me, that I no longer wished myself away ; and the moment my first panic from the surprise was over, I diverted myself with a thousand ridiculous notions of my own situation.

The Christmas games we had been showing Miss Dewes, it seemed as if we were still performing, as none of us thought it proper to move, though our manner of standing reminded one of Puss in the corner. Close to the door was posted Miss P—— ; opposite her, close to the wainscot, stood Mr. Dewes ; at just an equal distance from him, close to a window, stood myself ; Mrs. Delany, though seated, was at the opposite side to Miss P—— ; and his Majesty

kept pretty much in the middle of the room. The little girl, who kept close to me, did not break the order, and I could hardly help expecting to be beckoned, with a puss ! puss ! puss ! to change places with one of my neighbors.

This idea, afterwards, gave way to another more pompous. It seemed to me we were acting a play. There is something so little like common and real life, in everybody's standing, while talking, in a room full of chairs, and standing, too, so aloof from each other, that I almost thought myself upon a stage, assisting in the representation of a tragedy — in which the King played his own part of the king ; Mrs. Delany that of a venerable confidante ; Mr. Dewes, his respectful attendant ; Miss P——, a suppliant virgin, waiting encouragement to bring forward some petition ; Miss Dewes, a young orphan, intended to move the royal compassion ; and myself, a very solemn, sober, and decent mute. These fancies, however, only regaled me while I continued a quiet spectator, and without expectation of being called into play. But the King, I have reason to think, meant only to give me time to recover from my first embarrassment ; and I feel myself infinitely obliged to his good breeding and consideration, which perfectly answered, for before he returned to me I was entirely recruited.

To go back to my narration. The King went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes ; but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said — “ Pray, does Miss Burney draw, too ? ” The *too* was pronounced very civilly. “ I believe not, sir,” answered Mrs. Delany ; “ at least, she does not tell.” “ Oh ! ” cried he, laughing, “ that's nothing ! She is not apt to tell ; she never does tell, you know ! Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history

of her 'Evelina.' And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book! — he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment! I never can forget his face while I live!" Then coming up close to me, he said — "But what? — what? — how was it?" "Sir," cried I, not well understanding him. "How came you — how happened it? — what? — what?" "I — I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement — only in some odd, idle hours." "But your publishing — your printing — how was that?"

"That was only, sir — only because ——" I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions — besides, to say the truth, his own "what? what?" so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes, that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance. The *What!* was then repeated with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered — "I thought — sir — it would look very well in print!" I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made! I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself — well he might — and walked away to enjoy it, crying out — "Very fair indeed! that's being very fair and honest!" Then, returning to me again, he said — "But your father — how came you not to show him what you wrote?" "I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously." Literal truth that, I am sure.

"And how did he find it out?"

"I don't know myself, sir. He never would tell me." Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

"But how did you get it printed?"

"I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr. Lowndes, in full hope by that means he never would hear of it."

"But how could you manage that?"

"By means of a brother, sir."

"Oh! — you confided in a brother, then?"

"Yes, sir — that is, for the publication."

"What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures before you were known! Do you remember any of them?"

"Yes, sir, many."

"And what?"

"I heard that Mr. Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel."

This diverted him extremely.

"But how was it," he continued, "you thought most likely for your father to discover you?"

"Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropped some of the manuscript: sometimes, that one of my sisters betrayed me."

"Oh! your sister? — what, not your brother?"

"No, sir; he could not, for —"

I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming,

"Vastly well! I see you are of Mr. Baretti's mind, and think your brother could keep your secret, and not your sister."

"Well, but," cried he presently, "how was it first known to you you were betrayed?" By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country; and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review, in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger

upon its name, and said — ‘Contrive to get that book for me.’” “And when he got it,” cried the King, “he told me he was afraid of looking at it! and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?” “Indeed I have, sir.” “But why?” “I — I believe I have exhausted myself, sir.” He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs. Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere *bon mot*. Then, returning to me again, he said, more seriously, “But you have not determined against writing any more?” “N—o, sir —” “You have made no vow — no real resolution of that sort?” “No, sir.” “You only wait for inclination?” How admirably Mr. Cambridge’s speech might have come in here! “No, sir.” A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood, and, addressing us in general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with, “I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best.” And then, hastily returning to me, he cried, “What? what?” “No, sir, I — I — believe not, certainly,” quoth I, very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

He then made some inquiries concerning the pictures with which the room is hung, and which are all Mrs. Delany’s own painting; and a little discourse followed, upon some of the masters whose pictures she has copied.

This was all with her; for nobody ever answers him without being immediately addressed by him.

He then came to me again, and said,

“Is your father about anything at present?”

“Yes, sir, he goes on, when he has time, with his history.”

“Does he write quick?”

“Yes, sir, when he writes from himself; but in his history, he has so many books to consult, that sometimes he spends three days in finding authorities for a single passage.”

“Very true; that must be unavoidable.”

He pursued these inquiries some time, and then went again to his general station before the fire, and Mrs. Delany inquired if he meant to hunt the next day. “Yes,” he answered, and, a little pointedly, Mrs. Delany said,

“I would the hunted could but feel as much pleasure as the hunter.”

The King understood her, and with some quickness, called out, “Pray, what did you hunt?”

Then, looking round at us all, —

“Did you know,” he said, “that Mrs. Delany once hunted herself? — and in a long gown, and a great hoop?”

It seems she had told his Majesty an adventure of that sort which had befallen her in her youth, from some accident in which her will had no share.

While this was talking over, a violent thunder was made at the door. I was almost certain it was the Queen. Once more I would have given anything to escape; but in vain. I had been informed that nobody ever quitted the royal presence, after having been conversed with, till motioned to withdraw. Miss P——, according to established etiquette on these occasions, opened the door which she stood next, by putting her hand behind her, and slid out backwards, into the hall, to light the Queen in. The door soon opened again, and her Majesty entered.

Immediately, seeing the King, she made him a low curtsy, and cried, — “Oh, your Majesty is here!” “Yes,” he cried. “I ran here without speaking to anybody.”

The Queen had been at the lower Lodge, to see the Princess Elizabeth, as the King had before told us. She then hastened up to Mrs. Delany, with both her hands held out, saying, "My dear Mrs. Delany, how are you?" Instantly after, I felt her eye on my face. I believe, too, she curtsied to me; but though I saw the bend, I was too near-sighted to be sure it was intended for me. I was hardly ever in a situation more embarrassing; I dared not return what I was not certain I had received, yet considered myself as appearing quite a monster, to stand stiff-necked, if really meant.

Almost at the same moment she spoke to Mr. Bernard Dewes, and then nodded to my little clinging girl. I was now really ready to sink, with horrid uncertainty of what I was doing, or what I should do, — when his Majesty, who I fancy saw my distress, most good-humoredly said to the Queen something, but I was too much flurried to remember what, except these words, — "I have been telling Miss Burney —" Relieved from so painful a dilemma, I immediately dropped a curtsy. She made one to me in the same moment, and, with a very smiling countenance, came up to me; but she could not speak, for the King went on talking, eagerly, and very gaily repeating to her every word I had said during our conversation upon "Evelina," its publication, &c., &c.

Then he told her of Baretti's wager, saying, — "But she heard of a great many conjectures about the author, before it was known, and of Baretti, an admirable thing! he laid a bet it must be a man, as no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel!"

The Queen, laughing a little, exclaimed —

"Oh, that is quite too bad an affront to us! — Don't you think so?" addressing herself to me with great gentleness of voice and manner.

I assented ; and the King continued his relation, which she listened to with a look of some interest ; but when he told her some particulars of my secrecy, she again spoke to me.

“ But your sister was your confidant, was she not ? ”

“ Yes, ma’am.”

My sisters, I might have said, but I was always glad to have done.

“ Oh, yes ! ” cried the King, laughing ; “ but I assure you she is of Baretti’s opinion herself ; for I asked her if she thought it was her sister or her brother that betrayed her to her father ? — and she says her sister, she thinks.”

Poor Esther ! — but I shall make her amends by what follows : for the Queen, again addressing me, said —

“ But to betray to a father is no crime — don’t you think so ? ”

I agreed ; and plainly saw she thought Esther, if Esther it was, had only done right.

The King then went on, and when he had finished his narration the Queen took her seat.

She made Mrs. Delany sit next her, and Miss P—— brought her some tea.

The King, meanwhile, came to me again, and said, “ Are you musical ? ”

“ Not a performer, sir.”

Then, going from me to the Queen, he cried, — “ She does not play.”

I did not hear what the Queen answered ; she spoke in a low voice, and seemed much out of spirits.

They now talked together a little while, about the Princess Elizabeth, and the King mentioned having had a very promising account from her physician, Sir George Baker : and the Queen soon brightened up.

The King then returned to me, and said, —

“Are you sure you never play? — never touch the keys at all?”

“Never to acknowledge it, sir.”

“Oh! that’s it!” cried he; and flying to the Queen, cried, “She does play — but not to acknowledge it!”

I was now in a most horrible panic once more; pushed so very home, I could answer no other than I did, for these categorical questions almost constrain categorical answers; and here, at Windsor, it seems an absolute point that whatever they ask must be told, and whatever they desire must be done. Think but, then, of my consternation in expecting their commands to perform! My dear father, pity me!

The eager air with which he returned to me fully explained what was to follow. I hastily, therefore, spoke first, in order to stop him, crying — “I never, sir, played to anybody but myself! — never!”

“No?” cried he, looking incredulous; “what, not to —”

“Not even to me, sir!” cried my kind Mrs. Delany, who saw what was threatening me.

“No? — are you sure?” cried he, disappointed; “but — but you’ll —”

“I have never, sir,” cried I, very earnestly, “played in my life, but when I could hear nobody else — quite alone, and from a mere love of any musical sounds.”

He repeated all this to the Queen, whose answers I never heard; but when he once more came back, with a face that looked unwilling to give it up, in my fright I had recourse to dumb show, and raised my hands in a supplicating fold, with a most begging countenance to be excused. This, luckily, succeeded; he understood me very readily, and laughed a little, but made a sort of desisting, or rather complying, little bow, and said no more about it.

I felt very much obliged to him, for I saw his curiosity was all alive. I wished I could have kissed his hand.

He still, however, kept me in talk, and still upon music.

"To me," said he, "it appears quite as strange to meet with people who have no ear for music, and cannot distinguish one air from another, as to meet with people who are dumb. Lady Bell Finch once told me that she had heard there was some difference between a psalm, a minuet, and a country dance, but she declared they all sounded alike to her! There are people who have no eye for difference of color. The Duke of Marlborough actually cannot tell scarlet from green!"

He then told me an anecdote of his mistaking one of those colors for another, which was very laughable, but I do not remember it clearly enough to write it. How unfortunate for true virtuosi that such an eye should possess objects worthy the most discerning—the treasures of Blenheim!

"I do not find, though," added his Majesty, "that this defect runs in his family, for Lady Di Beauclerk draws very finely."

He then went to Mr. Bernard Dewes.

Almost instantly upon his leaving me, a very gentle voice called out—"Miss Burney!"

It was the Queen's. I walked a little nearer her, and a gracious inclination of her head made me go quite up to her.

"You have been," she said, "at Mrs. Walsingham's?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She has a pretty place, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Were you ever there before?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Oh, shocking! shocking! thought I; what will Mrs. Delany say to all these monosyllables?

"Has not she lately made some improvements?"

“Yes, ma’am; she has built a conservatory.”

Then followed some questions about its situation, during which the King came up to us; and she then, ceasing to address me in particular, began a general sort of conversation, with a spirit and animation that I had not at all expected, and which seemed the result of the great and benevolent pleasure she took in giving entertainment to Mrs. Delany.

The subject was the last drawing-room, which she had been in town to keep on Thursday, during a dense fog.

“I assure you, ma’am,” cried she to Mrs. Delany, “it was so dark, there was no seeing anything, and no knowing anybody. And Lady Harcourt could be of no help to tell me who people were, for when it was light, she can’t see; and now it was dark, I could not see myself. So it was in vain for me to go on in that manner, without knowing which I had spoken to, and which was waiting for me; so I said to Lady Harcourt, ‘We had better stop, and stand quite still, for I don’t know anybody, no more than you do. But if we stand still, they will all come up in the end, and we must ask them who they are, and if I have spoken to them yet, or not: for it is very odd to do it, but what else can we manage?’”

Her accent is a little foreign, and very prettily so; and her emphasis has that sort of changeability, which gives an interest to everything she utters. But her language is rather peculiar than foreign.

“Besides,” added she, with a very significant look, “if we go on here in the dark, maybe I shall push against somebody, or somebody will push against me—which is the more likely to happen!”

She then gave an account of some circumstances which attended the darkness, in a manner not only extremely lively, but mixed, at times, with an archness and humor

that made it very entertaining. She chiefly addressed herself to Mrs. Delany, and to me, certainly, she would not, separately, have been so communicative; but she contrived, with great delicacy, to include me in the little party, by frequently looking at me, and always with an expression that invited my participation in the conversation. And, indeed, though I did not join in words, I shared very openly in the pleasure of her recital.

"Well," she continued, "so there was standing by me a man that I could not see in the face; but I saw the twisting of his bow; and I said to Lady Harcourt, 'I am sure that must be nobody but the Duke of Dorset.'—'Dear,' she says, 'how can you tell that?'—'Only ask', said I; and so it proved he."

"Yes," cried the King, "he is pretty well again; he can smile again, now!"

It seems his features had appeared to be fixed, or stiffened. It is said, he has been obliged to hold his hand to his mouth, to hide it, ever since his stroke,—which he refuses to acknowledge was paralytic.

The Queen looked as if some comic notion had struck her, and, after smiling a little while to herself, said, with a sort of innocent archness, very pleasing,

"To be sure, it is very wrong to laugh at such things,—I know that; but yet, I could not help thinking, when his mouth was in that way, that it was very lucky people's happiness did not depend upon his smiles!"

Afterwards, she named other persons, whose behavior and manners pointed them out to her, in defiance of obscurity.

"A lady," said she, "came up to me, that I could not see, so I was forced to ask who she was; and immediately she burst into a laugh. 'Oh,' says I, 'that can be only Mrs. De Rolles!'—and so it proved."

Methinks, by this trait, she should be a near relation to my Miss Larolles ! .

When these, and some more anecdotes which I do not so clearly remember, were told, the King left us, and went to Mr. Bernard Dewes. A pause ensuing, I too, drew back, meaning to return to my original station, which, being opposite the fire, was never a bad one. But the moment I began retreating, the Queen, bending forward, and speaking in a very low voice, said, "Miss Burney !" — and, upon my coming up to her, almost in a whisper, cried, "But shall we have no more — nothing more ?"

I could not but understand her, and only shook my head.

The Queen then, as if she thought she had said too much, with great sweetness and condescension, drew back herself, and very delicately said,

"To be sure it is, I own, a very home question, for one who has not the pleasure to know you."

I was quite ashamed of this apology, but did not know what to say to it. But how amiable a simplicity in her speaking of herself in such a style, — "for one who has not the pleasure to know you."

"But, indeed," continued she, presently, "I would not say it, only that I think from what has been done, there is a power to do so much good — and good to young people — which is so very good a thing — that I cannot help wishing it could be."

I felt very grateful for this speech, and for the very soft manner in which she said it ; and I very much wished to thank her, and was trying to mutter something, though not very intelligibly, when the King suddenly coming up to us, inquired what was going forward.

The Queen readily repeated her kind speech.

The King eagerly undertook to make my answer for me, crying,

“Oh, but she will write!—she only waits for *inclination*,—she told me so.” Then, speaking to me, he said, “What—is it not so?”

I only laughed a little; and he again said to the Queen, “She will write! She told me just now she had made no vow against it.”

“No, no,” cried the Queen, “I hope not, indeed!”

“A vow!” cried dear Mrs. Delany, “no, indeed, I hope she would not be so wicked—she who can so do what she does!”

“But she has not,” said the King, earnestly; “she has owned that to me already.”

What excessive condescension, my dear Padre!

“I only wish,” cried Mrs. Delany, “it could be as easily done, as it is earnestly and universally desired.”

“I doubt it not to be so desired,” said the Queen.

I was quite ashamed of all this, and quite sorry to make no acknowledgment of their great condescension in pressing such a subject, and pressing it so much in earnest. But I really could get out nothing, so that’s the truth; and I wish I could give a better account of my eloquence, my dear Padre and Susan.

I cannot, however, in justice any more than in inclination, go on, till I stop to admire the sweetness of the Queen, and the consideration of the King, in each making me a party in their general conversation, before they made any particular address to me.

They afterwards spoke of Mr. Webb, a Windsor musician, who is master to the young Princesses, and who has a nose, from some strange calamity, of so enormous a size that it covers all the middle of his face. I never saw so frightful a deformity. Mrs. Delany told the Queen I had met with him, accidentally, when he came to give a lesson to Miss P——, and had been quite startled by him.

"I dare say so;" said her Majesty. I must tell Miss Burney a little trait of Sophia, about Mr. Webb."

A small table was before the Queen, who always has it brought when she is seated, to put her tea or work upon, or, when she had neither, to look comfortable, I believe; for certainly it takes off much formality in a standing circle. And close to this, by the gracious motion of her head, she kept me.

"When first," continued she, "Mr. Webb was to come to Sophia, I told her he had had some accident to disfigure his whole face, by making him an enormous nose; but I desired her to remember this was a misfortune, for which he ought to be pitied, and that she must be sure not to laugh at it, nor stare at it. And she minded this very well, and behaved always very properly. But, while Lady Cremorne was at the Lodge, she was with Sophia when Mr. Webb came to give her a lesson. As soon as he was named, she colored very red, and ran up to Lady Cremorne, and said to her in a whisper, 'Lady Cremorne, Mr. Webb has got a very great nose, but that is only to be pitied — so mind you don't laugh!'"

This little Princess is just nine years old!

The King joined us while the Queen was telling this, and added, "Poor Mr. Webb was very much discountenanced when he first saw me, and tried to hide his nose, by a great nosegay, or I believe only a branch, which he held before it: but really that had so odd a look, that it was worse, and more ridiculous, than his nose. However, I hope he does not mind me, now, for I have seen him four or five times."

The King then, looking at his watch, said, "It is eight o'clock, and if we don't go now, the children will be sent to the other house." "Yes, your Majesty," cried the Queen, instantly rising. Mrs. Delany put on her Majesty's

cloak, and she took a very kind leave of her. She then curtseyed separately to us all, and the King handed her to the carriage. It is the custom for everybody they speak to to attend them out, but they would not suffer Mrs. Delany to move. Miss P——, Mr. Dewes, and his little daughter, and myself, all accompanied them, and saw them in their coach, and received their last gracious nods. When they were gone, Mrs. Delany confessed she had heard the King's knock at the door before she came into the drawing-room, but would not avow it, that I might not run away. Well! being over was so good a thing, that I could not but be content.

The Queen, indeed, is a most charming woman. She appears to me full of sense and graciousness, mingled with delicacy of mind and liveliness of temper. She speaks English almost perfectly well, with great choice and copiousness of language, though now and then with foreign idiom, and frequently with a foreign accent. Her manners have an easy dignity, with a most engaging simplicity, and she has all that fine high breeding which the mind, not the station gives, of carefully avoiding to distress those who converse with her, or studiously removing the embarrassment she cannot prevent. The King, however he may have power, in the cabinet, to command himself, has in private, the appearance of a character the most open and sincere. He speaks his opinions without reserve, and seems to trust them intuitively to his hearers, from a belief they will make no ill use of them. His countenance is full of inquiry, to gain information without asking it, probably from believing that to be the nearest road to truth. All I saw of both was the most perfect good humor, good spirits, ease, and pleasantness.

Their behavior to each other speaks the most cordial confidence and happiness. The King seems to admire as

much as he enjoys her conversation, and to covet her participation in everything he either sees or hears. The Queen appears to feel the most grateful regard for him, and to make it her chief study to raise his consequence with others, by always marking that she considers herself, though Queen to the nation, to him, only the first and most obedient of subjects. Indeed, in their different ways, and allowing for the difference of their characters, they left me equally charmed both with their behavior to each other and to myself.

MONDAY, DEC. 19TH.—In the evening, while Mrs. Delany, Miss P——, and I were sitting and working together in the drawing-room, the door was opened, and the King entered. We all started up; Miss P—— flew to her modest post by the door, and I to my more comfortable one opposite the fire, which caused me but a slight and gentle retreat, and Mrs. Delany he immediately commanded to take her own place again.

I should mention, though, the etiquette always observed upon his entrance, which, first of all, is to fly off to distant quarters; and next, Miss P—— goes out, walking backwards, for more candles, which she brings in, two at a time, and places upon the tables and pianoforte. Next she goes out for tea, which she then carries to his Majesty, upon a large salver, containing sugar, cream, and bread and butter, and cake, while she hangs a napkin over her arm for his fingers. When he has taken his tea, she returns to her station, where she waits till he has done, and then takes away his cup, and fetches more. This, it seems, is a ceremony performed, in other places, always by the mistress of the house; but here neither of their Majesties will permit Mrs. Delany to attempt it.

He then spoke of Voltaire, and talked a little of his works, concluding with this strong condemnation of their

tendency — “I,” cried he, “think him a monster — I own it fairly.” Nobody answered. Mrs. Delany did not quite hear him, and I knew too little of his works to have courage to say anything about them. He next named Rousseau, whom he seemed to think of with more favor, though by no means with approbation. Here, too, I had read too little to talk at all, though his Majesty frequently applied to me. Mrs. Delany told several anecdotes which had come to her immediate knowledge of him while he was in England, at which time he had spent some days with her brother, Mr. Granville, at Calwich. The King, too, told others, which had come to his own ears, all charging him with savage pride and insolent ingratitude.

Here, however, I ventured to interfere ; for, as I knew he had had a pension from the King, I could not but wish his Majesty should be informed he was grateful to him. And as you, my dear father, were my authority, I thought it but common justice to the memory of poor Rousseau to acquaint the King of his personal respect for him. “Some gratitude, sir,” said I, “he was not without. When my father was in Paris, which was after Rousseau had been in England, he visited him in his garret, and the first thing he showed him was your Majesty’s portrait over his chimney.” The King paused a little while upon this ; but nothing more was said of Rousseau.

Some time afterwards, the King said he found by the newspapers that Mrs. Clive was dead. Do you read the newspapers ? thought I. Oh, King ! you must then have the most unvexing temper in the world not to run wild. This led on to more players. He was sorry, he said, for Henderson, and the more as Mrs. Siddons had wished to have him play at the same house with herself. Then Mrs. Siddons took her turn, and with the warmest praise. “I am an enthusiast for her,” cried the King, “quite an enthu-

siast. I think there was never any player in my time so excellent — not Garrick himself ; I own it !” Then, coming close to me, who was silent, he said — “ What ? what ? ” — meaning, what say you ? But I still said nothing ; I could not concur where I thought so differently, and to enter into an argument was quite impossible ; for every little thing I said the King listened to with an eagerness that made me always ashamed of its insignificancy. And, indeed, but for that I should have talked to him with much greater fluency, as well as ease.

From players he went to plays, and complained of the great want of good modern comedies, and of the extreme immorality of most of the old ones. “ And they pretend,” cried he, “ to mend them ; but it is not possible. Do you think it is ? — what ? ” “ No, sir, not often, I believe. The fault, commonly, lies in the very foundation.” “ Yes, or they might mend the mere speeches ; but the characters are all bad from the beginning to the end.” Then he specified several ; but I had read none of them, and consequently, could say nothing about the matter ; — till, at last he came to Shakespeare. “ Was there ever,” cried he, “ such stuff as great part of Shakespeare ? only one must not say so ! But what think you ? — What ? — Is there not sad stuff ? — What ? — what ? ” “ Yes, indeed, I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellences, that — ” “ Oh ! ” cried he, laughing good-humouredly, “ I know it is not to be said ! but it’s true. Only it’s Shakespeare, and nobody dare abuse him.” Then he enumerated many of the characters and parts of plays that he objected to ; and when he had run them over, finished with again laughing, and exclaiming — “ But one should be stoned for saying so ! ”

I should say more of this evening, and of the King, with whose unaffected conversation and unassuming port

and manner I was charmed, but that I have another meeting to write, — a long, and, to me, very delightful private conference with the Queen. It happened the very next morning.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20TH. — 1st, summons; 2ndly, entrée, “Miss Burney, have you heard that Boswell is going to publish a life of your friend Dr. Johnson?” “No, ma’am.” “I tell you as I heard. I don’t know for the truth of it, and I can’t tell what he will do. He is so extraordinary a man, that perhaps he will devise something extraordinary. Have you heard of ——” (mentioning some German book of which I forget the name). “No, ma’am.” “Oh, it will be soon translated; very fine language, — very bad book. They translate all our worst! And they are so improved in language; they write so finely now, even for the most silly books, that it makes one read on, and one cannot help it. Oh, I am very angry sometimes at that! Do you like the ‘Sorrows of Werter?’” “I — I have not read it ma’am, only in part,” “No? Well, I don’t know how it is translated, but it is very finely writ in German, and I can’t bear it.” “I am very happy to hear that for what I did look over made me determine never to read it. It seemed only writ as a deliberate defence of suicide.” “Yes; and what is worse, it is done by a bad man for revenge.” She then mentioned, with praise, another book, saying, — “I wish I knew the translator.” “I wish the translator knew that!” “Oh — it is not — I should not like to give my name, for fear I have judged ill: I picked it up on a stall. Oh, it is amazing what good books there are on stalls.” “It is amazing to me,” said Mrs. Delany, “to hear that.” “Why, I don’t pick them up myself; but I have a servant very clever; and if they are not to be had at the booksellers’, they are not for me any more than for another.”¹

¹ “Miss Burney describes this conversation as delightful; and indeed we cannot wonder that, with her literary tastes, she should be delighted at

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Burney.

WINDSOR, Dec. 17th, 1785.

MY DEAREST HETTY, — I am sorry I could not more immediately write; but I really have not had a moment since your last. Now I know what you next want is, to hear accounts of kings, queens, and such royal personages. O ho! Do you so? Well. Shall I tell you a few matters of fact? or, had you rather a few matters of etiquette? Oh, matters of etiquette, you cry! for matters of fact are short and stupid, and anybody can tell, and everybody is tired with them. Very well, take your own choice.

You would never believe—you, who, distant from courts and courtiers, know nothing of their ways—the many things to be studied, for appearing with a proper propriety before crowned heads. Heads without crowns are quite other sort of rotundas. Now, then, to the etiquette. I inquired into every particular, that no error might be committed. And as there is no saying what may happen in this mortal life, I shall give you those instructions I have received myself, that, should you find yourself in the royal presence, you may know how to comport yourself.

Directions for coughing, sneezing, or moving, before the King and Queen.

In the first place you must not cough. If you find a cough tickling in your throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the forbearance, you must choke—but not cough. In the second place, you must not sneeze. If you have a vehement cold, you must take no notice of it; if your nose membranes feel a great irritation, you must hold your breath; if a sneeze still insists upon making its way, you

hearing in how magnificent a manner the greatest lady in the land encouraged literature." — *Lord Macaulay, Essay on Madame d'Arblay.*

must oppose it, by keeping your teeth grinding together; if the violence of the repulse breaks some blood-vessel, you must break the blood-vessel — but not sneeze. In the third place, you must not, upon any account, stir either hand or foot. If, by chance, a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out. If the pain is very great, you must be sure to bear it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter. If the blood should gush from your head by means of the black pin, you must let it gush; if you are uneasy to think of making such a blurred appearance, you must be uneasy, but you must say nothing about it. If, however, the agony is very great, you may, privately, bite the inside of your cheek, or of your lips, for a little relief; taking care, meanwhile, to do it so cautiously as to make no apparent dent outwardly. And, with that precaution, if you even gnaw a piece out, it will not be minded; only be sure either to swallow it, or commit it to a corner of the inside of your mouth till they are gone — for you must not spit.

I have many other directions, but no more paper; I will endeavor, however, to have them ready for you in time. Perhaps, meanwhile, you will be glad to know if I have myself had opportunity to put in practice these receipts? How can I answer in this little space? My love to Mr. B. and the little ones, and remember me kindly to cousin Edward, and believe me, my dearest Esther, most affectionately yours,

F. B.

[A vacancy at this time occurred in the royal household, from the resignation of Madame Haggerdorn, one of the Queen's German attendants, who, together with Madame Schwellenberg, held the office of Keeper of the Robes.

The place was much sought after, but her Majesty had been so well pleased with what she saw of Miss Burney, that she graciously empowered Mr. Smelt to offer her this situation, allowing her time to consider and weigh its advantages.

Miss Burney, though deeply grateful for such a distinction, foresaw with alarm the separation from her family and the total confinement it would occasion; and, in her perplexity how to decide, she wrote the following letter to her judicious and faithful friend, the late Miss Cambridge.]

TO MISS CAMBRIDGE.

Monday, June, 1786.

"I will share," says my dearest Miss Cambridge, in a letter, not long ago, "in all your cares—all your joys." Is it fair in me, beginning, per force, by the worst, to take you at your generous word? Yes, I hope it is—for would you have invited such a participation, and not have wished it? No, I know your noble sincerity too well, and I call upon you to speak to me in those words you would speak to yourself, when I have told you the subject of my present difficulty.

It is only by minds such as yours—as my Susan's, Mrs. Delany's and Mrs. Locke's—my four invaluable friends, that I can hope to be even understood, when I speak of difficulty and distress from a proposal apparently only advantageous. But Susan's wishes are so certainly and invariably my own, that I wish to spare her from hearing of this matter till the decision is made; Mrs. Delany, with all her indulgent partiality, is here too deeply interested on the other side to be consulted without paining her; and Mrs. Locke has an enthusiasm in her kindness that

makes every plan seem cruel to her that puts or keeps us asunder. In this particular case, therefore, I shall apply for no opinion but yours, — yours, which I may here peculiarly trust, from knowing that it unites the two precise qualities that suit it for judging my situation, — a strong sense of duty, with a disinterested love of independence. And you are liberal enough, too, I am sure, to permit me openly to tell you that I do not beg your advice with a premeditated resolution to follow it; but simply with a view to weigh and compare your ideas with my own, in the same manner I should do could I talk the matter over with you instead of writing it.

I now come straight to the point.

Yesterday evening, while I was with Mrs. Delany, Mr. Smelt arrived from Windsor, and desired a private conference with her; and, when it was over, a separate one with me; surprising me not a little, by entreating me to suffer some very home questions from him, relative to my situation, my views, and even my wishes, with respect to my future life. At first, I only laughed: but my merriment a little failed me, when he gave me to understand he was commissioned to make these inquiries by a great personage, who had conceived so favorable an opinion of me as to be desirous of undoubted information, whether or not there was a probability she might permanently attach me to herself and her family.

You cannot easily, my dear Miss Cambridge, picture to yourself the consternation with which I received this intimation. It was such that the good and kind Mr. Smelt, perceiving it, had the indulgence instantly to offer me his services, first, in forbearing to mention even to my father his commission, and next in fabricating and carrying back for me a respectful excuse. And I must always consider myself the more obliged to him, as I saw in his own face

the utmost astonishment and disappointment at this reception of his embassy.

I could not, however, reconcile to myself concealing from my dear father a matter that ought to be settled by himself; yet I frankly owned to Mr. Smelt that no situation of that sort was suited to my own taste, or promising to my own happiness.

He seemed equally sorry and surprised; he expatiated warmly upon the sweetness of character of all the royal family, and then begged me to consider the very peculiar distinction shown me, that, unsolicited, unsought, I had been marked out with such personal favor by the Queen herself, as a person with whom she had been so singularly pleased, as to wish to settle me with one of the princesses, in preference to the thousands of offered candidates, of high birth and rank, but small fortunes, who were waiting and supplicating for places in the new-forming establishment. Her Majesty proposed giving me apartments in the palace; making me belong to the table of Mrs. Schwellenberg, with whom all her own visitors — bishops, lords, or commons, — always dine; keeping me a footman, and settling on me £200 a year.¹ “And in such a situation,” he

¹ How differently such a situation may appear when judged by an unbiased eye is evident from Lord Macaulay's *resumé* of the advantages offered Miss Burney by the terms of her court appointment: —

“What was demanded of her was that she should consent to be as completely separated from her family and friends as if she had gone to Calcutta, and almost as close a prisoner as if she had been sent to gaol for a libel; that, with talents which had instructed and delighted the highest living minds, she should now be employed only in mixing snuff and sticking pins; that she should be summoned by a waiting-woman's bell to a waiting-woman's duties; that she should pass her whole life under the restraints of a paltry etiquette, — should sometimes fast till she was ready to swoon with hunger, should sometimes stand till her knees gave way with fatigue; that she should not dare to speak or move without considering how her mistress might like her words and gestures. And what was

added, "so respectably offered, not solicited, you may have opportunities of serving your particular friends, — especially your father, — such as scarce any other could afford you."

My dear Miss Cambridge will easily feel that this was a plea not to be answered. Yet the attendance upon this Princess was to be incessant, — the confinement to the court continual ; — I was scarce ever to be spared for a single visit from the palaces, nor to receive anybody but with permission, — and, my dear Miss Cambridge, what a life for me, who have friends so dear to me, and to whom friendship is the balm, the comfort, the very support of existence !

Don't think me ungrateful, meanwhile, to the sweet Queen, for thus singling out and distinguishing an obscure and most unambitious individual. No indeed, I am quite penetrated with her partial and most unexpected condescension : but yet, let me go through, for her sake, my tasks with what cheerfulness I may, the deprivations I must suffer would inevitably keep me from all possibility of happiness.

Though I said but little, my dear Mrs. Delany was disturbed, and good Mr. Smelt much mortified, that a proposition which had appeared to them the most flattering and honorable, should be heard only with dejection. I cast, however, the whole into my father's disposal and pleasure.

But I have time for no more detail, than merely to say, that till the offer comes in form, no positive answer need

the consideration for which she was to sell herself to this slavery ? The price at which she was valued was her board, her lodging, the attendance of a man-servant, and two hundred pounds a year. The man who, even when hard pressed by hunger, sells his birthright for a mess of pottage, is unwise ; but what shall we say of him who parts with his birthright, and does not get even the pottage in return ?" — *Essay on Madame d'Arblay.*

be given, and therefore that I am yet at liberty. Write to me, then, my dearest Miss Cambridge, with all your fullest honesty, and let me know which you wish to strengthen — my courage in making my real sentiments openly known, or my fortitude in concealing what it may be right I should endure.

The moment this affair is decided, as I shall then strive to make the best of it, whatever be my decision, I shall entreat you to return me this letter, or commit it to the flames. The measles will keep off any meetings at Windsor for some time. I hope, therefore, to receive your answer before I am obliged to speak finally.

Can you forgive me this trouble? If matters take the turn I so much dread, I shall not give you much more!

If it should be in my power, I still intend to defer my going to Windsor till all this is arranged.

Adieu! my dearest Miss Cambridge; I am sorry to send you a letter written in such confusion of mind.

MONDAY NIGHT. — I have now to add that the zealous Mr. Smelt is just returned from Windsor, whither he went again this morning, purposely to talk the matter over with her Majesty. What passed I know not, — but the result is, that she has desired an interview with me herself; it is to take place next Monday, at Windsor. I now see the end — I see it next to inevitable. I can suggest nothing upon earth that I dare say for myself, in an audience so generously meant. I cannot even to my father utter my reluctance, — I see him so much delighted at the prospect of an establishment he looks upon as so honorable. But for the Queen's own word *permanent*, — but for her declared desire to attach me entirely to herself and family, — I should share in his pleasure; but what can make *me* amends for all I shall forfeit? But I must do the best I can. Write me a comforting and strengthening letter, my

dearest Miss Cambridge. I have no heart to write to Mickleham, or Norbury. I know how they will grieve: — they have expected me to spend the whole summer with them. My greatest terror is, lest the Queen, from what Mr. Smelt hinted, should make me promise myself to her for a length of years. What can I do to avoid that?

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Monday, June 19th, 1786.

How great must have been your impatience, dearest sir! but my interview has only this morning taken place. Everything is settled, and to-morrow morning I go to the Queen's Lodge, to see the apartments, and to receive my instructions.

I must confess myself extremely frightened and full of alarms, at a change of situation so great, so unexpected, so unthought of. Whether I shall suit it or not, heaven only knows, but I have a thousand doubts. Yet nothing could be sweeter than the Queen,—more encouraging, more gentle, or more delicate. She did not ask me one question concerning my qualifications for the charge; she only said, with the most condescending softness, "I am sure, Miss Burney, we shall suit one another very well." And, another time, "I am sure we shall do very well together."

And what is it, dear Sir, you suppose to be my business? Not to attend any of the Princesses — but the Queen herself! This, indeed, was a delightful hearing, reverencing and admiring her as I have so sincerely done ever since I first saw her. And in this, my amazement is proportioned to my satisfaction; for the place designed me is that of Mrs. Haggerdorn, who came with her from Germany, and

it will put me more immediately and more constantly in her presence than any other place, but that of Mrs. Schwel-
lenberg, in the Court.

The prepossession the Queen has taken in my favor is truly extraordinary, for it seems as if her real view was, as Mr. Smelt hinted, to attach me to her person. She has been long, she told Mrs. Delany, looking out for one to supply the place of Mrs. Haggerdorn, whose ill health forces her back to Germany; "and I was led to think of Miss Burney, first by her books: then by seeing her; then by always hearing how she was loved by her friends; but chiefly by your friendship for her." I fancy my appointment will take place very soon.

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis, Aylesham, Norfolk.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, June 27th, 1786.

My sweet Charlotte's kind indulgence to my long silence has been very, very dearly accepted. Her Majesty has sent me a message, express, near a fortnight ago, with an offer of a place at Court, to succeed Mrs. Haggerdorn, one of the Germans who accompanied her to England, and who is now retiring into her own country. 'Tis a place of being constantly about her own person, and assisting in her toilette, — a place of much confidence, and many comforts; apartments in the palace; a footman kept for me; a coach in common with Mrs. Schwel-
lenberg; 200*l.* a-year, &c., &c. I have been in a state of extreme disturbance ever since, from the reluctance I feel to the separation it will cause me from all my friends. Those, indeed, whom I most love, I shall be able to invite to me in the palace; but I see little or no possibility of being able to make, what I most value, excursions into the country.

Everybody so violently congratulates me, that it seems as if *all* was gain. However, I am glad they are all so pleased. My dear father is in raptures; that is my first comfort. Write to wish him joy, my Charlotte, without a hint to him, or any one but Susan, of my confessions of my internal reluctance and fears.

CHAPTER VI.

1786 — 1787.

Diary resumed.

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR, MONDAY, JULY 17TH, 1786.
—With what hurry of mind and body did I rise this morning! Everything had already been arranged for Mrs. Ord's carrying us to Windsor, and my father's carriage was merely to go as baggage-wagon for my clothes. But I wept not then. I left no one behind me to regret; my dear father accompanied me, and all my dear sisters had already taken their flight, never more to return. Even poor little Sarah, whom I love very dearly, was at Chesington.

Between nine and ten o'clock we set off. We changed carriage in Queen Ann Street, and Mrs. Ord conveyed us thence to Windsor. With a struggling heart, I kept myself tolerably tranquil during the little journey. My dear father was quite happy, and Mrs. Ord felt the joy of a mother in relinquishing me to the protection of a Queen so universally revered. Had I been in better spirits, their ecstasy would have been unbounded; but alas!—what I was approaching was not in my mind; what I was leaving had taken possession of it solely.

Miss P—— flew out to us as the carriage stopped—the youthful blush of pleasure heightening her complexion, and every feature showing her kind happiness. Mrs. Delany, she said, was gone out with the Queen. I took leave of my good Mrs. Ord, whose eyes overflowed with maternal feelings—chiefly of contentment. Mrs. Delany came

home in about an hour. A chastened satisfaction was hers; she rejoiced in the prospect before me; she was happy we should now be so much united, but she felt for my deprivations, she saw the hard conflict within me, and the tenderest pity checked her delight.

It was now debated whether I was immediately to go to the Lodge, or wait for orders. The accustomed method for those who have their Majesties' commands to come to them is, to present themselves to the people in waiting, and by them to be announced. My heart, however, was already sinking, and my spirits every moment were growing more agitated, and my sweet Mrs. Delany determined to spare me the additional task of passing through such awe-striking formalities. She therefore employed my dear father—delighted with the employment—to write a note, in her name. “Mrs. Delany presents her most humble duty to the Queen; she found Dr. Burney and his daughter at her house; Miss Burney waits the honor of her Majesty's commands.”

This, though uncereemonious and unusual, she was sure the Queen would pardon. A verbal answer came that I was to go to the Lodge immediately. Oh, my dear Susan! in what an agony of mind did I obey the summons! I was still in my travelling dress, but could not stay to change it. My father accompanied me. Mrs. Delany, anxiously and full of mixed sensations, gave me her blessing. We walked; the Queen's Lodge is not fifty yards from Mrs. Delany's door. My dear father's own courage all failed him in this little step; for as I was now on the point of entering—probably for ever—into an entire new way of life, and of foregoing by it all my most favorite schemes, and every dear expectation my fancy had ever indulged of happiness adapted to its taste—as now all was to be given up—I could disguise my trepidation no

longer — indeed I never had disguised, I had only forborne proclaiming it. But my dear father now, sweet soul! felt it all, as I held by his arm, without power to say one word, but that if he did not hurry along I should drop by the way. I heard in his kind voice that he was now really alarmed; he would have slackened his pace, or have made me stop to breathe; but I could not; my breath seemed gone, and I could only hasten with all my might, lest my strength should go too.

A page was in waiting at the gate, who showed us into Mrs. Haggerdorn's room, which was empty. My dear father endeavored here to compose my spirits; I could have no other command over them than to forbear letting him know the afflicted state of all within, and to suffer him to keep to his own conclusions, that my emotion was all from fear of the approaching audience. Indeed was it not! — I could hardly even think of it. All that I was resigning — there, and there only went every fear, and all reluctance. The page came in a minute or two to summon me to the Queen. The Queen was in her dressing-room. Mrs. Schwollenberg was standing behind her: nobody else present.

She received me with a most gracious bow of the head, and a smile that was all sweetness. She saw me much agitated, and attributed it, no doubt, to the awe of her presence. Oh, she little knew my mind had no room in it for feelings of that sort! She talked to me of my journey, my father, my sisters, and my brothers; the weather, the roads, and Mrs. Delany — any, every thing she could suggest, that could best tend to compose and to make me easy; and when I had been with her about a quarter of an hour, she desired Mrs. Schwollenberg to show me my apartment, and, with another graceful bow, motioned my retiring. Not only to the sweet Queen, but to myself let

me here do justice, in declaring that though I entered her presence with a heart filled with everything but herself, I quitted it with sensations much softened. The condescension of her efforts to quiet me, and the elegance of her receiving me thus, as a visitor, without naming to me a single direction, without even the most distant hint of business, struck me to show so much delicacy, as well as graciousness, that I quitted her with a very deep sense of her goodness, and a very strong conviction that she merited every exertion on my part to deserve it.

When summoned to dinner, I found Mrs. Schwollenberg and a German officer, Colonel Polier,¹ who is now an attendant of Prince Charles of Mecklenberg, the Queen's brother, who is on a visit to their Majesties. I was introduced to him, and we took our places. I was offered the seat of Mrs. Haggerdorn, which was at the head of the table ; but that was an undertaking I could not bear. I begged leave to decline it ; and as Mrs. Schwollenberg left me at my own choice, I planted myself quietly at one side.

Colonel Polier, though a German officer, is of a Swiss family. He is a fat, good-humored man, excessively fond of eating and drinking. His enjoyment of some of the fare, and especially of the dessert, was really laughable : he could never finish a speech he had begun, if a new dish made its appearance, without stopping to feast his eyes upon it, exclaim something in German, and suck the inside of his mouth ; but all so openly, and with such perfect good-humor, that it was diverting without anything distasteful. After dinner we went upstairs into Mrs. Schwollenberg's room, to drink coffee. This is a daily practice.

¹ In Miss Burney's letters during this period, and in Mrs. Phillips's replies, fictitious names were occasionally employed, which, for obvious reasons, are retained in the present edition.

Her rooms are exactly over mine; they are the same size, and have the same prospect, but they are much more sumptuously fitted up.

Colonel Polier soon left us, to attend Prince Charles. We had then a long *tête-à-tête*, in which I found her a woman of understanding, and fond of conversation. I was called down afterwards to Miss P——, who was eager to see me in my new dwelling, and dying with impatience to know, hear, and examine everything about me. She ran about to make all the inquiries and discoveries she could for me, and was so highly delighted with my situation, it was impossible not to receive some pleasure even from looking at her. She helped me to unpack, to arrange, to do everything that came in the way.

In a short time Madame La Fite entered, nearly as impatient as herself to be my first visitor. She was quite fanciful and entertaining about my succeeding to Mrs. Haggerdorn, and repeatedly turned round to look at me fresh and fresh, to see if it was really me, and me in that so long differently appropriated apartment.

She had but just left me, when who should enter but my dear Mrs. Delany herself. This was indeed a sweet regale to me. She came to welcome me in my own apartment, and I am sure to teach me to love it. What place could I see her in and hate? I could hardly do anything but kiss her soft cheeks, and dear venerable hands, with gratitude for her kindness, while she stayed with me, which was till the royal family came home from the terrace, which they walk upon every fine evening. She had already been invited to the King's concert, which she then attended.

Miss P—— and I now planned that we would drink tea together. It was, indeed, my dearest Mrs. Locke's injunctions that determined me upon making that trial; for I

knew nothing could more contribute to my future chance of some happy hours than securing this time and this repast to myself. Mrs. Delany had the same wish, and encouraged me in the attempt. As I knew not to whom to speak, nor how to give a positive order, in my ignorance whether the measure I desired to take was practicable or not, Miss P—— undertook to be my agent. She therefore ran out, and scampered up and down the stairs and passages in search of some one to whom she could apply. She met at last Mrs. Schwellenberg's man, and boldly bid him "bring Miss Burney's tea." "It is ready," he answered, "in the dining parlor." And then he came to me, with his mistress's compliments, and that she was come down to tea, and waited for me.

To refuse to go was impossible ; it would have been an opening so offensive, with a person destined for my principal companion, and who had herself begun very civilly and attentively, that I could not even hesitate. I only felt heavy-hearted, and Miss P—— made a thousand faces, and together we went to the eating-room. Mrs. Schwellenberg had already made the tea ; and four gentlemen were seated at the table. The Bishop of Salisbury, as I afterwards found he was, came up to congratulate me, and spoke very kindly of my father, whom he said he had just seen on the terrace. This is a brother of Lord Barrington's ; I had never met him before. Next him sat a young clergyman, Mr. Fisher, whom I did not recollect, but who said he had seen me once at Mrs. Ord's, and spoke to me of her, and of Mrs. Thrale, whom he had lately left in Italy, where he has been travelling. And next was Major Price, the Equerry of the King at present in waiting. He is the same that all the Barborne family so adored when a Captain. He mentioned them all to me, with high praise and great good-breeding. I am very much pleased with him, and happy

he should be the Equerry in waiting on my first arrival. Colonel Polier was also of the party.

I find that it has always belonged to Mrs. Schwollenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn to receive at tea whatever company the King or Queen invite to the Lodge, as it is only a very select few that can eat with their Majesties, and those few are only ladies ; no men, of what rank soever, being permitted to sit in the Queen's presence. I mean and hope to leave this business wholly to Mrs. Schwollenberg, and only to succeed Mrs. Haggerdorn in personal attendance upon the Queen.

At night I was summoned to the Queen's apartment. Mrs. Schwollenberg was there, waiting. We sat together some time. The Queen then arrived, handed into her dressing-room by the King, and followed by the Princess Royal and Princess Augusta. The Queen spoke to me a little of my father, my journey, and Mrs. Delany, and then entered into easy conversation, in German, with Mrs. Schwollenberg, who never speaks English but by necessity. I had no sort of employment given me. The Queen was only waited upon by Mrs. Schwollenberg and Mrs. Thielky, her wardrobe-woman ; and when she had put on her night *déshabille*, she wished me good night. This consideration to the perturbed state of my mind, that led her Majesty to permit my presence merely as a spectatress, by way of taking a lesson of my future employment for my own use, though to her, doubtless, disagreeable, was extremely gratifying to me, and sent me to bed with as much ease as I now could hope to find.

MONDAY, JULY 18TH. — I rose at six, and was called to the Queen soon after seven. Only Mrs. Schwollenberg was with her, and again she made me a mere looker-on ; and the obligation I felt to her sent me somewhat lighter-hearted from her presence. When she was dressed, in a

simple morning gown, she had her hat and cloak put on, to go to prayers at eight o'clock, at the King's Chapel in the Castle; and I returned to my room.

My Windsor apartment is extremely comfortable. I have a large drawing-room, as they call it, which is on the ground-floor, as are all the Queen's rooms, and which faces the Castle and the venerable Round Tower, and opens at the further side, from the windows, to the Little Park. It is airy, pleasant, clean, and healthy. My bedroom is small, but neat and comfortable; its entrance is only from the drawing-room, and it looks to the garden. These two rooms are delightfully independent of all the rest of the house, and contain everything I can desire for my convenience and comfort.

At night, Mrs. Schwellenberg inquired of me if I had rather have no supper? I told her a little fruit was all I should like; and then orders were given, and I had some in my own room, and the great pleasure of making my good-natured little friend partake of it. This practice has been kept up ever since, and has proved the means of procuring me a little time to myself, and to quietness, before my last summons to the Queen. To-night, like the rest of my attendance, I was merely treated as if an accidental visitor. Sweet Queen! — she seems as fearful of employing me as I am myself of being employed.

MONDAY, JULY 24TH. — Let me endeavor to give you, more connectedly, a concise abstract of the general method of passing the day, that then I may only write what varies, and occurs occasionally. I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning gown and cap, and wait my first summons, which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half hour between them. The Queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed. This, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs. Thielky, a

German, but who speaks English perfectly well. Mrs. Schwellenberg, since the first week, has never come down in a morning at all. The Queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. 'Tis fortunate for me I have not the handing them! I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neck-kerchief.

By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the Princesses, and they all proceed to the King's chapel in the Castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the Princesses, and the King's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably. I then return to my own room to breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business — in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court-days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birthday of any of the Royal Family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable.

That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before eleven. My rummages and business sometimes occupy me uninter-

ruptedly to those hours. When they do not, I give till ten to necessary letters of duty, ceremony, or long arrears ; — and now, from ten to the times I have mentioned, I devote to walking. These times mentioned call me to the irksome and quick-returning labors of the toilette. The hour advanced on the Wednesdays and Saturdays is for curling and craping the hair, which it now requires twice a week.

A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends ; so do I ; Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hairdresser is admitted. She generally reads the newspapers during that operation. When she observes that I have run to her but half dressed, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated. If she is grave, and reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not ; but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes, that one would not expect belonged to her high station. Neither does she ever detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud.

When I return, I finish, if anything is undone, my dress, and then take Baretti's Dialogues, my dearest Fredy's Tablet of Memory, or some such disjointed matter, for the few minutes that elapse ere I am again summoned. I find her then always removed to her state dressing-room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of state. There, in a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bedtime.

It is commonly three o'clock when I am thus set at large. And I have then two hours quite at my own disposal : but, in the natural course of things, not a moment

after ! These dear and quiet two hours, my only quite sure and undisturbed time in the whole day, after breakfast is over, I shall henceforward devote to thus talking with my beloved Susan, my Fredy, my other sisters, my dear father, or Miss Cambridge ; with my brothers, cousins, Mrs. Ord, and other friends, in such terms as these two hours will occasionally allow me. Henceforward, I say ; for hitherto dejection of spirits, with uncertainty how long my time might last, have made me waste moment after moment as sadly as unprofitably.

At five, we have dinner. Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating-room. We are commonly tête-à-tête : when there is anybody added, it is from her invitation only. Whatever right my place might afford me of also inviting my friends to the table I have now totally lost, by want of courage and spirits to claim it originally. When we have dined, we go upstairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over : this is at about eight o'clock. Our tête-à-tête then finishes, and we come down again to the eating-room. There the equerry, whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and with him any gentleman that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening ; and when tea is over, he conducts them, and goes himself, to the concert-room. This is commonly about nine o'clock.

From that time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I never quit her for a minute, till I come to my little supper at near eleven. Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place, earlier and later occasionally. Twenty minutes is the customary time then spent with the Queen : half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded.

I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed — and to sleep, too, believe me : the early rising, and a long

day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head. Such is the day to your F. B. in her new situation at Windsor; such, I mean, is its usual destination, and its intended course. I make it take now and then another channel, but never stray far enough not to return to the original stream after a little meandering about and about it.

With regard to those summonses I speak of, I will now explain myself. My summons, upon all regular occasions — that is, morning, noon, and night toilets — is neither more nor less than a bell. Upon extra occasions a page is commonly sent. At first, I felt inexpressibly discomfited by this mode of call. A bell! — it seemed so mortifying a mark of servitude, I always felt myself blush, though alone, with conscious shame at my own strange degradation. But I have philosophized myself now into some reconciliation with this manner of summons, by reflecting that to have some person always sent would be often very inconvenient, and that this method is certainly less an interruption to any occupation I may be employed in, than the entrance of messengers so many times in the day. It is, besides, less liable to mistakes. So I have made up my mind to it as well as I can; and now I only feel that proud blush when somebody is by to revive my original dislike of it.

TUESDAY JULY 25TH. — I now begin my second week, with a scene a little, not much, different. We were now to go to Kew, there to remain till Friday. I had this morning, early, for the first time, a little visit from one of the Princesses. I was preparing for my journey, when a little rap at my room-door made me call out "Come in!" and who should enter but the Princess Royal! I apologized

for my familiar admittance, by my little expectation of such an honor. She told me she had brought the Queen's snuff-box to be filled with some snuff which I had been directed to prepare. It is a very fine-scented and mild snuff, but requires being moistened from time to time to revive its smell.

The Princess, with a very sweet smile, insisted upon holding the box while I filled it; and told me she had seen Mrs. Delany at the chapel, and that she was very well; and then she talked on about her, with a visible pleasure in having a subject so interesting to me to open upon. When the little commission was executed, she took her leave with as elegant civility of manner as if parting with another King's daughter. I am quite charmed with the Princess Royal; unaffected condescension and native dignity are so happily blended in her whole deportment. She had left me but a short time before she again returned. "Miss Burney," cried she, smiling with a look of congratulation, "Mamma says the snuff is extremely well mixed; and she has sent another box to be filled." I had no more ready. She begged me not to mind, and not to hurry myself, for she would wait till it was done.

When I went to the Queen before dinner, the little Princess Amelia was with her; and, though shy of me at first, we afterwards made a very pleasant acquaintance. She is a most lovely little thing, just three years old, and full of sense, spirit, and playful prettiness: yet decorous and dignified when called upon to appear *en princesse* to any strangers, as if conscious of her high rank, and of the importance of condescendingly sustaining it. 'Tis amazing what education can do, in the earliest years, to those of quick understandings. This little Princess, thus in infancy, by practice and example taught her own consequence, conducts herself, upon all proper occasions, with an air of

dignity that is quite astonishing, though her natural character seems all sport and humor.

When we became a little acquainted, the Queen desired me to take her by the hand, and carry her downstairs to the King, who was waiting for her in the garden. She trusted herself to me with a grave and examining look, and showed me, for I knew it not, the way. The King, who dotes upon her, seemed good-humoredly pleased to see me bring her. He took her little hand and led her away.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2ND. — In the evening I had no little difficulty how to manage to go to Mrs. Delany — for I have here to mention the worst thing that has happened to me at Windsor — the desertion of Major Price from the coffee. The arrival of General Budé, who belongs to the equerries' table, has occasioned his staying to do the honors to him till terrace time. At tea, they belong to Mrs. Schwellenberg. This has not only lost me some of his society, the most pleasant I had had in the Lodge, but has trebled my trouble to steal away. When I left him behind, the absconding from a beau was apology all-sufficient for running away from a belle; but now I am doubly wanted to stay, and too doubly earnest to go!

For this evening, however, an opportunity soon offered. The Duchess of Ancaster, who with her daughter, Lady Charlotte Bertie, was just come on a visit to the Queen, called in upon Mrs. Schwellenberg; and, after an extremely civil salutation and introduction to me, and joy-wishing on my appointment, she showed so much agitation, and seemed so desirous to speak of something important to Mrs. Schwellenberg, that I found it perfectly easy to make my apology for retiring. I went into my own room for my cloak, and, as usual, found Madame La Fite just waiting for me. She was all emotion — she seized my hand

—“Have you heard? — *O, mon Dieu!* — *O, le bon Roi!* *Oh, Miss Burney!* — *what an horreur!*”

I was very much startled, but soon ceased to wonder at her perturbation; — she had been in the room with the Princess Elizabeth, and there heard, from Miss Goldsworthy, that an attempt had just been made upon the life of the King!

I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this King is not safe — good, pious, beneficent as he is — if his life is in danger, from his own subjects, what is to guard the Throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure?

Mrs. Goldsworthy had taken every possible precaution so to tell the matter to the Princess Elizabeth as least to alarm her, lest it might occasion a return of her spasms; but, fortunately, she cried so exceedingly that it was hoped the vent of her tears would save her from those terrible convulsions.

Madame La Fite had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars; but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner — namely, how they were related to the Queen. And as the newspapers will have told you all else, I shall only and briefly tell that.

No information arrived here of the matter before his Majesty's return, at the usual hour in the afternoon, from the levée. The Spanish Minister had hurried off instantly to Windsor, and was in waiting, at Lady Charlotte Finch's, to be ready to assure her Majesty of the King's safety, in case any report anticipated his return.

The Queen had the two eldest Princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Lady Charlotte Bertie with her when the King came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said, “Here I am! — safe and well — as you see! — but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed!”

His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally showing it to the Queen, made him not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The Queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her, and, after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the Duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both burst into tears — “I envy you! — I can’t cry!”

The two Princesses were for a little while in the same state; but the tears of the Duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

You may have heard it wrong; I will concisely tell it right. His carriage had just stopped at the garden-door at St. James’s, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently-dressed woman,¹ who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up, and had the usual superscription — “For the King’s Most Excellent Majesty.” She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the King bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart!

The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand made her design perceived before it could be executed; — the King started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before he had time to prevent her; — and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand. “Has she cut my waistcoat?” cried he, in telling it, — “Look! for I have had no time to examine.” Thank heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far. “Though nothing,” added the King, in giving his relation, “could have been sooner done, for

¹ Margaret Nicholson.

there was nothing for her to go through but a thin linen and fat."

While the guards and his own people now surrounded the King, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murderous purpose, when the King, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob, "The poor creature is mad! — Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!" He then came forward, and showed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levée.

There is something in the whole of his behavior upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage: for in a moment so extraordinary — an attack, in this country, unheard of before — to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy — to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life, — these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

When I went to the Queen at night she scarce once opened her lips. Indeed, I could not look at her without feeling the tears ready to start into my eyes. But I was very glad to hear again the voice of the King, though only from the next apartment, and calling to one of his dogs.

AUGUST 3RD. — The poor Queen looked so ill that it was easy to see how miserable had been her night. It is unfortunately the unalterable opinion of Mrs. Schwellenberg that some latent conspiracy belongs to this attempt, and

therefore that it will never rest here. This dreadful suggestion preys upon the mind of the Queen, though she struggles to conquer or conceal it. I longed passionately this morning, when alone with her, to speak upon the matter, and combat the opinion ; but as she still said nothing, it was not possible.

When she was dressed for the chapel, she desired me to keep little Badine ; but he ran out after her : I ran too, and in the gallery leading from the Queen's room to mine, all the Princesses and their governesses, were waiting for the Queen. They all looked very ill, the Princess Royal particularly. — Oh, well indeed might they tremble ! for a father more tender, more kind, more amiable, I believe has scarcely ever had daughters to bless.

The Princess Mary assisted me to recover the little dog, or, rather, took all the trouble herself, for she caught him and brought him to me in her arms ; and the Princess Augusta very sweetly came up to me, to say she had just seen Mrs. Delany pass by to the chapel, which must be a proof of her health.

I then passed on to my own room, which terminates this gallery. But I have since heard it is contrary to rule to pass even the door of an apartment in which any of the royal family happen to be, if it is open. However, these little formalities are all dispensed with to the ignorant ; and as I learn better I shall observe them more. I am now obliged to feel and find my way as I can, having no friend, adviser, nor informer in the whole house. Accident only gives me any instruction, and that generally arrives too late to save an error. My whole dependence is upon the character of the Queen ; her good sense and strong reason will always prevent the unnecessary offence of ranking mistakes from inexperience, with disrespect or inattention. I have never, therefore, a moment's uneasiness

upon these points. Though there is a lady who from time to time represents them as evils the most heinous.

I had afterwards a letter from my poor Mrs. Delany, written with her own hand, and with a pencil, as she is now too indistinct of sight to see even a word. She writes therefore only by memory, and, if with pen and ink, cannot find her place again when she leaves it, to dip the pen in the inkstand.

She had escaped the news at the chapel, by the care of Lady Spencer, who had been cautioned to watch her; but she had been told it afterwards by Lady Spencer herself, lest it should reach her ears in any worse manner. You may imagine how greatly it shocked her. I ran to answer her note in person, determining, upon such an occasion, to risk appearing before the Queen a second time in my morning dress, rather than not satisfy my dear Mrs. Delany by word of mouth. I gave her all the comfort in my power, and raised her agitated spirits by dwelling upon the escape, and slightly passing by the danger.

The Queen was so late before her second summons that I was still in time. I found her with her eyes almost swollen out of her head, but more cheerful and easy, and evidently relieved by the vent forced, at length, to her tears.

She now first spoke upon the subject to me; inquiring how Mrs. Delany had borne the hearing of it. I told her of the letter sent me in the morning, and half proposed showing it, as it expressed her feelings beyond the power of any other words. She bowed her desire to see it, and I ran and brought it. She read it aloud, Mrs. Schwellenberg being present, and was pleased and soothed by it.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6TH.—The private conduct of the Royal Family is all so good, so exemplary, that it is with the greatest pleasure I take, from time to time, occasion

to give my Susan some traits of it. This morning, before church, Miss Planta was sent to me by the Queen, for some snuff, to be mixed as before: when I had prepared it, I carried it, as directed, to her Majesty's dressing-room. I turned round the lock, for that, not rapping at the door, is the mode of begging admission; and she called out to me to come in. I found her reading, aloud, some religious book, but I could not discover what, to the three eldest Princesses. Miss Planta was in waiting. She continued after my entrance, only motioning to me that the snuff might be put in a box upon the table.

Just as I had slowly finished my commission, the King entered. She then stopped, and rose; so instantly did the Princesses. He had a letter in his hand open: he said something to the Queen in German, and they left the room together; but he turned round from the door, and first spoke to me, with a good-humored laugh, saying, "Miss Burney, I hear you cook snuff very well." "Cook snuff!" repeated the Princess Augusta, laughing, and coming up to me the moment they left the room. "Pray, Miss Burney, let me have one pinch!" The Princess Elizabeth ran up to me, also, exclaiming, "Miss Burney, I hope you hate snuff? I hope you do, for I hate it of all things in the world!"

In the afternoon I had a sweet visit from Mrs. Delany, who stayed with me till the evening party, when she accompanied me into the tea-room, where we found the Duke of Montagu, M. del Campo, the German Baron, and Mr. Fisher, with the two customary beaux.

Just as tea was over, the door opened, and the King entered. He only seized Mrs. Delany by the arm, and laughing a little at the *enlèvement*, instantly carried her away with him to the concert-room. I was very glad to lose her thus, knowing well the great gratification she receives from the honors done her by such sovereigns.

The Major and General immediately followed, but the Baron stayed, and while he engrossed Mrs. Schwellenberg — (I wish he would live here!) — and M. del Campo the Duke, Mr. Fisher, for the first time, entered into conversation with me, and spoke to me of Mrs. Thrale — with whom he had seen me in former times — with such candor that it quite won my heart.

During this discourse, Westerhahl, one of Mrs. Schwellenberg's domestics, called me out of the room. John waited to speak to me in the gallery. "What time, ma'am," cried he, "shall you have your supper?"

"What supper?" cried I. "I only eat fruit, as usual."

"Have not you ordered supper, ma'am, for to-night?"

"No."

"There is one cooking for you — a fowl and peas."

"It's some great mistake; run down and tell them so."

I returned to the company, and would have related the adventure, had I been in spirits; but voluntary speech escaped me not. Where I am not happy, or forced to it, it never does. In silence and in quiet, I court repose and revival; and I think, my dearest Susan, I feel that they will come.

Presently I was called out again.

"Ma'am," cried John, "the supper is ordered in your name. I saw the order — the clerk of the kitchen gave it in."

This was the most ridiculous thing I ever heard. I desired him to run down forthwith, and inquire by whose directions all this was done.

He came back, and said, "By Sir Francis Drake's."

Sir Francis Drake is, I think, steward of the household.

I then desired him to interfere no more, but let the matter be pursued in their own way.

As soon as the company was gone, all but a Miss Mawer,

who is on a visit to Mrs. Schwellenberg, I told my tale. Mrs. Schwellenberg said the orders had been hers, that a hot supper belonged to my establishment, and that sometimes she might come and eat it with me.

I had not a word to add. At ten o'clock, both she and Miss Mawer accompanied me to my room.

Miss Mawer is an old maid; tall, thin, sharp-featured, hurrying and disagreeable in her manner, but, I believe, good-natured and good-hearted, from all I have observed in her. The smell of the meat soon grew offensive to Mrs. Schwellenberg, who left me with Miss Mawer. As I never eat any myself at night, all I could devise to make the perfume tolerable was to consider it as an opportunity for a lesson in carving: so I went to work straight-forward to mangle my unbidden guest, for the use and service of Miss Mawer.

Soon after, I was delighted and surprised by the entrance of Mrs. Delany, ushered to my room by Major Price. The concert being over, and the Royal Family retired to supper, she would not go away without seeing me. I thanked the Major for bringing me so sweet a guest, but almost fear he expected to be invited in with her. I am sure I could have had nothing but pleasure from his joining us; but I had made a rule, on my thus first setting up for myself, to invite no man whatever, young, old, married, single, acquaintance or stranger, till I knew precisely the nature of my own situation: for I had been warned by an excellent friend, Mrs. De Luc, on my first entrance into office, that there was no drawing back in a place such as this; and that therefore I ought studiously to *keep* back, till I felt my way, and knew, experimentally, what I could do, and what I should wish to leave alone.

This advice has been of singular use to me, in a thousand particulars, from the very first to the present day of

my abode in this Lodge. Mrs. De Luc trusted me with several other private hints, that have proved of the greatest utility to me. Indeed, I never see her without receiving the most indubitable testimonies of her confidence and friendship.

MONDAY, AUGUST 7TH.—This has been the first cheerful day since the memorable and alarming attack of the 2nd of August. It was the birthday of the little Princess Amelia; and the fondness of the whole family for that lovely child, and her own infantine enjoyment of the honours paid her, have revived the spirits of the whole house.

The manner of keeping the birthdays here is very simple. All the Royal Family are new-dressed; so—at least so they appear—are all their attendants. The dinners and desserts are unusually sumptuous; and some of the principal officers of state, and a few of the ladies of the court, come to Windsor to make their compliments; and at night there is a finer concert, by an addition from town of the musicians belonging to the Queen's band. If the weather is fine, all the family walk upon the terrace, which is crowded with people of distinction, who take that mode of showing respect, to avoid the trouble and fatigue of attending at the following drawing-room.

Another method, too, which is taken to express joy and attachment upon these occasions, is by going to the eight o'clock prayers at the Royal Chapel. The congregation all assemble, after the service, in the opening at the foot of the great stairs which the Royal Family descend from their gallery; and there those who have any pretensions to notice scarce ever fail to meet with it.

To-day, this Staircase Drawing-room, as it is named by Major Price, was very much crowded; and it was a sweet sight to me, from my windows, to see that the royal group—respectfully followed by many people of distinction, who

came on the occasion, and, at a still greater distance, encircled by humbler, but not less loyal congratulators — had their chief attention upon my dear, aged, venerable Mrs. Delany, who was brought in by the King and Queen, to partake with them the birthday breakfast.

In the evening, for the first time since my arrival, I went upon the terrace, under the wing and protection of my dear Mrs. Delany, who was tempted to walk there herself, in order to pay her respects on the little Princess's birthday. She was carried in her chair to the foot of the steps. Mrs. Delany was desirous to save herself for the royal encounter: she therefore sat down on the first seat till the royal party appeared in sight: we then, of course, stood up.

It was really a mighty procession. The little Princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and a fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted in the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed: for all the terracers stand up against the walls, to make a clear passage for the Royal Family, the moment they come in sight. Then followed the King and Queen, no less delighted themselves with the joy of their little darling. The Princess Royal, leaning on Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, followed at a little distance. Next the Princess Augusta, holding by the Duchess of Ancaster; and next the Princess Elizabeth, holding by Lady Charlotte Bertie. Office here takes place of rank, which occasioned Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, as lady of her bedchamber, to walk with the Princess Royal. Then followed the Princess Mary with Miss Goldsworthy, and the Princess Sophia with Mademoiselle Monmoulin and Miss Planta; then General Budé and the Duke of Montagu; and, lastly, Major Price, who, as equerry, always brings up the rear,

walks at a distance from the group, and keeps off all crowd from the Royal Family.

On sight of Mrs. Delany, the King instantly stopped to speak to her. The Queen, of course, and the little Princess, and all the rest, stood still, in their ranks. They talked a good while with the sweet old lady ; during which time the King once or twice addressed himself to me. I caught the Queen's eye, and saw in it a little surprise, but by no means any displeasure, to see me of the party. The little Princess went up to Mrs. Delany, of whom she is very fond, and behaved like a little angel to her: she then, with a look of inquiry and recollection, slowly, of her own accord, came behind Mrs. Delany to look at me. "I am afraid," said I, in a whisper, and stooping down, "your Royal Highness does not remember me?"

What think you was her answer? An arch little smile, and a nearer approach, with her lips pouted out to kiss me. I could not resist so innocent an invitation ; but the moment I had accepted it, I was half afraid it might seem, in so public a place, an improper liberty : however, there was no help for it. She then took my fan, and having looked at it on both sides, gravely returned it me, saying, "O! a brown fan!" The King and Queen then bid her curtsy to Mrs. Delany, which she did most gracefully, and they all moved on ; each of the Princesses speaking to Mrs. Delany as they passed, and condescending to curtsy to her companion.

AUGUST 8TH. — An exceeding pretty scene was exhibited to-day to their Majesties. We came, as usual on every alternate Tuesday, to Kew. The Queen's Lodge is at the end of a long meadow, surrounded with houses, which is called Kew Green ; and this was quite filled with all the inhabitants of the place — the lame, old, blind, sick, and infants, who all assembled, dressed in their Sunday garb,

to line the sides of the roads through which their Majesties passed, attended by a band of musicians, arranged in the front, who began "God save the King!" the moment they came upon the Green, and finished it with loud huzzas. This was a compliment at the expense of the better inhabitants, who paid the musicians themselves, and mixed in with the group, which indeed left not a soul, I am told, in any house in the place.

This testimony of loyal satisfaction in the King's safe return, after the attempted assassination, affected the Queen to tears: nor were they shed alone; for almost everybody's flowed that witnessed the scene. The Queen, in speaking of it afterwards, said, "I shall always love little Kew for this!" At the second toilette to-day, Mrs. Schwollenberg, who left the dressing-room before me, called out at the door, "Miss Bernar, when you have done from the Queen, come to my room." There was something rather more peremptory in the order than was quite pleasant to me, and I rather dryly answered, "Very well, Mrs. Schwollenberg."

When I went to Mrs. Schwollenberg, she said, "You might know I had something to say to you, by my calling you before the Queen." She then proceeded to a long prelude, which I could but ill comprehend, save that it conveyed much of obligation on my part, and favor on hers; and then ended with, "I might tell you now, the Queen is going to Oxford, and you might go with her; it is a secret—you might not tell it nobody. But I tell you once, I shall do for you what I can; you are to have a gown."

I stared, and drew back, with a look so undisguised of wonder and displeasure at this extraordinary speech, that I saw it was understood, and she then thought it time, therefore, to name her authority, which, with great emphasis, she did thus: "The Queen will give you a gown! The Queen says you are not rich," &c. There was something

in the manner of this quite intolerable to me ; and I hastily interrupted her with saying, " I have two new gowns by me, and therefore do not require another."

Seeing the wonder and displeasure now hers, I calmly added, " The Queen is very good, and I am very sensible of her Majesty's graciousness ; but there is not, in this instance, the least occasion for it." " Miss Bernar," cried she, quite angrily, " I tell you once, when the Queen will give you a gown, you must be humble, thankful, when you are Duchess of Ancaster !" She then enumerated various ladies to whom her Majesty had made the same present, many of them of the first distinction, and all, she said, great secrets. Still I only repeated again the same speech. I can bear to be checked and curbed in discourse, and would rather be subdued into silence — and even, if that proves a gratification that secures peace and gives pleasure, into apparent insensibility ; but to receive a favor through the vehicle of insolent ostentation — no ! no ! To submit to ill humor rather than argue and dispute I think an exercise of patience, and I encourage myself all I can to practise it : but to accept even a shadow of an obligation upon such terms I should think mean and unworthy ; and therefore I mean always, in a Court as I would elsewhere, to be open and fearless in declining such subjection.

At tea I found a new uniform. Major Price immediately introduced me to him ; he was Colonel Fairly. He is a man of the most scrupulous good-breeding, diffident, gentle, and sentimental in his conversation, and assiduously attentive in his manners. He married Lady —, and I am told is a most tender husband to her. A very unfortunate subject happened to be started during our tea ; namely, the newspaper attacks upon Mrs. Hastings. The Colonel, very innocently, said he was very sorry that lady was ever mentioned in the same paragraph with her Maj-

esty. Mrs. Schwollenberg indignantly demanded "Why? — where? — when? and what?"

Unconscious of her great friendship for Mrs. Hastings, the Colonel, unfortunately, repeated his concern, adding, "Nothing has hurt me so much as the Queen's being ever named in such company." The most angry defence was now made, but in so great a storm of displeasure, and confusion of language, that the Colonel, looking utterly amazed, was unable to understand what was the matter.

Major Price and myself were both alarmed; Miss P—— longed to laugh; Miss Mawer sat perfectly motionless; Mr. Fisher decidedly silent. No one else was present. The Colonel, whenever he could be heard, still persisted in his assertion, firmly, though gently, explaining the loyalty of his motives. This perseverance increased the storm, which now blew with greater violence, less and less distinct as more fierce. Broken sentences were all that could be articulated. "You might not say such thing!" — "Upon my vord!" — "I tell you once!" — "Colonel what-you-call, — I am quite warm!" — "Upon my vord — I tell you the same!" — "You might not tell me such thing!" "What for you say all that?"

As there was nothing in this that could possibly clear the matter, and the poor Colonel only sunk deeper and deeper, by not understanding the nature of his offence, Major Price now endeavored to interfere; and, as he is a great favorite, he was permitted not only to speak, but to be heard. "Certainly," said he, "those accounts about Mrs. Hastings, and the history of her divorce, are very unpleasant anecdotes in public newspapers; and I am sorry, too, that they should be told in the same paragraph that mentions her being received by the Queen." Nothing could equal the consternation with which this unexpected

speech was heard. "Upon my vord! You surprise me!" was all that could now be got out.

As I found them now only running further from general comprehension, I felt so sorry that poor Mrs. Hastings, whom I believe to be a most injured woman, should so ill be defended, even by her most zealous friend, that I compelled myself to the exertion of coming forward, now, in her behalf myself; and I therefore said, it was a thousand pities her story should not be more accurately made known: as the mode of a second marriage from a divorce was precisely the contrary here of what it was in Germany; since here it could only take place upon misconduct, and there, I had been told, a divorce from misconduct prohibited a second marriage, which could only be permitted where the divorce was the mere effect of disagreement from dissimilar tempers. Mrs. Hastings, therefore, though acquitted of ill-behavior by the laws of her own country, seemed, by those of England, convicted; and I could not but much regret that her vindication was not publicly made by this explanation. "So do I, too," cried Major Price; "for I never heard this before." "Nor I," cried the Colonel; "and indeed it ought to be made known, both for the sake of Mrs. Hastings, and because she has been received at Court, which gave everybody the greatest surprise, and me, in my ignorance, the greatest concern, 'on account of the Queen.'"

This undid all again, though my explanation had just stilled the hurricane; but now it began afresh. "You might not say that, Colonel Fairly; you might not name the Queen!—O, I can't bear it!—I tell you once it is too moch!—What for you tell me that?"

"Ma'am, I—I only said—It is not me, ma'am, but the newspapers—" "What for you have such newspapers?—I tell you the same—it is—what you call—I don't like such thing!" "But, ma'am—" "O, upon my vord,

I might tell you once, when you name the Queen, it is — what you call — I can't bear it! — when it is nobody else, with all my heart! — I might not care for that — but when it is the Queen, — I tell you the same, Colonel Fairly — it makes me — what you call — perspire."

The Major again interfered, saying it was now all cleared up, by the account of the difference of the German customs, and therefore that it was all very well. A certain quiet, but yet decisive way, in which he sometimes speaks, was here very successful; and as the lady stopped, the Colonel saw all explanation too desperate to aim at further argument.

AUGUST 12TH, SATURDAY. — I come now to the Oxford expedition. The plan was to spend one day at Lord Harcourt's, at Nuneham, one at Oxford, and one at Blenheim; dining and sleeping always at Nuneham. I now a little regretted that I had declined meeting Lady Harcourt, when invited to see her at Mrs. Vesey's about three years ago. I was not, just then, very happy — and I was surfeited of new acquaintances; when the invitation, therefore, came, I sent an excuse. But now when I was going to her house, I wished I had had any previous knowledge of her, to lessen the difficulties of my first appearance in my new character, upon attending the Queen on a visit.

I said something of this sort to Mrs. Schwellenberg, in our conversation the day before the journey; and she answered that it did not signify; for, as I went with the Queen, I might be sure I should be civilly treated. Yes, I said, I generally had been; and congratulated myself that at least I knew a little of Lord Harcourt, to whom I had been introduced, some years ago, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and whom I had since met two or three times. "Oh," she cried, "it is the same, — that is nothing, — when you go with the Queen, it is enough; they might be civil

to you for that sake. You might go quite without no, what you call, fuss; you might take no gown but what you go in: — that is enough, — you might have no servant, — for what? — You might keep on your riding-dress. There is no need you might be seen. I shall do everything that I can to assist you to appear for nobody." I leave you to imagine my thanks.

We arrived at Nuneham at about six o'clock.

The house is one of those straggling, half-new, half-old, half-comfortable, and half-forlorn mansions, that are begun in one generation and finished in another. It is very pleasantly situated, and commands, from some points of view, all the towers of Oxford.

In going across the park to the entrance, we saw not a creature. All were busy, either in attendance upon the royal guests, or in finding hiding-places from whence to peep at them.

We stopped at the portico, — but not even a porter was there; we were obliged to get out of the carriage by the help of one of the postilions, and to enter the house by the help of wet grass, which would not suffer me to stay out doors; otherwise, I felt so strange in going in uninvited and uncondacted, that I should have begged leave to stroll about till somebody appeared.

Miss Planta, more used to these expeditions, though with quite as little taste for them, led the way, and said we had best go and see for our own rooms.

I was quite of the same opinion, but much at a loss how we might find them. We went through various passages, unknowing whither they might lead us, till at length we encountered a prodigious fine servant. Miss Planta asked him for Lady Harcourt's maid; he bowed slightly, and passed on without making any answer.

Very pleasant this! — I then begged we might turn back,

not caring for another adventure of the same sort. Miss Planta complied; and we met two more of the yellow-laced saunterers, with whom she had precisely the same success.

I think I never remember to have felt so much shame from my situation as at that time. To arrive at a house where no mistress nor master of it cared about receiving me; to wander about, a guest uninvited, a visitor unthought of; without even a room to go to, a person to inquire for, or even a servant to speak to! It was now I felt the real want of either a man or maid, to send forward, and find out what we were to do with ourselves; and indeed I resolved, then, I would not another time be so passive to unauthorized directions.

The fault of this strange reception was certainly in the lady of the house, whose affair it was to have given orders, previous to our arrival, that some of her people should show us to whatever apartment she destined for us. The Queen herself had sent word that we were to attend her; and however impossible it was that she could receive us herself, which her own attendance upon their Majesties made really impracticable, it was incumbent upon her to have taken care that we should not have been utterly neglected.

We strayed thus, backwards and forwards, for a full quarter of an hour, in these nearly deserted straggling passages; and then, at length, met a French woman, whom Miss Planta immediately seized upon: it was Lady Harcourt's woman, and Miss Planta had seen her at Windsor.

"Pray show us," cried Miss Planta, "where we are to go."

She was civil, and led us to a parlor looking very pleasantly upon the park, and asked if we would have some tea. Miss Planta assented. She told us the King and Queen were in the park, and left us.

As there was a garden-door to this room, I thought it very possible the royal party and their suite might return to the house that way. This gave great addition to my discomposure, for I thought that to see them all in this forlorn plight would be still the worst part of the business; I therefore pressed Miss Planta to let us make another attempt to discover our own rooms.

Miss Planta laughed exceedingly at my disturbance, but complied very obligingly with my request.

The wardrobe-women had already been shown to the rooms they were to prepare for the Queen and the Princesses.

The King and Queen's suite, then in the house, were the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Charlotte Bertie, Colonel Fairly, and Major Price; with pages whose names I know not, and footmen, and two hairdressers.

The family party in the house were, the Lord and Lady; two Miss Vernons, sisters of Lady Harcourt; General Harcourt, brother to Lord Harcourt, and aide-de-camp to the King; and Mrs. Harcourt, his wife.

In this our second wandering forth we had no better success than in the first; we either met nobody, or only were crossed by such superfine men in laced liveries, that we attempted not to question them. My constant dread was of meeting any of the royal party, while I knew not whither to run. Miss Planta, more inured to such situations, was not at all surprised by our difficulties and disgraces, and only diverted by my distress from them.

We met at last with Mhaughendorf, and Miss Planta eagerly desired to be conducted to the Princesses' rooms, that she might see if everything was prepared for them.

When they had looked at the apartments destined for the Princesses, Miss Planta proposed our sitting down to our tea in the Princess Elizabeth's room. This was ex-

tremely disagreeable to me, as I was sensible it must seem a great freedom from me, should her Royal Highness surprise us there; but it was no freedom for Miss Planta, as she has belonged to all the Princesses these nine years, and is eternally in their sight. I could not, therefore, persuade her of the difference; and she desired Mhaughendorf to go and order our tea upstairs.

Miss Planta, followed by poor me, then whisked backwards and forwards, from one of the apartments to another, superintending all the preparations; and, as we were crossing a landing-place, a lady appeared upon the stairs, and Miss Planta called out "It's Lady Harcourt," and ran down to meet her.

They talked together a few minutes. "I must get you, Miss Planta," said she, looking up towards me, "to introduce me to Miss Burney."

She then came up the stairs, said she was glad to see me, and desired I would order anything I wanted, either for the Queen or for myself.

Cold enough was my silent curtsy.

She talked again to Miss Planta, who, already knowing her, from seeing her frequently when in waiting, as she is one of the ladies of the bedchamber, was much more sociable than myself.

She afterwards turned to me, and said, "If there is anything you want, Miss Burney, pray speak for it." And she added, "My sisters will attend you presently; — you will excuse me, — I have not a moment from their Majesties." And then she curtseyed, and left us.

We returned to the Princess Elizabeth's room, and there the tea followed, but not the promised sisters.

I never saw Miss Planta laugh so heartily before nor since; but my dismay was positively comical to behold.

The tea was but just poured out, when the door opened,

and in entered all the Princesses. I was very much ashamed, and started up, but had no asylum whither to run. They all asked us how we did after our journey; and I made an apology, as well as I could, to the Princess Elizabeth, for my intrusion into her apartment; confessing I did not know where to find my own.

The Princess Royal, eagerly coming up to me, said, "I thought you would be distressed at first arriving, and I wanted to help you; and I inquired where your room was, and said I would look at it myself; and I went round to it, but I found the King was that way, and so, you know, I could not go past him; but indeed I wished to have seen it for you."

There was hardly any thanking her for such infinite sweetness; — they then desired us to go on with our tea, and went into the Princess Royal's room.

I was now a little revived; and soon after the Princess Elizabeth came back, and asked if we had done, desiring us at the same time not to hurry.

Yes, we said; and ashamed of thus keeping possession of her room, I was gliding out, when she flew to me, and said, "Don't go! — pray come and stay with me a little." She then flew to another end of the room, and getting a chair, brought it herself close up to me, and seating herself on another, said, "Come, sit down by me, Miss Burney."

You may suppose how I resisted and apologized — truly telling her that I had not opposed her Royal Highness's design, from being ashamed of even suspecting it. She only laughed good humoredly, and made me take the chair she had thus condescended to fetch me.

"Well," cried she, drawing quite close to me — "so you have had Mrs. Locke with you? — how happy that must have made you!"

And then she went on, in a manner that seemed desirous

of being comfortable, till, in a very few minutes, the other Princesses came for her.

The Princess Royal then told me she was quite sorry to hear we had been so much distressed ; and I found Miss Planta had recounted our adventures.

I was not glad of this, though greatly gratified by the goodness of the Princess. But I know how quickly complaints circulate, and I wish not even for redress by such means, which commonly, when so obtained, is more humiliating than the offence which calls for it.

When the Princesses left us, we were again at a loss what to do with ourselves ; we saw several passing servants, maids as well as men, and Miss Planta applied to them all to show me my room, which I was anxious to inhabit in peace and solitude : however, they all promised to send some one else, but no one came. Miss Planta, in the midst of the diversion she received from my unavailing earnestness to get into some retreat, had the good nature to say, “ I knew how this would turn out, and wished the visit over before it began ; but it must really be very new to you, unused as you are to it, and accustomed to so much attention in other places.”

At length she seized upon a woman-servant, who undertook to conduct me to this wished-for room. Miss Planta accompanied me, and off we set.

In descending the stairs, a door opened which led to one of the state rooms, in which were the Royal Family. We glided softly past ; but the Princess Royal, attended by the Duchess of Ancaster, came out to us. We soon found her Royal Highness had told our tale. “ Miss Vernons,” said the Duchess, “ will come to take care of you ; you must both go and take possession of the eating-parlor, where you will sup ; and the equerries will be of your party.”

I said not a word, but of general thanks, still longing

only to go to my own room. I whispered this to Miss Planta, who obligingly, though rather reluctantly, consented to pursue our first scheme. But when the Duchess observed that we were turning off, she called out, "I see you do not know your way, so I'll come and show you to the eating-parlor." The Princess Royal said she would come with us also; and, according to direction, we were therefore necessitated to proceed.

When we got to the hall leading to this parlor, we were suddenly stopped by the appearance of the King, who just then came out of that very room. Lord Harcourt attended, with a candle in his hand, and a group of gentlemen followed.

We were advanced too far to retreat, and therefore only stood still. The King stopped, and spoke to the Duchess of Ancaster; and then spoke very graciously to Miss Planta and me, inquiring when we set out, and what sort of journey we had had. He then ascended the stairs, the Princess Royal accompanying him, and all the rest following; the Duchess first pointing to the door of the eating-parlor, and bidding us go there, and expect Miss Vernons.

Lord Harcourt, during this meeting, had contrived to slip behind the King, to make me a very civil bow; and when his Majesty moved on, he slid nearer me, and whispered a welcome to his house, in very civil terms. This was all he could do, so situated.

We now entered the eating-room. We sat down—but no Miss Vernons! Presently the door opened—I hoped they were coming—but a clergyman, a stranger to us both, appeared. This gentleman, I afterwards found, was Mr. Hagget, chaplain to Lord Harcourt, and rector of a living in his lordship's gift and neighborhood; a young man, sensible, easy, and remarkably handsome, in very high favor with all the family.

With nobody to introduce us to each other, we could but rise and bow, and curtsy, and sit down again.

In a few minutes, again the door gave hopes to me of Miss Vernons ; but there only appeared a party of gentlemen.

Major Price came foremost, and immediately introduced me to General Harcourt. The General is a very shy man, with an air of much haughtiness ; he bowed and retreated, and sat down, and was wholly silent.

Colonel Fairly followed him, and, taking a chair next mine, began some of the civilest speeches imaginable, concerning this opportunity of making acquaintance with me.

Just then came in a housemaid, and said she would show me my room. I rose hastily. Miss Planta, who knew everybody present except the clergyman, was now willing to have sat still and chatted ; but nothing short of compulsion could have kept me in such a situation, and therefore I instantly accompanied the maid ; and poor Miss Planta could not stay behind.

The truth is, the non-appearance of any of the ladies of the house struck me to be so extremely uncivil, that I desired nothing but to retire from all the party.

I felt quite relieved when I had once taken possession of a room that, for the time, I might call my own ; and I could not possibly listen to Miss Planta's desire of returning to the company. I told her frankly, that it was a situation so utterly disagreeable to me, that I must beg to decline placing myself in it again.

She was afraid, she said, that, as the Duchess of Ancaster had taken the trouble to show us the room, and to tell us what to do, in the presence of the Princess Royal, the Queen might hear of our absconding, and not be pleased with it.

"I must risk that," I answered ; "I shall openly tell my

reasons, if questioned, and I firmly believe they will be satisfactory. If not questioned, I shall say nothing; and indeed I very much wish you would do the same."

She agreed — consented rather — and I was the more obliged to her from seeing it was contrary to her inclination. I was sorry, but I could not compliment at the expense of putting myself again into a situation I had been so earnest to change. Miss Planta bore it very well, and only wished the maid farther, for never finding us out till we began to be comfortable without her.

Here we remained about two hours, unsummoned, unnoticed, unoccupied — except in forcing open a box which Mrs. Thielky had lent me for my wardrobe, and of which I had left the key, ingeniously, at Windsor.

At ten o'clock a maid came to the door, and said supper was ready.

"Who sent you?" I called out.

"Whom do you come from?" cried Miss Planta.

She was gone — we could get no answer.

About a quarter of an hour after, one of those gentlemen footmen, for whom you must already have discovered my partiality, called out, from the stairs, without troubling himself to come to the door, "The supper waits."

He was already gone; but Miss Planta darted after him, calling out, "Who sent you? — who did you come to?"

She was not heard by this gentleman, but what she said was echoed after him by some other, and the answer that reached our ears was, "The Equerries want the ladies."

This was enough; Miss Planta returned quite indignant, after hastily replying, "We don't choose any supper."

We were now precisely of an opinion. Miss Planta, indeed, was much more angry than myself; for I was very sure the equerries had sent a very different message, and therefore thought nothing of the words used by the ser-

vant, but confined all my dissatisfaction to its first origin — the incivility in the ladies of the house, that they came not themselves, or some one from them, to invite us in a manner that might be accepted.

From this time, however, we became more comfortable, as absconding was our mutual desire; and we were flung, by this means, into a style of sociability we might else never have arrived at.

We continued together till Miss Planta thought it right to go and see if Mhaughendorf had prepared everything for the Princesses; and then I was left to myself — the very companion I just at that time most wished a tête-à-tête with — till I was summoned to the Queen.

In this tête-à-tête, I determined very concisely upon my plan of procedure; which was to quietly keep my own counsel, unless I found my conduct disapproved; and, in that case, to run all risks in openly declaring that I must always prefer solitude to society upon terms to which I was unaccustomed.

A little after the scenes I have described, I was surprised, when, late at night, my summons was brought me by Lady Harcourt, who tapped gently at my door, and made me a little visit, previously to telling me her errand. She informed me, also, that the Queen had given her commands for Miss Planta and me to belong to the suite the next day, in the visit to Oxford; and that a carriage was accordingly ordered for us.

The Queen said not a word to me of the day's adventures; and I was glad to have them passed over, especially as Lady Harcourt's visit, and the civility which accompanied it, appeared a little conscious of remissness. But when, in speaking of Oxford, her Majesty condescended to ask what gown I had brought with me, how did I rejoice to answer, a new Chambéry gauze, instead of

only that which I have on, according to my Cerbera's advice.

And now for the Oxford expedition.

The city of Oxford afforded us a very noble view on the road, and its spires, towers, and domes soon made me forget all the little objects of minor spleen that had been crossing me as I journeyed towards them; and indeed, by the time I arrived in the midst of them, their grandeur, nobility, antiquity, and elevation impressed my mind so forcibly, that I felt for the first time since my new situation had taken place a rushing in of ideas that had no connection with it whatever.

The roads were lined with decently-dressed people, and High Street was so crowded we were obliged to drive gently and carefully, to avoid trampling the people to death. Yet their behavior was perfectly respectful and proper. Nothing could possibly be better conducted than the whole of this expedition. We all drove straight to the theatre, in procession. Here, in alighting from the carriages, there was some difficulty, on account of the pressure of the people to see the King and Queen, and Princesses: however, even then, it was still the genteelst and most decent crowd I ever saw.

Here it was that Major Price signalized that part of his character I have so strongly marked, of his being truly a gentleman. It was his business to attend and guard the King; but he was determined to take almost equal care of some of his Majesty's subjects: he was everybody's equerry during the whole expedition, assisting and looking after every creature, seeing us all out of our carriages and into them, and addressing the people, when they pressed too forward, with a steadiness and authority that made them quicker in retreat than all the staves of all the constables, who were attending by dozens at the entrance of every college.

At the outward gate of the theatre, the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Chapman, received their Majesties. All the Professors, Doctors, &c., then in Oxford, arrayed in their professional robes, attended him. — How I wished my dear father amongst them!

The Vice-Chancellor then conducted their Majesties along the inner court to the door of the theatre, all the rest following; and there, waiting their arrival, stood the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquis of Blandford, in a nobleman's Oxford robe, and Lady Caroline and Lady Elizabeth Spencer.

After they had all paid their duties, a regular procession followed, which I should have thought very pretty, and much have liked to have seen, had I been a mere looker-on; but I was frequently at a loss what to do with myself, and uncertain whether I ought to proceed in the suite, or stand by as a spectator; and Miss Planta was still, if possible, more fearful.

The theatre was filled with company, all well dressed, and arranged in rows around it. The area below them was entirely empty, so that there was not the least confusion. The Chancellor's chair, at the head of about a dozen steps, was prepared for the King; and just below him, to his left, a form for the Queen and the Princesses.

The Vice-Chancellor then made a low obeisance to the King, and producing a written paper, began the Address of the University, to thank his Majesty for this second visit, and to congratulate him and the nation on his late escape from assassination. He read it in an audible and distinct voice; and in its conclusion, an address was suddenly made to the Queen, expressive of much concern for her late distress, and the highest and most profound veneration for her amiable and exalted character.

I question if there was one dry eye in the theatre. The

tribute, so just, so honorable, so elegant, paid to the exalted character of the Queen, affected everybody, with joy for her escape from affliction, and with delight at the reward and the avowal of her virtues.

When the address was ended, the King took a paper from Lord Harcourt, and read his answer. The King reads admirably ; with ease, feeling, and force, and without any hesitation. His voice is particularly full and fine. I was very much surprised by its effect.

When he had done, he took off his hat, and bowed to the Chancellor and Professors, and delivered the answer to Lord Harcourt, who, walking backwards, descended the stairs, and presented it to the Vice-Chancellor.

All this ceremony was so perfectly new to me, that I rejoiced extremely in not missing it. Indeed I would not have given up the pleasure of seeing the Queen on this occasion for any sort of sight that could have been exhibited to me.

Next followed music: a good organ, very well played, anthemed and voluntary-ed us for some time.

The Vice-Chancellor and Professors begged for the honor of kissing the King's hand. Lord Harcourt was again the backward messenger; and here followed a great mark of goodness in the King: he saw that nothing less than a thoroughbred old courtier, such as Lord Harcourt, could walk backwards down these steps, before himself, and in sight of so full a hall of spectators; and he therefore dispensed with being approached to his seat, and walked down himself into the area, where the Vice-Chancellor kissed his hand, and was imitated by every Professor and Doctor in the room.

Notwithstanding this considerate good-nature in his Majesty, the sight, at times, was very ridiculous. Some of the worthy collegiates, unused to such ceremonies, and un-

accustomed to such a presence, the moment they had kissed the King's hand, turned their backs to him, and walked away as in any common room; others, attempting to do better, did still worse, by tottering and stumbling, and falling foul of those behind them; some, ashamed to kneel, took the King's hand straight up to their mouths; others, equally off their guard, plumped down on both knees, and could hardly get up again; and many, in their confusion, fairly arose by pulling his Majesty's hand to raise them. As the King spoke to every one, upon Lord Harcourt's presenting them, this ceremonial took up a good deal of time; but it was too new and diverting to appear long.

It was vacation time; there were therefore none of the students present.

When the whole was over, we left the theatre in the same form we had entered it. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquis and the Ladies Spencer, attended the King and Queen to their carriages, and then went back to the theatre, to wait for their own. I cannot now go on with our progress regularly, for I do not remember it. I will only, therefore, in general, say, that I was quite delighted with the city, and so entertained and so pleased with such noble buildings as it presented to me, that I felt, as I have told you, a consciousness to pleasure revived in me, which had long lain nearly dormant.

At Christ Church College, where we arrived at about three o'clock, in a large hall there was a cold collation prepared for their Majesties and the Princesses. It was at the upper end of the hall. I could not see of what it consisted, though it would have been very agreeable, after so much standing and sauntering, to have given my opinion of it in an experimental way. Their Majesties and the Princesses sat down to this table; as well satisfied, I be-

lieve, as any of their subjects so to do. The Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt stood behind the chairs of the Queen and the Princess Royal. There were no other ladies of sufficient rank to officiate for Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth. Lord Harcourt stood behind the King's chair; and the Vice-Chancellor, and the head master of Christ Church, with salvers in their hands, stood near the table, and ready to hand to the three noble waiters whatever was wanted: while the other Reverend Doctors and Learned Professors stood aloof, equally ready to present to the Chancellor and the Master whatever they were to forward.

We, meanwhile, untitled attendants, stood at the other end of the room, forming a semicircle, and all strictly facing the royal collationers. We consisted of the Miss Vernons, thrown out here as much as their humble guests — Colonel Fairly, Major Price, General Harcourt, and, — though I know not why, — Lady Charlotte Bertie; — with all the inferior Professors, in their gowns, and some, too much frightened to advance, of the upper degrees. These, with Miss Planta, Mr. Hagget, and myself, formed this attendant semicircle.

The time of this collation was spent very pleasantly — to me, at least, to whom the novelty of the scene rendered it entertaining. It was agreed that we must all be absolutely famished unless we could partake of some refreshment, as we had breakfasted early, and had no chance of dining before six or seven o'clock. A whisper was soon buzzed through the semicircle, of the deplorable state of our appetite apprehensions; and presently it reached the ears of some of the worthy Doctors. Immediately a new whisper was circulated, which made its progress with great vivacity, to offer us whatever we would wish, and to beg us to name what we chose. Tea, coffee, and chocolate, were whispered

back. The method of producing, and the means of swallowing them, were much more difficult to settle than the choice of what was acceptable. Major Price and Colonel Fairly, however, seeing a very large table close to the wainscot behind us, desired our refreshments might be privately conveyed there, behind the semicircle, and that, while all the group backed very near it, one at a time might feed, screened by all the rest from observation.

I suppose I need not inform you, my dear Susan, that to eat in presence of any of the Royal Family, is as much *hors d'usage* as to be seated. This plan had speedy success, and the very good Doctors soon, by sly degrees and with watchful caution, covered the whole table with tea, coffee, chocolate, cakes, and bread and butter. The further plan, however, of one at a time feasting and the rest fasting and standing sentinels, was not equally approved; there was too much eagerness to seize the present moment, and too much fear of a sudden retreat, to give patience for so slow a proceeding. We could do no more, therefore, than stand in a double row, with one to screen one throughout the troop; and, in this manner, we were all very plentifully and very pleasantly served.

The Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt, as soon as the first serving attendance was over, were dismissed from the royal chairs, and most happy to join our group, and partake of our repast. The Duchess, extremely fatigued with standing, drew a small body of troops before her, that she might take a few minutes' rest on a form by one of the doors; and Lady Charlotte Bertie did the same, to relieve an ankle which she had unfortunately sprained. "Poor Miss Burney!" cried the good-natured Duchess, "I wish she could sit down, for she is unused to this work. She does not know yet what it is to stand for five hours following, as we do."

The beautiful window of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Jervis, in New College, would alone have recovered me, had my fatigue been infinitely more serious. In one of the colleges I stayed so long in an old chapel, lingering over antique monuments, that all the party were vanished before I missed them, except Doctors and Professors; for we had a train of those everywhere; and I was then a little surprised by the approach of one of them, saying, "You seem inclined to abide with us, Miss Burney?" — and then another, in an accent of facetious gallantry, cried, "No, no; don't let us shut up Miss Burney among old tombs! — No, no!" After this many of the good Doctors occasionally spoke to me, when there happened to be opportunity. How often did I wish my dear father amongst them! They considered me as a Doctor's daughter, and were all most excessively courteous — handing, and pointing, and showing me about as much as possible.

I think it was in Trinity College that we saw the noblest library I have ever happened to enter. For 't is but little, my dear Susan, I have seen of sights. Here we had new court scenery, in which I acted but an uncourtier-like part. The Queen and Princess had seats prepared for them, which, after a stroll up and down the library, they were glad, I believe, to occupy. The ladies of their suite were then graciously ordered by her Majesty to be seated, as there was not here the state or public appearance that was observed at the theatre, and in the college where the refreshments were given.

As to the poor men, they never must sit in the presence of the Queen, be they whom they will, or what they will: so they were fain to stand it out. Miss Planta glided away behind a pillar, and, being there unseen, was able to lounge a little. She was dreadfully tired. So was everybody but myself. For me, my curiosity was so

awake to everything, that I seemed insensible to all inconvenience.

I could not, in such a library, prevail with myself to so modest a retirement as Miss Planta's: I considered that the Queen had herself ordered my attendance in this expedition, and I thought myself very well privileged to make it as pleasant as I could. I therefore stole softly down the room to the further end, and there amused myself with examining what books were within reach of my eyes, and with taking down and looking into all such as were also within reach of my understanding. This was very pleasant sport to me, and, had we stayed there till midnight, would have kept me from weariness.

In another college (we saw so many, and in such quick succession, that I recollect not any by name, though all by situation) I saw a performance of courtly etiquette, by Lady Charlotte Bertie, that seemed to me as difficult as any feat I ever beheld, even at Astley's or Hughes's. It was an extremely large, long, spacious apartment. The King always led the way out, as well as in, upon all entrances and exits: but here, for some reason that I know not, the Queen was handed out first; and the Princesses, and the Aide-de-camp, and the Equerry followed. The King was very earnest in conversation with some Professor; the attendants hesitated whether to wait or follow the Queen; but presently the Duchess of Ancaster, being near the door, slipped out, and Lady Harcourt after her. The Miss Vernons, who were but a few steps from them, went next. But Lady Charlotte, by chance, happened to be very high up the room, and near to the King. Had I been in her position, I had surely waited till his Majesty went first; but that would not, I saw, upon this occasion, have been etiquette. She therefore faced the King, and began a march backwards — her ankle already sprained, and to walk for-

ward, and even leaning upon an arm, was painful to her: nevertheless, back she went, perfectly upright, without one stumble, without ever looking once behind to see what she might encounter; and with as graceful a motion, and as easy an air, as I ever saw anybody enter a long room, she retreated, I am sure, full twenty yards backwards out of one.

For me, I was also, unluckily, at the upper end of the room, looking at some portraits of founders, and one of Henry VIII. in particular, from Holbein. However, as soon as I perceived what was going forward — backward, rather — I glided near the wainscot (Lady Charlotte, I should mention, made her retreat along the very middle of the room), and having paced a few steps backwards, stopped short to recover, and, while I seemed examining some other portrait, disentangled my train from the heels of my shoes, and then proceeded a few steps only more; and then observing the King turn another way, I slipped a yard or two at a time forwards; and hastily looked back, and then was able to go again according to rule, and in this manner, by slow and varying means, I at length made my escape. Miss Planta stood upon less ceremony, and fairly ran off.

Since that time, however, I have come on prodigiously, by constant practice, in the power and skill of walking backwards, without tripping up my own heels, feeling my head giddy, or treading my train out of the plaits — accidents very frequent among novices in that business; and I have no doubt but that, in the course of a few months, I shall arrive at all possible perfection in the true court retrograde motion.

In another College, in an old Chapter House, I had the opportunity to see another court-scene. It was nearly round in shape, and had various old images and ornaments. We were all taken in by the Doctors attendant, and the

party, with Doctors and all, nearly filled it; but, finding it crowded, everybody stood upon the less ceremony, and we all made our examinations of the various contents of the room quite at our ease: till suddenly the King and Queen, perceiving two very heavy old-fashioned chairs were placed at the head of the room for their reception, graciously accepted them, and sat down. Nothing could exceed the celerity with which all confusion instantly was over, and the most solemn order succeeded to it. Chairs were presented to the three Princesses by the side of the Queen, and the Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt planted themselves at their backs; while Lady Charlotte instantly retreated close to the wall, and so did every creature else in the room, all according to their rank or station, and the Royal Family remained conspicuous and alone, all crowd dispersed, and the space of almost the whole room unoccupied before them, so close to the walls did everybody respectfully stand.

The last college we visited was Cardinal Wolsey's — an immense fabric. While roving about a very spacious apartment, Mr. F—— came behind me, and whispered that I might easily slip out into a small parlor, to rest a little while; almost everybody having taken some opportunity to contrive themselves a little sitting but myself. I assured him, very truly, I was too little tired to make it worth while; but poor Miss Planta was so wofully fatigued that I could not, upon her account, refuse to be of the party. He conducted us into a very neat little parlor, belonging to the master of the college, and Miss Planta flung herself on a chair, half dead with weariness.

Mr. F—— was glad of the opportunity to sit for a moment also; for my part, I was quite alert. Alas! my dear Susan, 'tis my mind that is so weak, and so open to disorder; my body, I really find, when it is an independent person, very

strong, and capable of much exertion without suffering from it. Mr. F—— now produced, from a paper repository concealed in his coat pocket, some apricots and bread, and insisted upon my eating; — but I was not inclined to the repast, and saw he was half famished himself; — so was poor Miss Planta: however, he was so persuaded I must both be as hungry and as tired as himself, that I was forced to eat an apricot to appease him. Presently, while we were in the midst of this regale, the door suddenly opened, and the Queen came in! — followed by as many attendants as the room would contain.

Up we all started, myself alone not discountenanced; for I really think it quite respect sufficient never to sit down in the royal presence, without aiming at having it supposed I have stood bolt upright ever since I have been admitted to it. Quick into our pockets was crammed our bread, and close into our hands was squeezed our fruit; by which I discovered that our appetites were to be supposed annihilated, at the same time that our strength was to be invincible. Very soon after this we were joined by the King, and in a few minutes we all paraded forth to the carriages, and drove back to Nuneham.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

August 20.

Has my dear Susan thought me quite dead? — not to write so long! and after such sweet converse as she has sent me. Oh, my beloved Susan, 't is a refractory heart I have to deal with! — it struggles so hard to be sad — and silent — and fly from you entirely, since it cannot fly entirely to you. I do all I can to conquer it, to content it, to give it a taste and enjoyment for what is still attainable;

but at times I cannot manage it, and it seems absolutely indispensable to my peace to occupy myself in anything rather than in writing to the person most dear to me upon earth! 'Tis strange — but such is the fact — and I now do best when I get with those who never heard of you, and who care not about me.

My dearest Mrs. Locke's visit to Kew had opened all my heart to its proper channels, and your dear — your soothing narrative had made it yearn to see you; but the cruel stroke of Mr. and Mrs. Locke both coming to Windsor in my absence, has turned my mortification back into the same dry course again.

If to you alone I show myself in these dark colors, can you blame the plan that I have intentionally been forming — namely, to wean myself from myself — to lessen all my affections — to curb all my wishes — to deaden all my sensations? This design, my Susan, I formed so long ago as the first day my dear father accepted my offered appointment: I thought that what demanded a complete new system of life required, if attainable, a new set of feelings for all enjoyment of new prospects, and for lessening regrets at what were quitted, or lost. Such being my primitive idea, merely from my grief of separation, imagine how it was strengthened and confirmed when the interior of my position became known to me! — when I saw myself expected by Mrs. Schwellenberg, not to be her colleague, but her dependent deputy! not to be her visitor at my own option, but her companion, her humble companion, at her own command! This has given so new a character to the place I had accepted under such different auspices, that nothing but my horror of disappointing, perhaps displeasing, my dearest father, has deterred me, from the moment that I made this mortifying discovery, from soliciting his leave to resign. But oh! my Susan — kind, good, in-

dulgent as he is to me, I have not the heart so cruelly to thwart his hopes — his views — his happiness in the honors he conceived awaiting my so unsolicited appointment. The Queen, too, is all sweetness, encouragement, and gracious goodness to me, and I cannot endure to complain to her of her old servant. You see, then, my situation; here I must remain! The die is cast, and that struggle is no more. To keep off every other, to support the loss of the dearest friends, and best society, and bear, in exchange, the tyranny, the *exigeance*, the *ennui*, and attempted indignities of their greatest contrast — this must be my constant endeavor.

My plan, in its full extent, I meant not to have told; but since so much of it, unhappily, burst from me in the hurry of that Friday morning, I have forced out the rest, to be a little less mysterious.

Amongst my sources of unhappiness in this extraordinary case is, the very favor that, in any other, might counteract it — namely, that of the Queen: for while, in a manner the most attractive, she seems inviting my confidence, and deigning to wish my happiness, she redoubles my conflicts never to shock her with murmurs against one who, however to me noxious and persecuting, is to her a faithful and truly devoted old servant. This will prevent my ever having my distress and disturbance redressed; for they can never be disclosed. Could I have, as my dear father conceived, all the time to myself, my friends, my leisure, or my own occupations, that is not devoted to my official duties, how different would be my feelings, how far more easily accommodated to my privations and sacrifices! Little does the Queen know the slavery I must either resist or endure. And so frightful is hostility, that I know not which part is hardest to perform.

What erasures! Can you read me? I blot, and re-

write — yet know not how to alter or what to send ; I so fear to alarm your tender kindness.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25TH. — To-day I had the happiness of seeing my dear Charlotte, for the first time since I parted with her almost at the altar.

The dear girl stayed a week and a day, and came to me constantly every morning, and almost every afternoon : even when I did not venture to keep her to tea, but was forced to part from her when it was announced. She was introduced to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and dined with us once, as also Mr. Francis ; and once I begged permission for meeting her at Mr. Hastings's, at Beaumont Lodge, where I passed an agreeable evening with that very intelligent and very informing man, whom I pity at my heart, for the persecutions he undergoes, and whom I think the man the most oppressed and injured of modern times. His lively and very pleasing wife contributed largely to the afternoon's well-doing.

I shall put the little occurrences of this week of her stay together, without journalizing.

I had one day a visit from Miss Gomme, who was brought by Madame la Fête. Miss Gomme was but lately settled at the Lower Lodge, where she is one of the governesses to the Princesses Mary and Sophia. She is short and plain, but sensible, cultivated, and possessed of very high spirits.

Another day — or rather night — I met accidentally Major Price in the Gallery, and he stopped me to talk over the F—— affair, which we mutually flatter ourselves is wholly blown over since his absence. This led on to other matters, and he frankly told me that there was not a man in the establishment that did not fear even speaking to me, from the apparent jealousy my arrival had awakened ; and after a little longer talk, opening still more, he

confessed that they had all agreed never to address me, but in necessary civilities that were unavoidable.

How curious ! I applauded the resolution, which I saw might save me from ill-will, as well as themselves. Yet he owned himself extremely surprised at my management, and acknowledged they had none of them expected I could possibly have done so well. "Nay," cried I, "I only do nothing ; that's all !" "But that," answered he, "is the difficulty ; to do nothing is the hardest thing possible." Much more passed, — for when he could speak he resolved to make himself amends for former silence.

This curious conference has been productive of an almost total reserve and taciturnity at our tea-meetings ; for now the Major has satisfied himself that I am informed of their motives, he and all of them think their scheme may go on with my concurrence ; which, accordingly, I give it, by more scrupulously keeping aloof than ever.

I come now to introduce to you, with a new character, some new perplexities from my situation. Madame la Fite called to tell me she must take no denial to forming me a new acquaintance — Madame de la Roche, a German by birth, but married to a Frenchman ; — an authoress, a woman of talents and distinction, a character highly celebrated, and unjustly suffering from an adherence to the Protestant religion. "She dies with eagerness to see you," she added, in French, "and I have invited her to Windsor, where I have told her I have no other feast prepared for her but to show her Dr. Herschel and Miss Burney."

I leave you to imagine if I felt competent to fulfil such a promise : openly, on the contrary, I assured her I was quite unequal to it. She had already, she said, written to Madame la Roche, to come the next day, and if I would not meet her she must be covered with disgrace. Expostulation was now vain ; I could only say that to answer for

myself was quite out of my own power. "And why?—and wherefore?—and what for?—and surely to me!—and surely for Madame de la Roche!—*une femme d'esprit — mon amie — l'amie de Madame de Genlis,*" &c., &c., filled up a hurried conference in the midst of my dressing for the Queen, till a summons interrupted her, and forced me, half dressed, and all too late, to run away from her, with an extorted promise to wait upon her if I possibly could.

Accordingly I went, and arrived before Madame la Roche. Poor Madame la Fite received me in transport; and I soon witnessed another transport, at least equal, to Madame la Roche, which happily was returned with the same warmth; and it was not till after a thousand embraces, and the most ardent professions — "*Ma digne amie! — est-il possible? — te vois-je?*" &c. — that I discovered they had never before met in their lives! they had corresponded, but no more! This somewhat lessened my surprise, however, when my turn arrived! for no sooner was I named than all the *embrassades* were transferred to me — "*La digne Miss Borni! — l'auteur de Cecile? — d'Evelina? — non, ce n'est pas possible! — suis-je si heureuse! — oui, je le vois à ses yeux! — Ah! que de bonheur!*" &c.

Madame la Roche,¹ had I met her in any other way, might have pleased me in no common degree; for could I have conceived her character to be unaffected, her manners have a softness that would render her excessively engaging. She is now *bien passée* — no doubt fifty — yet has a voice of touching sweetness, eyes of dove-like gentleness, looks supplicating for favor, and an air and demeanor the most tenderly caressing. I can suppose she has thought herself all her life the model of the favorite heroine of her own favorite romance, and I can readily believe that she has had

¹ This lady was celebrated in her day and country as a writer of sentimental novels, and as the "first love" of Wieland, the German poet.

attractions in her youth nothing short of fascinating. Had I not been present, and so deeply engaged in this interview, I had certainly been caught by her myself; for in her presence I constantly felt myself forgiving and excusing what in her absence I as constantly found past defence or apology.

Poor Madame la Fîte has no chance in her presence; for though their singular enthusiasm upon “the people of the literature,” as Pacchierotti called them, is equal, Madame la Fîte almost subdues by her vehemence, while Madame la Roche almost melts by her softness. Yet I fairly believe they are both very good women, and both believe themselves sincere.

I returned still in time enough to find Mrs. Schwellenberg with her tea-party; and she was very desirous to hear something of Madame la Roche. I was led by this to give a short account of her: not such a one as you have heard, because I kept it quite independent of all reference to poor Madame la Fîte; but there was still enough to make a little narration. Madame la Roche had told me that she had been only three days in England, and had yet made but a beginning of seeing *les spectacles*, and *les gens célèbres*; — and what do you think was the first, and, as yet, sole spectacle to which she had been carried? — Bedlam! And who the first, and, as yet, only *homme célèbre* she had seen? — Lord George Gordon! — whom she called *le fameux* George Gordon, and with whom she had dined, in company with Count Cagliostro!

When foreigners come hither without proper recommendations, how strange is their fare! General Budé found himself so excessively diverted with this account, intermixed, at the time, with several circumstances I have now forgot, and with the novelty of hearing anything beyond a grave monosyllable from my mouth, that it surprised

him off all guard, and he began, for the first time since the day of his arrival, to venture coming forward to converse with me; and though it was soon over, from that time he has never seen me without the amazing temerity of speaking a few words to me!

SUNDAY, SEPT. 17TH. — At the chapel this morning, Madame la Fite placed Madame la Roche between herself and me, and proposed bringing her to the Lodge, “to return my visit.” This being precisely what I had tried to avoid, and to avoid without shocking Madame la Fite, by meeting her correspondent at her own house, I was much chagrined at such a proposal, but had no means to decline it, as it was made across Madame la Roche herself. Accordingly at about two o’clock, when I came from the Queen, I found them both in full possession of my room, and Madame la Fite occupied in examining my books. The thing thus being done, and the risk of consequences inevitable, I had only to receive them with as little display of disapprobation of their measures as I could help; but one of the most curious scenes followed I have ever yet been engaged in or witnessed.

As soon as we were seated, Madame la Fite began with assuring me, aloud, of the “conquest” I had made of Madame la Roche, and appealed to that lady for the truth of what she said. Madame la Roche answered her by rising, and throwing her arms about me, and kissing my cheeks from side to side repeatedly. Madame la Fite, as soon as this was over, and we had resumed our seats, opened the next subject, by saying Madame la Roche had read and adored “Cecilia:” again appealing to her for confirmation of her assertion. “*O, oui, oui!*” cried her friend, “*mais la vraie Cecile, c’est Miss Borni! charmante Miss Borni? digne, douce, et aimable!* Coom to me arms! *que je vous embrasse mille fois!*”

Again we were all deranged, and again, the same ceremony being performed, we all set ourselves down. "Cecilia" was then talked over throughout, in defiance of every obstacle I could put in its way. After this, Madame la Fite said, in French, that Madame la Roche had had the most extraordinary life and adventures that had fallen to anybody's lot; and finished with saying, "*Eh! ma chère amie, contez nous un peu.*" They were so connected, she answered, in their early part with M. Wieland, the famous author, that they would not be intelligible without his story.

"*Eh bien! ma très-chère, contez nous, donc, un peu de ses aventures; ma chère Miss Burney, c'étoit son amant, et l'homme le plus extraordinaire — d'un génie! d'un feu! Eh bien, ma chère? où l'avez vous rencontré? où est-ce qu'il a commencé à vous aimer? contez nous un peu de tout ça.*" Madame la Roche, looking down upon her fan, began then the recital. She related their first interview, the gradations of their mutual attachment, his extraordinary talents, his literary fame and name; the breach of their union from motives of prudence in their friends; his change of character from piety to voluptuousness, in consoling himself for her loss with an actress; his various adventures, and various transformations from good to bad, in life and conduct; her own marriage with M. de la Roche, their subsequent meeting when she was mother of three children, and all the attendant circumstances.

This narrative was told in so touching and pathetic a manner, and interspersed with so many sentiments of tenderness and of heroism, that I could scarcely believe I was not actually listening to a Clelia or a Cassandra, recounting the stories of her youth. When she had done, and I had thanked her, Madame la Fite demanded of me what I thought of her, and if she was not delightful? I assented,

and Madame la Roche then, rising, and fixing her eyes, filled with tears, in my face, while she held both my hands, in the most melting accents, exclaimed, "*Miss Borni ! la plus chère, la plus digne des Angloises ! dites moi — m'aimez vous.*"

I answered as well as I could, but what I said was not very positive. Madame la Fête came up to us, and desired we might make a trio of friendship, which should bind us to one another for life. And then they both embraced me, and both wept for joyful fondness ! I fear I seemed very hard-hearted ; but no spring was opened whence one tear of mine could flow.

The clock had struck four some time, and Madame la Fête said she feared they kept me from dinner. I knew it must soon be ready, and therefore made but a slight negative. She then, with an anxious look at her watch, said she feared she was already too late for her own little dinner. I was shocked at a hint I had no power to notice, and heard it in silence — silence unrepressing ! for she presently added, "You dine alone, don't you?" "Y—e—s, — if Mrs. Schwellenberg is not well enough to come down stairs to dinner." "And can you dine, *ma chère Mademoiselle* — can you dine at that great table alone?" "I must ! — the table is not mine."

"Yes, in Mrs. Schwellenberg's absence it is."

"It has never been made over to me, and I take no power that is not given to me."

"But the Queen, my dearest ma'am — the Queen, if she knew such a person as Madame la Roche was here."

She stopped, and I was quite disconcerted. An attack so explicit, and in presence of Madame la Roche, was beyond all my expectations. She then went to the window, and exclaimed, "It rains ! — *Mon Dieu ! que ferons-nous ?* — My poor littel dinner ! — it will be all spoilt ! —

La pauvre Madame la Roche ! une telle femme !" I was now really distressed, and wished much to invite them both to stay ; but I was totally helpless ; and could only look, as I felt, in the utmost embarrassment.

The rain continued. Madame la Roche could understand but imperfectly what passed, and waited its result with an air of smiling patience. I endeavored to talk of other things ; but Madame la Fite was restless in returning to this charge. She had several times given me very open hints of her desire to dine at Mrs. Schwellenberg's table ; but I had hitherto appeared not to comprehend them : she was now determined to come home to the point ; and the more I saw her determination, the less liable I became to being overpowered by it.

At length John came to announce dinner. Madame la Fite looked at me in a most expressive manner, as she rose and walked towards the window, exclaiming that the rain would not cease ; and Madame la Roche cast upon me a most tender smile, while she lamented that some accident must have prevented her carriage from coming for her. I felt excessively ashamed, and could only beg them not to be in haste, faithfully assuring them I was by no means disposed for eating. Poor Madame la Fite now lost all command of herself, and desiring to speak to me in my own room, said, pretty explicitly, that certainly I might keep anybody to dinner, at so great a table, and all alone, if I wished it. I was obliged to be equally frank. I acknowledged that I had reason to believe I might have had that power, from the custom of my predecessor, Mrs. Haggerdorn, upon my first succeeding to her ; but that I was then too uncertain of any of my privileges to assume a single one of them unauthorized by the Queen ; and I added that I had made it the invariable rule of my conduct, from the moment of my entering into my present office, to

run no risk of private blame, by any action that had not her previous consent or knowledge.

She was not at all satisfied, and significantly said, "But you have sometimes Miss Planta?" "Not I; Mrs. Schwellenberg invites her." "And M. de Luc, too — he may dine with you!" "He also comes to Mrs. Schwellenberg. Mrs. Delany alone, and her niece, come to me; and they have had the sanction of the Queen's own desire." "*Mais, enfin, ma chère* Miss Burney — when it rains — and when it is so late — and when it is for such a woman as Madame la Roche!" So hard pressed, I was quite shocked to resist her; but I assured her that when my own sisters, Phillips and Francis, came to Windsor purposely to see me, they had never dined at the Lodge but by the express invitation of Mrs. Schwellenberg; and that when my father himself was here, I had not ventured to ask him.

This, though it surprised, somewhat appeased her; and we were called into the other room to Miss Planta, who was to dine with me, and who, unluckily, said the dinner would be quite cold. They begged us both to go, and leave them till the rain was over, or till Madame la Roche's carriage arrived. I could not bear to do this, but entreated Miss Planta, who was in haste, to go and dine by herself. This, at last, was agreed to, and I tried once again to enter into discourse upon other matters. But how greatly did my disturbance at all this urgency increase, when Madame la Fite said she was so hungry she must beg a bit of bread and a glass of water! I was now, indeed, upon the point of giving way; but when I considered, while I hesitated, what must follow — my own necessary apology, which would involve Madame la Fite in much blame, or my own concealing silence, which would reverse all my plans of openness with the Queen, and acquiescence with my own situation — I grew firm again, and having assured her a

thousand times of my concern for my little power, I went into the next room: but I sent her the roll and water by John; I was too much ashamed to carry them. Miss Planta was full of good-natured compassion for the scene in which she saw me engaged, but confessed she was sure I did right.

When I returned to them again, Madame la Fête requested me to go at once to the Queen, and tell her the case. Ah, poor Madame la Fête! to see so little a way for herself, and to suppose me also so every way short-sighted! I informed her that I never entered the presence of the Queen unsummoned.

"But why not, my dear ma'am? — Mrs. Haggerdorn went out and in whenever she pleased."

"So I have heard; but she was an old attendant, and only went on in her old way: I am new, and have yet no way marked out."

"But Miss Planta does also."

"That must have been brought about by the Queen's directions."

She then remonstrated with me upon my shyness, for my own sake; but I assured her I was more disengaged, and better pleased, in finding myself expected only upon call, than I could be in settling for myself the times, seasons, and proprieties of presenting myself of my own accord.

Again she desired to speak to me in my own room; and then she told me that Madame la Roche had a most earnest wish to see all the Royal Family; she hoped, therefore, the Queen would go to early prayers at the chapel, where, at least, she might be beheld: but she gave me sundry hints, not to be misunderstood, that she thought I might so represent the merits of Madame la Roche as to induce the honor of a private audience. I could give her

no hope of this, as I had none to give; for I well knew that the Queen has a settled aversion to almost all novels, and something very near it to almost all novel-writers.

She then told me she had herself requested an interview for her with the Princess Royal, and had told her that if it was too much to grant it in the royal apartments, at least it might take place in Miss Burney's room! Her Royal Highness coldly answered that she saw nobody without the Queen's commands.

How much I rejoiced in her prudence and duty! I would not have had a meeting in my room unknown to the Queen for a thousand worlds. But poor mistaken Madame la Fite complained most bitterly of the deadness of the whole Court to talents and genius.

In the end, the carriage of Madame la Roche arrived, about tea-time, and Madame la Fite finished with making me promise to relate my difficulties to the Queen, that she might give me such orders as to enable me to keep them any other time. And thus ended this most oppressive scene. You may think I had no very voracious appetite after it.

To give you the result at once, Miss Planta, of her own accord, briefly related the affair to the Queen, dwelling upon my extreme embarrassment, with the most good-natured applause of its motives. The Queen graciously joined in commendation of my steadiness, expressed her disapprobation of the indelicacy of poor Madame la Fite, and added that if I had been overcome it would have been an encouragement to her to bring foreigners for ever to the Lodge, wholly contrary to the pleasure of the King.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH. — This day the Princess Royal entered her twenty-first year. I had the pleasure of being in the room with the Queen when she sent for her, early in the morning. Her Majesty bade me stop, while she went

into another apartment to fetch her birth-day gifts. The charming Princess entered with so modest, so composed an air, that it seemed as if the day, with all its preparations for splendor, was rather solemn than elevating to her. I had no difficulty, thus alone with her, in offering my best wishes to her. She received them most gracefully, and told me, with the most sensible pleasure, that the King had just been with her, and presented to her a magnificent diamond necklace.

The Queen then returned, holding in her hands two very pretty portfolios for her drawings, and a very fine gold étui. The Princess, in receiving them with the lowest curtsy, kissed her hand repeatedly, while the Queen gave back her kisses upon her cheeks.

The King came in soon after, and the three youngest Princesses. They all flew to kiss the Princess Royal, who is affectionately fond of them all. Princess Amelia showed how fine she was, and made the Queen admire her new coat and frock; she then examined all the new dresses of her sisters, and then, looking towards me with some surprise, exclaimed, "And won't Miss Burney be fine, too?"

I shall not easily forget this little innocent lesson. It seems all the household dress twice on these birth-days—for their first appearance, and for dinner—and always in something distinguished. I knew it not, and had simply prepared for my second attire only, wearing in the morning my usual white dimity great coat.

I was a little out of countenance; and the Queen probably perceiving it, said—

"Come hither, Amelia; who do you think is here—in Miss Burney's room?"

"Lany," answered the quick little creature; for so she calls Mrs. Delany, who had already exerted herself to come to the Lodge with her congratulations.

The King, taking the hand of the little Princess, said they would go and see her; and turning to the Queen as they left the room, called out —

“What shall we do with Mrs. Delany?”

“What the King pleases,” was her answer.

I followed them to my room, where his Majesty stayed some time, giving that dear old lady a history of the concert of the preceding evening for the Archduke and Duchess, and that he had ordered for this day for the Princess Royal. It is rather unfortunate her Royal Highness should have her birth-day celebrated by an art which she professes to have no taste for, and even to hear almost with pain.

The King took Mrs. Delany to breakfast with himself and family.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2ND. — Major Price left Windsor. He took leave of nobody: everybody, I believe, regretted him; the sweet little Princess Amelia cried when told he was gone.

The next day we were all to go to Kew; but Mrs. Schwellenberg was taken ill, and went by herself to town.

The Queen sent for me after breakfast, and delivered to me a long box, called here the jewel box, in which her jewels are carried to and from town that are worn on the drawing-room days. The great bulk of them remain in town all the winter, and remove to Windsor for all the summer, with the rest of the family. She told me, as she delivered the key into my hands, that as there was always much more room in the box than her travelling jewels occupied, I might make what use I pleased of the remaining part; adding, with a very expressive smile, “I dare say you have books and letters that you may be glad to carry backwards and forwards with you.”

I owned that nothing was more true, and thankfully ac-

cepted the offer. It has proved to me since a comfort of the first magnitude, in conveying all my choice papers and letters safely in the carriage with me, as well as books in present reading, and numerous odd things.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25TH. — Again I waited alone, Mrs. Schwellenberg being in town. Nothing could be sweeter than the Queen in these my first single essays ; and she bid me the next day send an invitation again to Mr. and Mrs. Smelt to dine with me, if I wished it. She translated to me also the whole story of a German play, which she had just been reading, and narrated it so well, and with observations so just of its characters, that she filled me with fresh admiration at the keenness of her penetration into people and things so remote from her own sphere of life.

She lent me an old Scotch ballad to read, that had lately been printed in Germany, with an introductory essay upon the resemblance still subsisting between the German and Scotch languages. The ballad is entitled the “Gaberlunzie Man.” It had to me no recommendation, save its curiosity in a vocabulary and glossary, that pointed out the similitude of the two languages.

I cannot here help mentioning a very interesting little scene at which I was present, about this time. The Queen had nobody but myself with her, one morning, when the King hastily entered the room, with some letters in his hand, and addressing her in German, which he spoke very fast, and with much apparent interest in what he said, he brought the letters up to her and put them into her hand. She received them with much agitation, but evidently of a much pleased sort, and endeavored to kiss his hand as he held them. He would not let her, but made an effort, with a countenance of the highest satisfaction, to kiss hers. I saw instantly in her eyes a forgetfulness, at the moment, that

any one was present, while, drawing away her hand, she presented him her cheek. He accepted her kindness with the same frank affection that she offered it; and the next moment they both spoke English, and talked upon common and general subjects. What they said I am far enough from knowing; but the whole was too rapid to give me time to quit the room; and I could not but see with pleasure that the Queen had received some favor with which she was sensibly delighted, and that the King, in her acknowledgments, was happily and amply paid.

No sooner did I find that my coadjutrix ceased to speak of returning to Windsor, and that I became, by that means, the presidentess of the dinner and tea table, than I formed a grand design — no other than to obtain to my own use the disposal of my evenings.

From the time of my entrance into this court, to that of which I am writing, I had never been informed that it was incumbent upon me to receive the King's equerries at the tea-table; yet I observed that they always came to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and that she expected them so entirely as never to make tea till their arrival. Nevertheless, nothing of that sort had ever been intimated to me, and I saw no necessity of falling into all her ways, without commands to that purpose: nor could I conclude that the King's gentlemen would expect from me either the same confinement, or readiness of reception, as had belonged to two invalid old ladies, glad of company, and without a single connection to draw them from home.

The first week, however, of my presidency, my dear Mrs. Delany, with Miss P——, came to dine and spend the rest of the day with me regularly; and though Mrs. Delany was generally called away to the royal apartments, her niece always remained with me. This not only obviated

all objections to the company of the equerries, but kept me at home naturally, and for my own society and visitors.

I could not, however, but be struck with a circumstance that showed me, in a rather singular manner, that my tea-making seemed at once to be regarded as indispensable: this was no other than a constant summons, which John regularly brought every evening, from these gentlemen, to acquaint me they were come upstairs to the tea-room, and waiting for me. I determined not to notice this: and consequently, the first time Mrs. Delany was not well enough to give me her valuable society at the Lodge, I went to her house, and spent the evening there; without sending any message to the equerries, as any apology must imply a right on their part that must involve me in future confinement.

This I did three or four times, always with so much success as to gain my point for the moment, but never with such happy consequences as to ensure it me for the time to come; since every next meeting showed an air of pique, and since every evening had still, unremittingly, the same message for John. I concluded this would wear away by use, and therefore resolved to give it that chance. One evening, however, when, being quite alone, I was going to my loved resource, John, ere I could get out, hurried to me, "Ma'am, the gentlemen are come up, and they send their compliments, and they wait tea for you."

"Very well," was my answer to this rather cavalier summons, which I did not wholly admire; and I put on my hat and cloak, when I was called to the Queen. She asked me whether I thought Mrs. Delany could come to her, as she wished to see her? I offered to go instantly and inquire. "But don't tell her I sent you," cried the most considerate Queen, "lest that should make her come when it may hurt her: find out how she is, before you

mention me." I promised implicit obedience; and she most graciously called after me, "Will it hurt you, Miss Burney, to go — is it a fine evening?" I assured her it was. "Well, put on your clogs, then, and take care," was her kind injunction. As I now knew I must return myself, at any rate, I slipped into the tea-room before I set off. I found there Colonel Goldsworthy, looking quite glum, General Budé, Mr. Fisher, Mr. — Fisher, his brother, and Mr. Blomberg, chaplain to the Prince of Wales.

The moment I opened the door, General Budé presented Mr. Blomberg to me, and Mr. Fisher his brother; I told them, hastily, that I was running away to Mrs. Delany, but meant to return in a quarter of an hour, when I should be happy to have their company, if they could wait so long; but if they were hurried, my man should bring their tea. They all turned to Colonel Goldsworthy, who, as equerry in waiting, was considered as head of the party; but he seemed so choked with surprise and displeasure, that he could only mutter something too indistinct to be heard, and bowed low and distantly. "If Colonel Goldsworthy can command his time, ma'am," cried Mr. Fisher, "we shall be most happy to wait yours." General Budé said the same; the Colonel again silently and solemnly bowed, and I curtseyed in the same manner and hurried away. Mrs. Delany was not well; and I would not vex her with the Queen's kind wish for her. I returned, and sent in, by the page in waiting, my account: for the Queen was in the concert-room, and I could not go to her. Neither would I seduce away Miss P—— from her duty; I came back, therefore, alone, and was fain to make my part as good as I was able among my beaux. I found them all waiting. Colonel Goldsworthy received me with the same stately bow, and a look so glum and disconcerted, that I instantly turned from him to meet the soft countenance of the good

Mr. Fisher, who took a chair next mine, and entered into conversation with his usual intelligence and mildness. General Budé was chatty and well-bred, and the two strangers wholly silent.

I could not, however, but see that Colonel Goldsworthy grew less and less pleased. Yet what had I done? — I had never been commanded to devote my evenings to him, and, if excused officially, surely there could be no private claim from either his situation or mine. His displeasure therefore appeared to me so unjust, that I resolved to take not the smallest notice of it. He never once opened his mouth, neither to me nor to any one else. In this strange manner we drank our tea. When it was over, he still sat dumb; and still I conversed with Mr. Fisher and General Budé. At length a prodigious hemming showed a preparation in the Colonel for a speech: it came forth with great difficulty, and most considerable hesitation.

“I am afraid, ma’am — I am afraid you — you — that is — that we are intruders upon you.” “N — o,” answered I faintly; “why so?” “I am sure, ma’am, if we are — if you think — if we take too much liberty — I am sure I would not for the world! — I only — your commands — nothing else —” “Sir!” cried I, not understanding a word. “I see, ma’am, we only intrude upon you: however, you must excuse my just saying we would not for the world have taken such a liberty, though very sensible of the happiness of being allowed to come in for half an hour — which is the best half-hour of the whole day — but yet, if it was not for your own commands ——” “What commands, sir?”

He grew still more perplexed, and made at least a dozen speeches to the same no purpose, before I could draw from him anything explicit; all of them listening silently the whole time, and myself invariably staring. At last, a few

words escaped him more intelligible. "Your messages, ma'am, were what encouraged us to come." "And pray, sir, do tell me what messages? — I am very happy to see you, but I never sent any messages at all!" "Indeed, ma'am!" cried he, staring in his turn; "why your servant, little John there, came rapping at our door, at the equerry-room, before we had well swallowed our dinner, and said, 'My lady is waiting tea, sir.'" I was quite confounded. I assured him it was an entire fabrication of my servant's, as I had never sent, nor even thought of sending him, for I was going out.

"Why to own the truth, ma'am," cried he, brightening up, "I did really think it a little odd to send for us in that hurry — for we got up directly from table, and said, if the lady is waiting, to be sure we must not keep her; and then — when we came — to just peep in, and say you were going out!"

How intolerable an impertinence in John! — it was really no wonder the poor Colonel was so glum. Again I repeated my ignorance of this step; and he then said, "Why, ma'am, he comes to us regularly every afternoon, and says his lady is waiting; and we are very glad to come, poor souls that we are, with no rest all the live long day but what we get in this good room! — but then — to come, and see ourselves only intruders — and to find you going out, after sending for us!"

I could scarce find words to express my amazement at this communication. I cleared myself instantly from having any the smallest knowledge of John's proceedings, and Colonel Goldsworthy soon recovered all his spirits and good-humor, when he was satisfied he had not designedly been treated with such strange and unmeaning inconsistency. He rejoiced exceedingly that he had spoken out, and I thanked him for his frankness, and the evening concluded very amicably.

My dearest friends will easily conceive how vexed I must feel myself with my foolish servant, for taking so great a liberty in my name; and how provoked to have had these gentlemen, and all others who have occasionally dined at their table, persuaded that I sent them so pressing a call, for the mere impertinent caprice of running away from them after they obeyed it.

Colonel Goldsworthy had been quite seriously affronted with me; General Budé is of a disposition too placid and unconcerned for pique, and had therefore taken the matter very quietly; but Mr. Fisher, as he has since owned to me, suspected some mistake the whole time, and never believed I had sent them any such message. It was owing to his interference, and at his earnest request, that the Colonel had been prevailed upon to state the case to me.

The evening after, I invited Miss P——, determined to spend it entirely with my beaux, in order to wholly explain away this impertinence. Colonel Goldsworthy now made me a thousand apologies for having named the matter to me at all. I assured him I was extremely glad he had afforded me an opportunity of clearing it. In the course of the discussion, I mentioned the constant summons brought me by John every afternoon. He lifted up his hands and eyes, and protested most solemnly he had never sent a single one. "I vow, ma'am," cried the Colonel, "I would not have taken such a liberty on any account; though all the comfort of my life, in this house, is one half-hour in a day spent in this room. After all one's labors, riding, and walking, and standing, and bowing,—what a life it is! Well, it's honor! that's one comfort! it's all honor! royal honor!—one has the honor to stand till one has not a foot left; and to ride till one's stiff, and to walk till one's ready to drop—and then one makes one's lowest bow, d'ye see, and blesses one's self with joy for the honor!"

This is his style of rattle, when perfectly at his ease, pleased with every individual in his company, and completely in good humor. But the moment he sees anyone that he fears or dislikes, he assumes a look of glum distance and sullenness, and will not utter a word, scarcely even in answer. He is warmly and faithfully attached to the King and all the Royal Family, yet his favorite theme, in his very best moods, is complaint of his attendance, and murmuring at all its ceremonials. This, however, is merely for sport and oddity, for he is a man of fortune, and would certainly relinquish his post if it were not to his taste.

His account of his own hardships and sufferings here, in the discharge of his duty, is truly comic. "How do you like it, ma'am?" he says to me, "though it's hardly fair to ask you yet, because you know almost nothing of the joys of this sort of life. But wait till November and December, and then you'll get a pretty taste of them! Running along in these cold passages; then bursting into rooms fit to bake you; then back again into all these agreeable puffs! Bless us! I believe in my heart there's wind enough in these passages to carry a man of war! And there you'll have your share, ma'am, I promise you that! you'll get knocked up in three days, take my word for that." I begged him not to prognosticate so much evil for me.

"Oh, ma'am, there's no help for it!" cried he; "you won't have the hunting, to be sure, nor amusing yourself with wading a foot and a half through the dirt, by way of a little pleasant walk, as we poor equerries do! It's a wonder to me we outlive the first month. But the agreeable puffs of the passages you will have just as completely as any of us. Let's see, how many blasts must you have every time you go to the Queen? First, one upon your opening your door; then another, as you get down the three steps from it, which are exposed to the wind from

the garden door downstairs ; then a third, as you turn the corner to enter the passage ; then you come plump upon another from the hall door ; then comes another, fit to knock you down, as you turn to the upper passage ; then, just as you turn towards the Queen's room, comes another ; and last, a whiff from the King's stairs, enough to blow you half a mile off !" " Mere healthy breezes," I cried, and assured him I did not fear them.

" Stay till Christmas," cried he, with a threatening air, " only stay till then, and let's see what you'll say to them ; you'll be laid up as sure as fate ! you may take my word for that. One thing, however, pray let me caution you about — don't go to early prayers in November ; if you do, that will completely kill you ! Oh, ma'am, you know nothing yet of all these matters ! — only pray, joking apart, let me have the honor just to advise you this one thing, or else it's all over with you, I do assure you !" It was in vain I begged him to be more merciful in his prophecies ; he failed not, every night, to administer to me the same pleasant anticipations. " Why, the Princesses," cried he, " used to it as they are, get regularly knocked up before this business is over, off they drop, one by one : — first the Queen deserts us ; then Princess Elizabeth is done for ; then Princess Royal begins coughing ; then Princess Augusta gets the snuffles ; and all the poor attendants, my poor sister at their head, drop off, one after another, like so many snuffs of candles : till at last, dwindle, dwindle, dwindle — not a soul goes to the chapel but the King, the parson, and myself ; and there we three freeze it out together !"

One evening, when he had been out very late hunting with the King, he assumed so doleful an air of weariness, that had not Miss P—— exerted her utmost powers to revive him, he would not have uttered a word the whole

night; but when once brought forward, he gave us more entertainment than ever, by relating his hardships.

"After all the labors," cried he, "of the chase, all the riding, the trotting, the galloping, the leaping, the — with your favor, ladies, I beg pardon, I was going to say a strange word, but the — the perspiration, — and — and all that — after being wet through over head, and soused through under feet, and popped into ditches, and jerked over gates, what lives we do lead! Well, it's all honor! that's my only comfort! Well, after all this, fagging away like mad from eight in the morning to five or six in the afternoon, home we come, looking like so many drowned rats, with not a dry thread about us, nor a morsel within us — sore to the very bone, and forced to smile all the time! and then, after all this, what do you think follows? — 'Here, Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty: so up I comes to him, bowing profoundly, and my hair dripping down to my shoes; 'Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty. 'Sir,' says I smiling agreeably, with the rheumatism just creeping all over me! but still, expecting something a little comfortable, I wait patiently to know his gracious pleasure, and then, 'Here, Goldsworthy, I say!' he cries, 'will you have a little barley water?' Barley water in such a plight as that! Fine compensation for a wet jacket, truly! — barley water! I never heard of such a thing in my life! barley water after a whole day's hard hunting!"

"And pray did you drink it?"

"I drink it? — Drink barley water? No, no; not come to that neither! But there it was, sure enough! — in a jug fit for a sick room; just such a thing as you put upon a hob in a chimney, for some poor miserable soul that keeps his bed! just such a thing as that! — And, 'Here, Goldsworthy,' says his Majesty, 'here's the barley water!'"

"And did the King drink it himself?" "Yes, God bless.

his Majesty ! but I was too humble a subject to do the same as the King ! Barley water, quoth I ! — Ha ! ha ! — a fine treat, truly ! — Heaven defend me ! I 'm not come to that, neither ! bad enough too, but not so bad as that."

This sort of sport and humor, however, which, when uttered by himself, is extremely diverting, all ceases wholly if the smallest thing happens to disconcert him. The entrance of any person unexpected by him was always sufficient not merely to silence, but obviously to displease him. If Madame de la Fite came, his mouth was closed, and his brows were knit, and he looked as if even ill used by her entrance.

I have now to mention an affair — a secret one — which relates to Mrs. Delany. That dear and very extraordinary lady, in our long and many meetings, has communicated to me almost all the transactions of her life, and as nearly as she can remember them, almost all the thoughts. The purity and excellence of her character have risen upon me in every circumstance, and in every sentiment that has come to my knowledge ; but the confidence most delightful that she has placed in me has been of her transactions with her darling friend, the late Duchess of Portland. That friend, some years ago, had prevailed with Mrs. Delany, by her earnest entreaties, to write down the principal events of her life. This she did in the form of letters, and with feigned names. These letters, invaluable both from their contents and their writer, Lady Weymouth, upon her mother's death, most honorably restored to Mrs. Delany. She has permitted me to see them, and to read them to her.

In reading them to her, she opened upon several circumstances which were omitted or slightly mentioned ; and related so many interesting anecdotes belonging to the times, which, being known already to the Duchess, she had not inserted, that I proposed filling up the chasms, and linking

the whole together. She was pleased with the thought, and accordingly we began. I have commenced from the earliest time to which her incomparable memory reaches, and, if her health permits our meeting for this purpose, I shall complete, with the help of these letters, a history of her whole life. Its early part was entirely left out, and its latter, of course, had never been related.

All the time, therefore, that we were able to pass by ourselves was regularly appropriated to this new work. We have not advanced very far, for our interruptions are almost continual; but I hope, nevertheless, we shall not conclude till the design is completed. The first night that we began this business, when all the letters, and sundry papers relative to them, were spread upon the table, the King entered my room! Dear Mrs. Delany was quite frightened, and I felt myself pretty hot in the cheeks. He immediately asked what we were about? Neither of us answered. "Sorting letters?" cried he, to me. "Reading some, Sir," quoth I. And there the matter dropped for that time; but not long after he surprised us again. We were then prepared with a double employment, and therefore had one ready for avowal. This was, selecting and examining letters from eminent persons, or from chosen friends, and burning all that contained anything of a private nature, and preserving only such as were ingenious, without possible hazard to the writers or their family. This has been a pleasant, painful task — pleasant from the many admirable letters it gave me opportunity to read, and painful from the melancholy retrospections they occasioned dearest Mrs. Delany.

The King, from this time, grew used to expecting to find us encircled with papers when he came into my room for this highly, justly favored lady (which was almost every evening that we spent at Windsor during this month), and

only said — “Well, who are you reading now?” I went through Swift’s letters to her, Dr. Young’s, and Mr. Mason’s; and destroyed all that could not be saved every way to their honor. And we proceeded in the memoirs pretty well through the infantine part. ’T was a sweet occupation for our private hours, and I would not have exchanged it for any that could have been offered me.¹

I must now tell a little thing for my dear Fredy, for ’t is about a flower: though my Susan will equally feel how much more grateful it was to me than the fine robe sent by other hands.

The Queen received one morning from Stoke some of the most beautiful double violets I ever saw; they were with other flowers, very fine, but too powerful for her, and she desired me to carry them into another room: but, stopping me as I was going, she took out three little bunches of the violets, and said, “This you shall send to Mrs. Delany; this I will keep; and this — take for yourself.”

I quite longed to tell her how much more I valued such a gift, presented by her own hand, than the richest tabby in the world by a deputy! She knows, however, that, be the intrinsic worth small as it may, the honor of anything that comes immediately from herself is always great: she does such things, therefore, charily, and always in a manner that marks them for little traits of favor.

I have mentioned to you, I think, the eldest Miss Clayton. — I believe, indeed, my dearest Susanna saw her at the tea-drinking when at Windsor. She left this place in this

¹ In 1861, these reminiscences were published, under the title: “The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville (Mrs. Delany), with Interesting Reminiscences of King George III. and Queen Charlotte. Edited by Lady Llanover.” 6 vols. 8vo. Richard Bentley & Sons, Publishers.

month, to prepare for changing her name as well as dwelling, and to bestow herself upon Colonel Fox, brother to the famous Charles. She called upon me the last morning of her stay, with her sister, Miss Emily. She seemed very happy, and she seems, also, so amiable, that she had my best wishes for continuing so. She had just been receiving little parting tokens from the Queen and the Princesses, with whom she was in such favor that her Majesty had permitted her to take lessons of drawing at the Lodge, at the same time with their Royal Highnesses. The Queen had given her a pin-cushion in a gold case; the Princess Royal a belt of fine steel; and the Princess Augusta an ivory toothpick case, inlaid with gold. She is really a loss to Windsor, where there are not many young women of equal merit and modesty.

NOVEMBER 3RD. — In the morning I had the honor of a conversation with the Queen, the most delightful, on her part, I had ever yet been indulged with. She told me, with the sweetest grace imaginable, how well she had liked at first her jewels and ornaments as Queen, — “But how soon,” cried she, “was that over! Believe me, Miss Burney, it is a pleasure of a week, — a fortnight at most, — and to return no more! I thought at first, I should always choose to wear them; but the fatigue and trouble of putting them on, and the care they required, and the fear of losing them, — believe me, ma’am, in a fortnight’s time I longed again for my own earlier dress, and wished never to see them more!”

She then still more opened her opinions and feelings. She told me she had never, in her most juvenile years, loved dress and show, nor received the smallest pleasure from anything in her external appearance beyond neatness and comfort: yet did not disavow that the first week or fortnight of being a Queen, when only in her seventeenth

year, she thought splendor sufficiently becoming her station to believe she should thenceforth choose constantly to support it. But her eyes alone were dazzled, not her mind; and therefore the delusion speedily vanished, and her understanding was too strong to give it any chance of returning.

I have to chronicle the arrival of two more gentlemen, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Turbulent.

Mr. Fisher had been ordered to come, that he might read prayers the next day, Sunday. Mr. Turbulent was summoned, I suppose, for his usual occupations; reading with the Princesses, or to the Queen.

Shall I introduce to you this gentleman, such as I now think him, at once? or wait to let his character open itself to you by degrees, and in the same manner that it did to me? I wish I could hear your answer! So capital a part as you will find him destined to play, hereafter, in my concerns, I mean, sooner or later, to the best of my power, to make you fully acquainted with him — as fully as I am myself, let me add: for even yet I could not delineate him with precision, nor be certain that the very next time I see him may not change the whole progress of the texture I should weave. For a while, therefore, at least, I will leave him to make his own way with you, by simply recounting the gradations of our acquaintance, and the opinions, as they arose, that I conceived of him.

He took his seat next mine at the table, and assisted me, while Mr. Fisher sat as chaplain at the bottom. The dinner went off extremely well, though from no help of mine. Unused to doing the honors to any party, so large a one found me full employment in attending to their grosser food, without any space or power to provide for their mental recreation. To take care of both, as every mistress of a table ought to do, requires practice as well

as spirits, and ease as well as exertion. Of these four requisites I possessed not one!

However, I was not missed; the three men and the three females were all intimately acquainted with one another, and the conversation, altogether, was equal, open, and agreeable.

You may a little judge of this, when I tell you a short speech that escaped Miss Planta. Mr. Turbulent said he must go early to town the next morning, and added, he should call to see Mrs. Schwellenberg, by order of the Queen. "Now for heaven's sake, Mr. Turbulent," cried she, eagerly, "don't you begin talking to her of how comfortable we are here!—it will bring her back directly!"

This was said in a half whisper; and I hope no one else heard it. I leave you, my dear friends, to your own comments.

Nov. 4TH. — Mr. and Mrs. Smelt and Mrs. Delany came to us at tea-time. Then, and in their society, I grew more easy and disengaged. The sweet little Princess Amelia, who had promised me a visit, came during tea, brought by Mrs. Cheveley. I left everybody to play with her, and Mr. Smelt joined in our gambols. We pretended to put her in a phaeton, and to drive about and make visits with her. She entered into the scheme with great spirit and delight, and we waited upon Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Smelt alternately. Children are never tired of playing at being women; and women there are who are never tired, in return, of playing at being children!

In the midst of this frolicking, which at times was rather noisy, by Mr. Smelt's choosing to represent a restive horse, the King entered! We all stopped short, guests, hosts, and horses; and all, with equal celerity, retreated, making the usual circle for his Majesty to move in.

The little Princess bore this interruption to her sport only while surprised into quiet by the general respect inspired by the King. The instant that wore off, she grew extremely impatient for the renewal of our gambols, and distressed me most ridiculously by her innocent appeals. "Miss Burney!—come!—why don't you play?—Come, Miss Burney, I say, play with me!—come into the phaeton again!—why don't you, Miss Burney?"

After a thousand vain efforts to quiet her by signs, I was forced to whisper her that I really could play no longer. "But why? why, Miss Burney?—do! do come and play with me!—You must, Miss Burney!" This petition growing still more and more urgent, I was obliged to declare my reason, in hopes of appeasing her, as she kept pulling me by the hand and gown, so entirely with all her little strength, that I had the greatest difficulty to save myself from being suddenly jerked into the middle of the room: at length, therefore, I whispered, "We shall disturb the King, ma'am!" This was enough: she flew instantly to his Majesty, who was in earnest discourse with Mr. Smelt, and called out, "Papa, go!" "What?" cried the King. "Go! papa,—you must go!" repeated she eagerly. The King took her up in his arms, and began kissing and playing with her; she strove with all her might to disengage herself, calling aloud, "Miss Burney! Miss Burney! take me!—come, I say, Miss Burney!—O Miss Burney, come!"

You may imagine what a general smile went round the room at this appeal: the King took not any notice of it, but set her down, and went on with his discourse. She was not, however, a moment quiet till he retired: and then we renewed our diversions, which lasted to her bed-time. The Princess Augusta soon after came for Mrs. Delany, and a page for Mr. Smelt.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH. — Miss Planta and Mr. de Luc accompanied me to Kew, where, as soon as I arrived, I had the honor of a little call from the Princess Royal, with a most gracious message from the Queen, to desire me to invite my friends the Smelts to dinner. You may imagine with what pleasure I obeyed. They came, — as did, afterwards, Mr. Turbulent, — and the dinner was enlivened with very animated conversation, in which this gentleman took a part so principal, that I now began to attend, and now, first, to be surprised by him.

The subject was female character. Miss Planta declared her opinion that it was so indispensable to have it without blemish, that nothing upon earth could compensate, or make it possible to countenance one who wanted it. Mrs. Smelt agreed that compassion alone was all that could be afforded upon such an occasion, not countenance, acquaintance, nor intercourse. Mr. de Luc gave an opinion so long and confused, that I could not sufficiently attend to make it out. Mr. Smelt spoke with mingled gentleness and irony, upon the nature of the debate. I said little, but that little was, to give every encouragement to penitence, and no countenance to error.

The hero, however, of the discourse was Mr. Turbulent. With a warmth and fervor that broke forth into exclamations the most vehement, and reflections the most poignant, he protested that many of the women we were proscribing were amongst the most amiable of the sex — that the fastidiousness we recommended was never practised by even the best part of the world — and that we ourselves, individually, while we spoke with so much disdain, never acted up to our doctrines, by using, towards *all* fair failers, such severity.

This brought me forth. I love not to be attacked for making professions beyond my practice: and I assured

him, very seriously, that I had not one voluntary acquaintance, nor one with whom I kept up the smallest intercourse of my own seeking or wilful concurrence, that had any stain in their characters which had ever reached my ears. "Pardon me, ma'am," cried he, warmly, "there are amongst your acquaintance, and amongst everybody's, many of those the most admired, and most charming, that have neither been spared by calumny, nor been able to avoid reproach and suspicion."

I assured him he was mistaken; and Mrs. Smelt and Miss Planta protested he was wholly in an error. He grew but the more earnest, and opened, in vindication of his assertions and his opinions, a flow of language that amazed me, and a strain of argument that struck and perplexed us all. He felt the generosity of the side he undertook, and he could not have been more eager nor more animated had the fair dames in whose cause he battled been present to reward him with their smiles.

In the end, finding himself alone, and hard pressed, he very significantly exclaimed, "Be not too triumphant, ladies!—I must fight you with weapons of your own making for me. There is a lady, a lady whom you all know, and are proud to know, that stands exactly in the place I speak of." "I'm sure I don't know whom you mean!" cried Miss Planta. "You know her very well,—at least, as well as you can," answered he, dryly. Mrs. Smelt, laughing, said she might know many unfortunate objects, but she was unconscious of her knowledge.

I boldly protested I knew not, as an acquaintance of my own, a single person his description suited. Those whom I might see or meet or know at the houses of others, I could not pretend to assert might all be blameless; but however I might compassionate, or even admire, some who could not be vindicated, I began no such acquaintances —

I wished them well, and wished them better, — but I distanced them to the best of my power, as I had not weight enough to do good to them, and avoided, therefore, the danger of being supposed to approve them. “Yes, ma’am,” cried he, in a high tone, “you also know, visit, receive, caress, and distinguish a lady in this very class!”

“Do I?” cried I, amazed. “You do, ma’am! You all do!” Fresh general protestations followed, and Mr. de Luc called eagerly for the name. “I do not wish to name her,” answered he, coolly, “after what I have said, lest it seem as if I were her censor; but, on the contrary, I think her one of the most charming women in the world! — aimable, spirited, well-informed, and entertaining, and of manners the most bewitching!”

“And with all this, sir,” cried I — and I stopped. “And with all this, ma’am,” cried he (comprehending me immediately), “she has not escaped the lash of scandal; and, with every amiable virtue of the mind, she has not been able to preserve her reputation, in one sense, unattacked.” “And — I know her?” “Yes, ma’am! — know her, and do her justice; and I have heard you, in common with all this company, sing her praises as she deserves to have them sung.”

I assured him I was quite in a wood, and begged him to be more explicit. He hung back, but we all called upon him, and I declared I should regard the description as fabulous unless he spoke out, and this piqued him to be categorical; but what was my concern to hear him then name — almost whispering with his own reluctance — Madame de Genlis! I was quite thunderstruck, and everybody was silent.

He was then for closing the discourse, but I could not consent to it. I told him that I pretended not to say the character of that lady had never in my hearing been at-

tacked; but that I could, and would, and hoped I ever should, say I believed her perfectly innocent of the charges brought against her. He smiled a little provokingly, and said, "We agree here, ma'am — I think her innocent too." "No, sir, we do not agree! — I should not think her innocent if I believed the charge!" "Circumstances," cried he, "may make her mind innocent." I could say nothing to this, I think it so true; but I would not venture such a concession where my wishes led me to aim at a full defence. Accordingly, with all the energy in my power, I attempted it; assuring him that there was an evidence of her untainted worth in her very countenance, and written there so strongly, that to mistake the characters was impossible.

"True," cried he, again smiling, "the countenance speaks all that captivating sweetness that belongs — if she has them — to the very frailties of her character." I could not bear this. "No, sir," I cried, as warmly as himself, "'t is a countenance that announces nothing but the openness of virtue and goodness! There would be more reserve and closeness if she failed in them. I saw her myself, at first, with a prejudice in her disfavor, from the cruel reports I had heard; but the moment I looked at her it was removed. There was a dignity with her sweetness, and a frankness with her modesty, that assured, that convinced me, beyond all power of report, of her real worth and innocence."

Nobody else spoke a word, and his fervor was all at an end; he only smiled, and protested that, admiring her so very much himself, it made him happy to hear I was so warmly her admirer also. Here the matter was forced to drop. I was vexed at the instance he brought, and grieved to have nothing more positive than my own opinion to bring forward in her defence: for it is most

true I do believe her innocent, though I fear she has been imprudent.

DECEMBER 10TH. — This evening I had my appointed party, the Provost, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Kennicott, and my dearest Mrs. Delany, quite recovered. We were soon joined by the General, the Colonel, and Mr. Fisher.

Mrs. Kennicott is a middle-aged woman, neither ugly nor handsome. She must certainly be very estimable, for she is sought and caressed by a large circle of friends, among people whose friendship is most honorable. I saw too little of her to form any independent judgment.

The best part of my evening was the honor done to it by the entrance of his Majesty to fetch Mrs. Delany. He knew of the party, and stayed to converse with the Provost for a considerable time. This was a gratification that made all else immaterial.

Mrs. Delany, upon her recovery, had invited the General and Colonel to come to tea any evening. For them to be absent from the Lodge was contrary to all known rules; but the Colonel vowed he would let the matter be tried, and take its course. Mrs. Delany hoped by this means to bring the Colonel into better humor with my desertion of the tea-table, and to reconcile him to an innovation of which he then must become a partaker.

On the day when this grand experiment was to be made, that we might not seem all to have eloped clandestinely, in case of inquiry, I previously made known to the Queen my own intention, and had her permission for my visit. But the gentlemen, determining to build upon the chance of returning before they were missed, gave no notice of their scheme, but followed me to Mrs. Delany's as soon as they quitted their own table.

I had sent to speak with General Budé in the morning,

and then arranged the party : he proposed that the Colonel and himself should esquire me, but I did not dare march forth in such bold defiance ; I told him, therefore, I must go in a chair.

Mrs. Delany received us with her usual sweetness. We then began amusing ourselves with surmises of the manner in which we should all be missed, if our rooms were visited in our absence ; and the Colonel, in particular, drew several scenes, highly diverting, of what he supposed would pass, — of the King's surprise and incredulity, of the hunting up and down of the house in search of him, and of the orders issued throughout the house to examine to what bedpost he had hanged himself, — for nothing less than such an act of desperation could give courage to an equerry to be absent without leave !

Further conjectures were still starting, and all were engaged in aiding them and enjoying them, when suddenly a violent knocking at the door was followed by the most unexpected entrance of the Queen and the Princess Amelia !

Universal was the start, and most instantaneous and solemn the silence ! I felt almost guilty, though not for myself : my own invariable method of avowing all my proceedings saved me from the smallest embarrassment on my own account in this meeting ; but I was ashamed to appear the leader in a walk so new as that of leaving the Lodge in an evening, and to have induced any others to follow my example. The Queen looked extremely surprised, but not at me, whom she knew she should encounter ; and the two gentlemen hardly could settle whether to make humble explanations, or frank ridicule, of the situation in which they were caught. The Queen, however, immediately put them at their ease, speaking to them with marked civility, and evidently desirous not to mar what

she found intended as a private frolic, by any fears of her disapprobation.

She did not stay long, and they soon followed her to the Lodge. I also returned, and at night the Queen owned to me, but very good-humoredly, that she had never been more astonished than at sight of the equerries that evening, and asked me how it came to pass.

"Mrs. Delany, ma'am," I answered, "as she had taken away their tea-maker, thought she could do no less than offer them tea for once at her own table."

And here the matter rested. But the enterprise has never been repeated.

DECEMBER 26TH. — The equerries and Miss P—— came to tea. Colonel Goldsworthy was in one of his most facetious humors, and invited us to supper at his house in town, giving a really comic account of his way of life, the great power of his domestics, their luxurious manner of living, and the ascendancy they had gained over their master.

Mrs. Smelt was to be the head lady, he said, of the party, to which she readily agreed. Miss P—— made inquiries into every particular of the entertainment he was to give us; and he uttered a very solemn charge to her, not to offend one of his maids, an elderly person, so extremely tenacious of her authority, that she frequently took up a poker, and ran furiously about with it, after any of her fellow-servants, who thwarted her will. To me also he gave a similar charge — "I have a poor old soul of a man, ma'am," says he, "that does his business very well for such a forlorn poor fellow as me; but now, when you want a glass of wine or so, don't be in too great a hurry with him — that's all I beg; don't frighten him, poor fellow, with calling to him hastily, or angrily, or that — for if you once do that he won't know a single thing he says or

does all the rest of the time!—he'll quite lose his wits at a stroke!"

Some one now by chance named Mrs. Ariana Egerton, the bed-chamber woman; and Miss P—— said she now sent in her name in that manner, as she must no longer be called Miss, from her present office. "Mrs. what?" cried Colonel Goldsworthy, "Mrs. Ariana? what name is that?" "Why, it's her name," said Miss P——; "she writes it upon her cards." "Ariana?" repeated he, "I never heard the like in my life! Why I no more believe—what will these folks tell us next! It's nobody's name under the sun, I'll be bound for it. All the world put together shan't make me believe it. Ariana, forsooth! why it must be a nick-name! depend upon it it's nothing else. There, at my poor miserable bachelor's cell in the Mews, I've got a boy that says his name is Methusalem; he comes from Windsor, too! Heaven help the poor people! if they are but near a court, it turns their heads directly. I had the boy only out of the stable, just by the bottom of the garden, yet he told me his name was Methusalem! A likely matter, truly! ha! ha! I'll be sworn his name is no other than Jack!" "Pray," cried I, "what do you call him for short?"

"Why, ma'am, that was a great difficulty to me at first: I'd have called him Me, for shortest, but I thought the people would all laugh, and say, Ah, poor gentleman, it's all over with him now! he's calling *himself* when he wants his man! and then I thought of Thusy. Thusy sounds soft and pretty enough; but I thought it is like a woman's name—Susy; to be sure, thinks I, they'll all suppose I mean one of the maids; and then again, ah, say they, the poor gentleman's certainly cracked! nothing else would make him behave so comical! And then I thought of Lem. But it's quite too much for me to settle such a set of hard long names!"

In this manner he ran on, till General Budé reminded him it was time they should appear in the concert-room. "Ay," cried he, reluctantly, "now for the fiddlers! There I go, plant myself against the side of the chimney, stand first on one foot, then on the other, hear over and over again all that fine squeaking, and then fall fast asleep, and escape by mere miracle from flouncing down plump in all their faces!" "What would the Queen say if you did that?" "Oh, ma'am, the Queen would know nothing of the matter; she'd only suppose it some old double bass that tumbled." "Why, could she not see what it was?" "Oh, no, ma'am, we are never in the room with the Queen! that's the drawing-room, beyond, where the Queen sits; we go no farther than the fiddling-room. As to the Queen, we don't see her week after week sometimes. The King, indeed, comes there to us, between whiles, though that's all as it happens, now Price is gone. He used to play at backgammon with Price."

"Then what do you do there?" "Just what I tell you — nothing at all, but stand as furniture! But the worst is, sometimes, when my poor eye-peepers are not quite closed, I look to the music-books to see what's coming; and there I read 'Chorus of Virgins:' so then, when they begin, I look about me. A chorus of virgins, indeed! why, there's nothing but ten or a dozen fiddlers! not a soul beside! it's as true as I'm alive! So then, when we've stood supporting the chimney-piece about two hours, why then, if I'm not called upon, I shuffle back out of the room, make a profound bow to the harpsichord, and I'm off."

DEC. 28. — This morning I met the Bishop of Worcester at Mrs. Delany's. He was very serious, unusually so, but Mrs. Delany was cheerful. He soon left us; and she then told me she had been ill in the night, and had been led to

desire some very solemn conversation with the good Bishop, who is her friend of many years' standing, and was equally intimate with her lost darling, the Duchess of Portland.

My dearest Mrs. Delany had been discoursing upon the end of all things with this good and pious Bishop; and she went on with the conversation, in a manner so content with her fair expectations, yet so meek upon her deserts, that she inspired me at once with double pain in the prospect of losing so inestimable a friend. Oh, how shall I now do without her? I felt so sorrowed in the talk, that she sweetly and benignly glided into other and less affecting matters, yet not till first she had given me this serious exhortation, tenderly, at the same time, folding me to her loved heart,—"You must let me, my dear Fanny, you must let me go quietly!" I understood her, and promised all the composure I could gather. Oh, could I but cling to her wings! how willingly would they waft me, if to her indulgent partiality my future lot were given in charge.

All gay and all alive, her mind relieved and her sweet spirits cheered by the conference with the Bishop, who had spoken peace to her fears and joy to her best hopes, this evening came again my revered Mrs. Delany. With what admiration did I look at her—what admiration and what tenderness! I knew what was passing in her mind; I knew well she believed her dissolution approaching, and I saw with what pious, what edifying faith she was resigning herself to everlasting mercy.

This, however, has passed away, and her precious life is yet spared us.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29TH. — At three o'clock our dearest Padre arrived. At dinner the party was enlarged by the presence of Mrs. Delany and Mr. Smelt; to these were added the lovely and lively Miss P——, the gentle Mlle.

Montmoullin, and the friendly Miss Planta. My dear father was the principal object to all, and he seemed to enjoy himself, and to be enjoyed throughout. We returned to my own apartment to our coffee, and the two governess ladies retired; and then came the King for Mrs. Delany; and not for that solely, though ostensibly, for his behavior to my father proved his desire to see and converse with him.

He began immediately upon musical matters, and entered into a discourse upon them with the most animated wish of both hearing and communicating his sentiments; and my dear father was perfectly ready to meet his advances. No one, at all used to the court etiquettes, could have seen him without smiling; he was so totally unacquainted with the forms usually observed in the royal presence, and so regardless or thoughtless of acquiring them, that he moved, spoke, acted, and debated, precisely with the same ease and freedom that he would have used to any other gentleman whom he had accidentally met.

A certain flutter of spirits, which always accompanies these interviews, even with those who are least awed by them, put my dear father off the guard which is the customary assistant upon these occasions, of watching what is done by those already initiated in these royal ceremonies: highly gratified by the openness and good-humor of the King, he was all energy and spirit, and pursued every topic that was started, till he had satisfied himself upon it, and started every topic that occurred to him, whether the King was ready for another or not.

While the rest, retreating towards the wainscot, formed a distant and respectful circle, in which the King alone moves, this dear father came forward into it himself, and, wholly bent upon pursuing whatever theme was begun, followed the King when he moved away, and came forward

to meet his steps when he moved back ; and while the rest waited his immediate address ere they ventured to speak a word, he began and finished, sustained or dropped, renewed or declined, every theme that he pleased, without consulting anything but his feelings and understanding.

This vivacity and this nature evidently pleased the King, whose good sense instantly distinguishes what is unconscious from what is disrespectful ; and his stay in the room, which I believe was an hour, and the perfect good-humor with which he received as well as returned the sprightly and informal sallies of my father, were proofs the most convincing of his approbation.

DECEMBER 30TH. — This morning my dear father carried me to Dr. Herschel. This great and very extraordinary man received us with almost open arms. He is very fond of my father, who is one of the Council of the Royal Society this year, as well as himself, and he has much invited me when we have met at the Lodge or at Mr. de Luc's.

At this time of day there was nothing to see but his instruments : those, however, are curiosities sufficient. His immense new telescope, the largest ever constructed, will still, I fear, require a year or two more for finishing, but I hope it will then reward his labor and ingenuity by the new views of the heavenly bodies, and their motions, which he flatters himself will be procured by it. Already, with that he has now in use, he has discovered fifteen hundred universes ! How many more he may find who can conjecture ? The moon, too, which seems his favorite object, has already afforded him two volcanoes ; and his own planet, the Georgium Sidus, has now shown two satellites. From such a man what may not astronomy expect, when an instrument superior in magnitude to any ever yet made, and constructed wholly by himself or under his own eye, is the vehicle of his observation ?

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2ND. — Mr. West came to take leave. He has done, for the present, with Windsor, but returns to his great work in the summer. We talked over, of course, his window; and he spoke of it in the highest terms of praise and admiration. Another man would be totally ridiculous who held such language about his own performances; but there is, in Mr. West, a something of simplicity in manner, that makes his self-commendation seem the result rather of an unaffected mind than of a vain or proud one. It may sometimes excite a smile, but can never, I think, offend or disgust.

At night we came to town. I found Mrs. Schwellenberg better; and she presented me, from her Majesty, with a new year's gift. The Queen makes one annually to all her household: I mean all of the upper class. Mine was very elegant: a complete set of very beautiful white and gold china for tea, and a coffee-pot, tea-pot, cream-jug, and milk-jug of silver, in forms remarkably pretty.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6TH. — To-day arrived again my dearest father. He came to me to dinner. This evening proved indeed a pleasant one; the honors paid my dear father gladdened his heart. The King came into my room to see Mrs. Delany, and conversed with him so openly, so gaily, and so readily, that it was evident he was pleased with his renewed visit, and pleased with his society. Nor was this all; soon after, the Queen herself came also, purposely to see him. She immediately sat down, that she might seat Mrs. Delany, and then addressed herself to my father, with the most winning complacency. Repeatedly, too, she addressed herself to me, as if to do me honor in my father's eyes, and to show him how graciously she was disposed towards me. I had previously entreated my father to snatch at any possible opportunity of expressing his satisfaction in all that related to me, as I knew it would

not only give pleasure to her benevolence, but was a token of gratitude literally expected from him.

My Susan, however, knows our dear father, and will know him by the following trait: he had planned his speech, and was quite elevated with the prospect of making it, and with the pleasure of my pointing it out, and being so happy ! Dearest father ! how blessed in that facility of believing all people as good and as happy as he wishes them. Nevertheless, no sooner did the King touch upon that dangerous string, the History of Music, than all else was forgotten ! Away flew the speech, — the Queen herself was present in vain, — eagerly and warmly he began an account of his progress, and an enumeration of his materials, — and out from his pockets came a couple of dirty books, which he had lately picked up at an immense price, at a sale, and which, in showing to the King, he said were equally scarce and valuable and added, with energy, “I would not take fifty pounds for that !” Just as if he had said — little as he meant such meaning — “Don’t hope for it to your own collection !” Was not this a curious royal scene ?

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11TH. — I was taken very ill. A bilious fever, long lurking, suddenly seized me, and a rheumatism in my head at the same time. I was forced to send to Mr. Battiscomb for advice, and to Miss Planta to officiate for me at night with the Queen.

Early the next morning Miss Planta came to me from the Queen, to desire I would not be uneasy in missing my attendance and that I would think of nothing but how to take care of myself. This, however, was not all, for soon after she came herself, not only to my room, but to my bedside, and, after many inquiries, desired me to say sincerely what I should do if I had been so attacked at home.

A blister, I said, was all I could devise ; and I had one

accordingly, which cured the head, and set me at ease. But the fever had been longer gathering, and would not so rapidly be dismissed. I kept my bed this day and the next.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16TH, was the day appointed for removing to town for the winter; from which time we were only to come to Windsor for an occasional day or two every week. I received a visit, just before I set out, from the King. He came in alone, and made most gracious inquiries into my health, and whether I was sufficiently recovered for the journey.

The four days of my confinement, from the fever after the pain, were days of meditation the most useful. I reflected upon all my mental sufferings in the last year; their cause seemed inadequate to their poignancy. In the hour of sickness and confinement, the world, in losing its attractions, forfeits its regrets — a new train of thinking, a new set of ideas, took possession of all my faculties; a steady plan, calm, yet no longer sad, deliberately formed itself in my mind; my affliction was already subsided; I now banished, also, discontent. I found myself as well off, upon reflection, as I could possibly merit, and better, by comparison, than most of those around me. The beloved friends of my own heart had joined me unalterably, inviolably to theirs — who, in number, who, in kindness, has more?

Now, therefore, I took shame to myself, and *resolved to be happy*. And my success has shown me how far less chimerical than it appears is such a resolution. To be patient under two disappointments now no longer recent — to relinquish, without repining, frequent intercourse with those I love — to settle myself in my monastery, without one idea of ever quitting it — to study for the approbation of my lady abbess, and make it a principal source

of content, as well as spring of action — and to associate more cheerily with my surrounding nuns and monks — these were the articles which were to support my resolution.

I thank God I can tell my dearest friends I have observed them all ; and, from the date of this illness to the time in which I am now drawing out my memorandums, I can safely affirm I know not that I have made one break with myself in a single promise here projected. And now, I thank God, the task is at an end — what I began from principle, and pursued from resolution, is now a mere natural conduct. My destiny is fixed, and my mind is at ease — nay, I even think, upon the whole, that my lot is, altogether, the best that can betide me, except for one flaw in its very vitals, which subjects me, at times, to a tyranny wholly subversive of all power of tranquillity.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20TH. — Miss Planta came to dinner with me : so did Mr. Turbulent. Much was said about Colonel Welbred. I made such answers when he was named as left it still in the dark that we had never met, for I dreaded some introducing scheme from Mr. Turbulent that might seize out of my hands the only remaining chance of gaining to my own disposal the evenings spent at Windsor in Mrs. Schwellenberg's absence.

He left us after dinner to visit this Colonel, who stands in his favor the highest of all the equerries.

At tea-time Mr. Turbulent returned in very high spirits. When the tea was brought, and I was preparing to make it, — "Have you sent, ma'am," he cried, "to Colonel Welbred?"

"No, I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"But, do you not know, ma'am, the honorable customs of this house, and that the gentlemen here are always invited to the ladies?" I tried to laugh this off; but he

pursued it, till Miss Planta, quite teased, begged he would not trouble his head about the matter, but leave me to manage as I pleased. Turning upon her very short, "What is your objection," he cried, "Miss Planta?"

Miss Planta, surprised, and a little intimidated, disclaimed having any. Mercy! thought I, what an imperious esquire is this to whom we are committed! And this was just the thought that gave me courage to determine against yielding to him.

Turning then again to me, he said, with a very courteous bow, — "Will you depute me, ma'am, to fetch the Colonel?" "By no means, sir! I would not give you that trouble." "Shall you send him a message, then, ma'am?" "No, sir," cried I, very steadily. "And why not, ma'am?" cried he in the same tone. Miss Planta then again broke forth, asking him why in the world he could not be content with minding his own affairs? With an adroitness of raillery, against which she had not the smallest chance, he retorted the question upon her. Again she was silenced; and again he renewed his application. "You will not make the tea, ma'am, and leave the Colonel out?" "I have never had the Colonel in, sir, and therefore there is nothing peculiar in the omission." "And why, ma'am? — why have you not? There cannot be a more amiable man — a man of manners, person, address, appearance, and conversation — more pleasing — more enchanting, ma'am." "I don't at all doubt it, sir." "Shall I fetch him, then?" "No, sir." "*Vous avez donc peur?*"

"Now, if you would but let him alone!" cried Miss Planta; "he does not want to come."

"And how do you know that, Miss Peggy Planta?"

Again poor Miss Planta was silenced; but soon after, with an impatience that she could not repress, she declared that if Colonel Welbred had wished to come he

would have made his appearance the first evening. This was a most unfortunate speech. Mr. Turbulent seized upon it eagerly, and said he now perceived the motive to so much shyness, which was all the effect of resentment at the Colonel's apparent backwardness. I protested against this warmly, but to no purpose; and all that fell from the too eager zeal of Miss Planta in my service seemed but to confirm his pretended new explanation.

"However, ma'am," he continued, "if you will suffer me to fetch him, he will soon satisfy you with his apologies. I do assure you he only waits an invitation: when I asked him if he was not coming up to tea, he said he had not the pleasure to know Miss Burney, and could not take the liberty to intrude upon her." I was now satisfied that General Budé had given him a hint of the new construction of the tea-table: I therefore earnestly begged Mr. Turbulent to permit me to have my own arrangement in my own way, and only to be quiet, and forbear any interference of any sort in the business; and after much opposition, he submitted to my request.

JANUARY 24TH. — I went in the morning to see my sweet Mrs. Delany, whom I had not for a long, long time, been able to behold. I found her in bed and ill. I was cruelly alarmed, she wept bitterly — bitterly I say, for her tears of kind joy in my return to her were embittered indeed by personal sorrows and afflictions of the most poignant sort. Dear and venerable Mrs. Delany! — what on earth can be so affecting as to see excellence and age such as hers bowed down by personal ill-usage and ingratitude, from those who are most bound to cherish and revere her! — yet such has been her hard lot through all the latter period of her long and exemplary life!

I stayed to my last moment, and left her more calm, and

promised to see her, now I was myself well again, almost daily. For, since the birthday, I had been much indisposed till now.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28TH. — I was too ill to go to church. I was now, indeed, rarely well enough for anything but absolute and unavoidable duties; and those were still painfully and forcibly performed. I had only Miss Planta for my guest, and when she went to the Princesses I retired for a quiet and solitary evening to my own room. But here, while reading, I was interrupted by a tat-tat at my door. I opened it, and saw Mr. Turbulent. He came forward and began a gay and animated conversation, with a flow of spirits and good-humor which I had never observed in him before. His darling Colonel was the subject that he still harped upon; but it was only with a civil and amusing raillery, not, as before, with an overpowering vehemence to conquer. Probably, however, the change in myself might be as observable as in him, — since I now ceased to look upon him with that distance and coldness which hitherto he had uniformly found in me.

I must give you a little specimen of him in this new dress. After some general talk, "When, ma'am," he said, "am I to have the honor of introducing Colonel Welbred to you?" "Indeed, I have not settled that entirely!" "Reflect a little, then, ma'am, and tell me. I only wish to know when."

"Indeed to tell you that is somewhat more than I am able to do; I must find it out myself, first." "Well, ma'am, make the inquiry as speedily as possible, I beg. What say you to now? shall I call him up?" "No, no, — pray let him alone." "But will you not, at least, tell me your reasons for this conduct?" "Why, frankly, then, — if you will hear them and be quiet, I will confess them." I then told him, that I had so little time to myself, that to gain

even a single evening was to gain a treasure ; and that I had no chance but this. "Not," said I, "that I wish to avoid him, but to break the custom of constantly meeting with the equerries."

"But it is impossible to break the custom, ma'am ; it has been so always : the tea-table has been the time of uniting the company, ever since the King came to Windsor." "Well, but everything now is upon a new construction. I am not positively bound to do everything Mrs. Haggerdorn did, and his having drank tea with her will not make him conclude he must also drink tea with me." "No, no, that is true, I allow. Nothing that belonged to her can bring conclusions round to you. But still, why begin with Colonel Welbred ? You did not treat Colonel Goldsworthy so ?"

"I had not the power of beginning with him. I did what I could, I assure you." "Major Price, ma'am ?—I never heard you avoided him." "No ; but I knew him before I came, and he knew much of my family, and indeed I am truly sorry that I shall now see no more of him. But Colonel Welbred and I are mutually strangers." "All people are so at first ; every acquaintance must have a beginning." "But this, if you are quiet, we are most willing should have none." "Not he, ma'am — he is not so willing ; he wishes to come. He asked me, to-day, if I had spoke about it."

I disclaimed believing this ; but he persisted in asserting it, adding, "For he said if I had spoke he would come." "He is very condescending," cried I, "but I am satisfied he would not think of it at all, if you did not put it in his head." "Upon my honor you are mistaken ; we talk just as much of it down there as up here." "You would much oblige me if you would *not* talk of it, — neither *there* nor *here*." "Let me end it, then, by bringing him at once !"

"No, no, leave us both alone: he has his resources and his engagements as much as I have; we both are best as we now are."

"But what can he say, ma'am? Consider his confusion and disgrace! It is well known, in the world, the private life that the Royal Family live at Windsor, and who are the attendants that belong to them; and when Colonel Welbred quits his waiting — three months' waiting — and is asked how he likes Miss Burney, he must answer *he has never seen her!* And what, ma'am, has Colonel Welbred done to merit such a mortification?"

It was impossible not to laugh at such a statement of the case; and again he requested to bring him directly. "One quarter of an hour will content me; I only wish to introduce him — for the sake of his credit in the world; and when once you have met, you need meet no more; no consequences whatever need be drawn to the detriment of your solitude!"

I begged him to desist, and let us both rest.

"But have you, yourself, ma'am, no curiosity — no desire to see Colonel Welbred?"

"None in the world."

"If, then, hereafter you admit any other equerry —"

"No, no, I intend to carry the *new construction* through-out."

"Or if you suffer any one else to bring you Colonel Welbred."

"Depend upon it I have no such intention."

"But if any other more eloquent man prevails —"

"Be assured there is no danger!"

"Will you, at least, promise I shall be present at the meeting?"

"There will be no meeting."

"You are certainly, then, afraid of him?"

I denied this, and, hearing the King's supper called, he took his leave; though not before I very seriously told him that, however amusing all this might be as pure *badinage*, I should be very earnestly vexed if he took any steps in the matter without my consent.

Miss Planta came to tea, and we went together to the eating parlor, which we found quite empty. Mr. Turbulent's studious table was all deserted, and his books laid waste; but in a very few minutes he entered again, with his arms spread wide, his face all glee, and his voice all triumph, calling out, "Mr. Smelt and Colonel Welbred desire leave to wait upon Miss Burney to tea?"

A little provoked at this determined victory over my will and my wish, I remained silent—but Miss Planta broke forth into open upbraidings: "Upon my word, Mr. Turbulent, this is really abominable; it is all your own doing—and if I was Miss Burney I would not bear it!"—and much more, till he fairly gave her to understand she had nothing to do with the matter. Then turning to me, "What am I to say, ma'am? Am I to tell Colonel Welbred you hesitate?"

"No, no; but why in the world have you done this—so seriously as I begged you to be quiet?" "And what harm have I done? It will be but for once—and what mischief can there be in your giving Colonel Welbred a dish of tea one single evening?" "But will it be one single evening?" "Unless you make it more, ma'am!" "Indeed, Miss Burney," cried Miss Planta, "if I were you, I would not consent!" "And what *reason* would you assign, Miss Peggy?" This silenced poor Miss Planta; and I then questioned him whether he was not inventing this message, or whether it was really sent?

He protested he came upon the embassy fairly employed. "Not *fairly*, I am sure, Mr. Turbulent! The whole is a

device and contrivance of your own! Colonel Welbred would have been as quiet as myself, had you left him alone." "Don't throw it all upon me, ma'am; 't is Mr. Smelt. But what are they to think of this delay? are they to suppose it requires deliberation whether or not you can admit a gentleman to your tea-table?"

I begged him to tell me, at least, how it had passed, and in what manner he had brought his scheme about. But he would give me no satisfaction: he only said, "You refuse to receive him, ma'am? — shall I go and tell him you refuse to receive him?" "Oh, no." This was enough: he waited no fuller consent, but ran off. Miss Planta began a good-natured repining for me. I determined to fetch some work before they arrived; and in coming for it to my own room, I saw Mr. Turbulent not yet gone downstairs. I really believe, by the strong marks of laughter on his countenance, that he had stopped to compose himself before he could venture to appear in the Equerry-room!

I looked at him reproachfully, and passed on. He shook his head at me in return, and hied downstairs. I had but just time to rejoin Miss Planta when he led the way to the two other gentlemen, entering first, with the most earnest curiosity, to watch the scene. Mr. Smelt followed, introducing the Colonel.

I could almost have laughed, so ridiculous had the behavior of Mr. Turbulent, joined to his presence and watchfulness, rendered this meeting; and I saw in Colonel Welbred the most evident marks of similar sensations: for he colored violently on his entrance, and seemed in an embarrassment that, to any one who knew not the previous tricks of Mr. Turbulent, must have appeared really distressing. And, in truth, Mr. Smelt himself, little imagining what had preceded the interview, was so struck with his manner and looks, that he conceived him to be afraid of

poor little me, and observed, afterwards, with what "blushing diffidence" he had begun the acquaintance!

I who saw the true cause through the effect, felt more provoked than ever with Mr. Turbulent, since I was now quite satisfied he had been as busy with the Colonel about me, as with me about the Colonel. He is tall, his figure is very elegant, and his face very handsome: he is sensible, well-bred, modest, and intelligent. I had always been told he was very amiable and accomplished, and the whole of his appearance confirmed the report.

The discourse was almost all Mr. Smelt's; the Colonel was silent and reserved, and Mr. Turbulent had resolved to be a mere watchman. The King entered early and stayed late, and took away with him, on retiring, all the gentlemen. Certainly, were no consequences of future constraint to be apprehended, no one could be otherwise than pleased by the acquisition of such an acquaintance as Colonel Welbred; but my fears of other times told me that the exclusion to which *he* might have submitted contentedly, those who were every way his inferiors might always resent, unless such a precedent stood before them. However, it was over, and past remedy.

FEBRUARY 3RD. — As the tea hour approached to-day, Mr. Turbulent grew very restless. I saw what was passing in his mind, and therefore forbore ordering tea: but presently, and suddenly, as if from some instant impulse, he gravely came up to me, and said, "Shall I go and call the Colonel, ma'am?"

"No, sir!" was my Johnsonian reply.

"What, ma'am! — won't you give him a little tea?"

"No, no, no! — I beg you will be at rest!"

He shrugged his shoulders, and walked away; and Mr. Smelt, smiling, said, "Will you give *us* any?"

"O yes, surely!" cried I, and was going away to ring for the man.

I believe I have already mentioned that I had no bell at all, except in my bedroom, and that only for my maid, whom I was obliged to summon first, like Smart's monkey —

“Here, Betty! — Nan! —

Go call the maid, to call the man!”

For Mrs. Haggerdorn had done without, twenty-six years, by always keeping her servant in waiting at the door. I could never endure inflicting such a hardship, and therefore had always to run to my bedroom, and wait the progress of the maid's arrival, and then of her search of the man, ere ever I could give him an order. A mighty tiresome and inconvenient ceremony.

Mr. Turbulent insisted upon saving me this trouble, and went out himself to speak to John. But you will believe me a little amazed, when, in a very few minutes, he returned again, accompanied by his Colonel.

My surprise brought the color both into my own cheeks and those of my guests. Mr. Smelt looked pleased; and Mr. Turbulent, though I saw he was half afraid of what he was doing, could by no means restrain a most exulting smile, which was constantly in play during the whole evening.

Mr. Smelt instantly opened a conversation, with an ease and good breeding which drew every one into sharing it. The Colonel was far less reserved and silent, and I found him very pleasing, very unassuming, extremely attentive, and sensible and obliging.

The moment, however, that we mutually joined in the discourse, Mr. Turbulent came to my side, and, seating himself there, whispered that he begged my pardon for the step he had taken.

I made him no answer, but talked on with the Colonel and Mr. Smelt.

He then whispered me again, "I am now certain of your forgiveness, since I see your approbation!"

And when still I said nothing, he interrupted every speech to the Colonel with another little whisper, saying that his end was obtained, and he was now quite happy, since he saw he had obliged me!

At length he proceeded so far, with so positive a determination to be answered, that he absolutely compelled me to say I forgave him, lest he should go on till the Colonel heard him.

MONDAY, FEB. 26TH. — To-day — our travelling day — I was drawn into a species of trust with my companions that I had resolved from prudence steadily to avoid; but I was not proof against the discoveries of Mr. Turbulent. With respect to a certain lady, I had hitherto uniformly declined all discussion. The hard or coarse treatment I occasionally met with I had kept to myself, and accepted the intermediate better usage without making any remark whatsoever. Mr. Turbulent, however, this last week, had told Miss Planta he was in much concern at a sight he had accidentally obtained of my poor phiz, when *tête-à-tête* in one of the Queen's rooms with this lady, and when I knew not, from short-sightedness, even that a door was ajar; though he, long-sighted and observant, had seen through it sufficiently to read all the depression of countenance which some immediate disagreeability had brought on.

Miss Planta had already informed me of this accident, which was vexatious enough. I had hitherto always tried to make them suppose that either I did well enough, or was unconcerned in doing otherwise. But there was no combating ocular proof. He put aside all his flights and his violences, and seemed hurt for me more than I could have supposed. I passed it all off as gaily as I could, but he touched me, I own, when in a tone of the most com-

passionate regret at my lot, he exclaimed, "This, ma'am, is your colleague!—Who could ever have imagined it would have been Miss Burney's fate to be so coupled? Could you ever, ma'am, foresee, or suspect, or believe you should be linked to such a companion?" No, thought I, indeed did I not! But to recover myself from the train of thoughts to which so home a question led, I frankly narrated some small circumstances, of a ludicrous and unimportant nature, which regarded this lady with some of her domestics.

They were almost in fits of laughter; and Mr. Turbulent's compassion so fled away from the diversion of this recital, that he now only lamented I had not also known the other original colleague, that she too might have lived in my memory. I thank him much! He had lately, he told me, had much conversation concerning me with Mr. Boswell. I feel sorry to be named or remembered by that biographical, anecdotal memorandummer, till his book of poor Dr. Johnson's life is finished and published. What an anecdote, however, did he tell me of that most extraordinary character! He is now an actual admirer and follower of Mrs. Rudd!—and avows it, and praises her extraordinary attractions aloud!

MARCH 1ST. — With all the various humors in which I had already seen Mr. Turbulent, he gave me this evening a surprise, by his behavior to one of the Princesses, nearly the same that I had experienced from him myself. The Princess Augusta came, during coffee, for a knotting shuttle of the Queen's. While she was speaking to me, he stood behind and exclaimed, *à demi voix*, as if to himself, "*Comme elle est jolie ce soir, son Altesse Royale!*" And then, seeing her blush extremely, he clasped his hands, in high pretended confusion, and, hiding his head, called out, "*Que ferai-je?*" The Princess has heard me!" "Pray, Mr.

Turbulent," cried she, hastily, "what play are you to read to-night?"

"You shall choose, ma'am; either *La Coquette corrigée*, or —" [he named another I have forgotten.] "Oh, no!" cried she, "that last is shocking! don't let me hear that!" "I understand you, ma'am. You fix, then, upon *La Coquette*? *La Coquette* is your Royal Highness's taste?" "No, indeed, I am sure I did not say that." "Yes, ma'am, by implication. And certainly, therefore, I will read it, to please your Royal Highness!" "No, pray don't; for I like none of them!" "None of them, ma'am?" "No, none; — no *French plays* at all!" And away she was running, with a droll air, that acknowledged she had said something to provoke him.

"This is a declaration, ma'am, I must beg you to explain!" cried he, gliding adroitly between the Princess and the door, and shutting it with his back. "No, no, I can't explain it; so pray, Mr. Turbulent, do open the door." "Not for the world, ma'am, with such a stain uncleared upon your Royal Highness's taste and feeling!" She told him she positively could not stay, and begged him to let her pass instantly. But he would hear her no more than he has heard me, protesting he was too much shocked for her, to suffer her to depart without clearing her own credit!

He conquered at last, and, thus forced to speak, she turned round to us and said, "Well — if I must, then — I will appeal to these ladies, who understand such things far better than I do, and ask them if it is not true about these French plays, that they are all so like one to another, that to hear them in this manner every night is enough to tire one?" "Pray, then, madam," cried he, "if French plays have the misfortune to displease you, what *National Plays* have the honor of your preference?" I saw he meant

something that she understood better than me, for she blushed again, and called out, "Pray open the door at once! I can stay no longer; do let me go, Mr. Turbulent."

"Not till you have answered that question, ma'am! what *Country* has plays to your Royal Highness's taste?" "Miss Burney," cried she impatiently, yet laughing, "pray do you take him away! — Pull him!" He bowed to me very invitingly for the office; but I frankly answered her, "Indeed, ma'am, I dare not undertake him! I cannot manage him at all." "The *Country*! the *Country*! Princess Augusta! name the happy *Country*!" was all she could gain.

"Order him away, Miss Burney," cried she; "'t is your room: order him away from the door." "Name it, ma'am, name it;" exclaimed he; "name but the *chosen nation*!" And then, fixing her with the most provoking eyes, "*Est-ce la Danemarc?*" he cried. She colored violently, and, quite angry with him, called out, "Mr. Turbulent, how can you be such a fool!" And now I found. . . . the Prince Royal of Denmark was in his meaning, and in her understanding!

He bowed to the ground, in gratitude for the term *fool*, but added, with pretended submission to her will, "Very well, ma'am, *s'il ne faut lire que les comédies Danoises.*" "Do let me go!" cried she seriously; and then he made way, with a profound bow as she passed, saying, "Very well, ma'am, *La Coquette*, then? your Royal Highness chooses *La Coquette corrigée?*" "*Corrigée?* That never was done!" cried she, with all her sweet good-humor, the moment she got out; and off she ran, like lightning, to the Queen's apartments. What say you to Mr. Turbulent now?

For my part, I was greatly surprised. I had not imagined any man, but the King or Prince of Wales, had

ever ventured at a *badinage* of this sort with any of the Princesses; nor do I suppose any other man ever did. Mr. Turbulent is so great a favorite with all the Royal Family, that he safely ventures upon whatever he pleases, and doubtless they find, in his courage and his rhodomontading, a novelty extremely amusing to them, or they would not fail to bring about a change.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6TH. — I spent almost all this morning with her Majesty, hearing her botanical lesson, and afterwards looking over some prints of Herculaneum, till the Princess Augusta brought a paper, and a message from Mr. Turbulent, with his humble request to explain it himself to her Majesty. It was something he had been ordered to translate.

“Oh yes!” cried the Queen readily, “let him come; I am always glad to see him.” He came immediately; and most glad was I when dismissed to make way for him: for he practises a thousand mischievous tricks, to confuse me, in the Royal presence; most particularly by certain signs which he knows I comprehend, made by his eyebrows; for he is continually assuring me he always discovers my thoughts and opinions by the motion of mine, which it is his most favorite gambol to pretend constantly to examine, as well as his first theme of gallantry to compliment, though in a style too high-flown and rhodomontading to be really embarrassing.

I find no further memorandums of my winter Windsor expeditions of this year. I will briefly record some circumstances which I want no memorandums to recollect, and then tie my accounts concisely together till I find my minutes resumed. Mr. Turbulent became now every journey more and more violent in his behavior. He no longer sued for leave to bring in his Colonel, who constantly sent

in his own name to ask it, and invariably preserved that delicacy, good-breeding, and earnestness to oblige, which could not but secure the welcome he requested. I saw no more of Major Price, which I sincerely regretted. He returned to his farm in Herefordshire.

We were travelling to Windsor — Mr. Turbulent, Miss Planta, and myself, the former in the highest spirits, and extremely entertaining, relating various anecdotes of his former life, and gallantly protesting he was content to close the scene by devoting himself to the service of the ladies then present. All this for a while did mighty well, and I was foremost to enter into the spirit of his rhodomontading; but I drew a little back when he said we did not live half enough together during these journeys, and desired he might come to breakfast with me.

“Why should we not,” he cried, “all live together? I hate to breakfast alone. What time do you rise?” “At six o’clock,” cried I. “Well, I shall wait upon you then — call you, no doubt, for you can never be really up then. Shall I call you? Will you give me leave?”

“No, neither leave, nor the trouble.” “Why not? I used to go to Miss Planta’s room before she rose, and wander about as quiet as a lamb.”

Miss Planta was quite scandalized, and exclaimed and denied with great earnestness. He did not mind her, but went on —

“I shall certainly be punctual to six o’clock. If I should rap at your door to-morrow morning early, should you be very angry? — *can* you be very angry?” An unfortunate idea this — both for him and for me, and somewhat resembling poor Mrs. Vesey’s, which she expressed once in the opening of a letter to me in these words — “*You look as if you could forgive a liberty!*” I fear Mr. Turbulent thought so, too.

His vehemence upon the eternal subject of his Colonel lasted during the whole journey, and when we arrived at Windsor he followed me to my room, uttering such high-flown compliments, mixed with such bitter reproaches, that sometimes I was almost tempted to be quite serious with him, especially as that manner which had already so little pleased me returned, and with double force, so as to rise at times to a pitch of gallantry in his professions of devotion and complaints of ill-usage that would have called for some very effectual exertion to subdue and crush, had I not considered all the circumstances of his situation, and the impossibility of his meaning to give me cause for gravity.

All his murmurs at the weariness of these winter journeys, and all his misanthropical humors, were now vanished. He protested he longed for the return of the Windsor days; and when he got into my room upon our arrival, he detained me in a sort of conversation hard to describe, of good-humored raillery and sport, mixed with flighty praise and protestations, till I was regularly obliged to force him away, by assurances that he would disgrace me, by making me inevitably too late to be dressed for the Queen. Nevertheless, till this evening, to which I am now coming, I was altogether much amused with him, and though sometimes for a moment startled, it was only for a moment, and I felt afterwards constantly ashamed I had been startled at all.

I must now, rather reluctantly, I own, come to recite a quarrel, a very serious quarrel, in which I have been involved with my most extraordinary fellow-traveller. One evening at Windsor Miss Planta left the room while I was winding some silk. I was content to stay and finish the skein, though my remaining companion was in a humor too flighty to induce me to continue with him a moment

longer. Indeed I had avoided pretty successfully all *tête-à-têtes* with him since the time when his eccentric genius led to such eccentric conduct in our long conference in the last month.

This time, however, when I had done my work, he protested I should stay and chat with him. I pleaded business — letters — hurry — all in vain. He would listen to nothing, and when I offered to move was so tumultuous in his opposition, that I was obliged to re-seat myself to appease him. A flow of compliments followed, every one of which I liked less and less ; but his spirits seemed uncontrollable, and, I suppose, ran away with all that ought to check them. I laughed and rallied as long as I possibly could, and tried to keep him in order, by not seeming to suppose he wanted aid for that purpose ; yet still, every time I tried to rise, he stopped me, and uttered at last such expressions of homage — so like what Shakespeare says of the schoolboy, who makes “a sonnet on his mistress’ *eyebrow*,” which is always his favorite theme — that I told him his real compliment was all to my *temper*, in imagining it could brook such mockery.

This brought him once more on his knees, with such a volley of asseverations of his sincerity, uttered with such fervor and violence, that I really felt uneasy, and used every possible means to get away from him, rallying him, however, all the time, and disguising the consciousness I felt of my inability to quit him. More and more vehement, however, he grew, till I could be no longer passive, but forcibly rising protested I would not stay another minute. But you may easily imagine my astonishment and provocation, when, hastily rising himself, he violently seized hold of me, and compelled me to return to my chair, with a force and a freedom that gave me as much surprise as offence.

All now became serious. Raillery, good-humor, and even pretended ease and unconcern, were at an end. The positive displeasure I felt I made positively known; and the voice, manner, and looks with which I insisted upon an immediate release were so changed from what he had ever heard or observed in me before, that I saw him quite thunderstruck with the alteration; and, all his own violence subsiding, he begged my pardon with the mildest humility.

He had made me too angry to grant it, and I only desired him to let me instantly go to my own room. He ceased all personal opposition, but going to the door, planted himself before it, and said, "Not in wrath! I cannot let you go away in wrath!" "You *must*, Sir," cried I, "for I *am* in wrath!" He began a thousand apologies, and as many promises of the most submissive behavior in future; but I stopped them all with a peremptory declaration that every minute he detained me made me but the more seriously angry.

His vehemence now was all changed into strong alarm, and he opened the door, profoundly bowing, but not speaking, as I passed him. I am sure I need not dwell upon the uncomfortable sensations I felt, in a check so rude and violent to the gaiety and entertainment of an acquaintance which had promised me my best amusement during our winter campaigns. I was now to begin upon quite a new system, and instead of encouraging, as hitherto I had done, everything that could lead to vivacity and spirit, I was fain to determine upon the most distant and even forbidding demeanor with the only life of our parties, that he might not again forget himself.

This disagreeable conduct I put into immediate practice. I stayed in my own room till I heard every one assembled in the next: I was then obliged to prepare for joining them, but before I opened the door a gentle rap at it made me

call out, "Who's there?" and Mr. Turbulent looked in. I hastily said I was coming instantly, but he advanced softly into the room, entreating forgiveness at every step. I made no other answer than desiring he would go, and saying I should follow. He went back to the door, and, dropping on one knee, said, "Miss Burney! surely you cannot be seriously angry? — 't is so impossible you should think I meant to offend you!"

I said nothing, and did not look near him, but opened the door, from which he retreated to make way for me, rising a little mortified, and exclaiming, "Can you then have such real ill-nature? How little I suspected it in you!" "'T is you," cried I, as I passed on, "that are ill-natured!" I meant for forcing me into anger; but I left him to make the meaning out, and walked into the next room. He did not immediately follow, and he then appeared so much disconcerted that I saw Miss Planta incessantly eyeing him, to find out what was the matter. I assumed an unconcern I did not feel, for I was really both provoked and sorry, foreseeing what a breach this folly must make in the comfort of my Windsor expeditions.

He sat down a little aloof, and entered into no conversation all the evening; but just as tea was over, the hunt of the next day being mentioned, he suddenly asked Miss Planta to request leave for him of the Queen to ride out with the party. "I shall not see the Queen," cried she; "you had much better ask Miss Burney." This was very awkward. I was in no humor to act for him at this time, nor could he muster courage to desire it; but upon Miss Planta's looking at each of us with some surprise, and repeating her amendment to his proposal, he faintly said, "Would Miss Burney be so good as to take that trouble?"

I felt he was forced to ask this to avoid exciting fresh wonder, and the same reason forced me to answer, though

most unwillingly, that I would mention it to her Majesty, if I found an opportunity. I rose to retire to my room at the same moment with Miss Planta, and he let us both pass without molestation. He will not, however, again ask if I *can* be angry, but I was truly vexed he should have put me to such a test.

An opportunity offering favorably, I spoke at night to the Queen, and she gave leave for his attending the chase. I intended to send this permission to Miss Planta, but I had scarce returned to my own room from Her Majesty, before a rap at my door was followed by his appearance. He stood quite aloof, looking grave and contrite. I immediately called out, "I have spoken, sir, to the Queen, and you have her leave to go." He bowed very profoundly, and thanked me, and was retreating, but came back again, and advancing, assumed an air of less humility, and exclaimed, "*Allons, donc, Mademoiselle ; j'espère que vous n'êtes plus si méchante qu' hier au soir ?*"

I said nothing ; he came nearer ; and, bowing upon his own hand, held it out for mine, with a look of most respectful supplication. I had no intention of cutting the matter so short, yet from shame to sustain resentment, I was compelled to hold out a finger : he took it with a look of great gratitude, and very reverently touching the tip of my glove with his lip, instantly let it go, and very solemnly said, "*Soyez sûr que je n'ai jamais eu la moindre idée de vous offenser ;*" and then he thanked me again for his license, and went his way. I was not sorry to have our war end here apparently, though I was obliged to resolve upon a defensive conduct in future, that would prevent any other attack.

And now for a few general anecdotes that belong to this month. I had the pleasure of two or three visits from Mr. Bryant, whose loyal regard for the King and Queen makis

him eagerly accept every invitation, from the hope of seeing them in my room; and one of the days they both came in to speak to him, and were accompanied by the two eldest Princesses, who stood chatting with me by the door the whole time, and saying comical things upon royal personages in tragedies, particularly Princess Augusta, who has a great deal of sport in her disposition. She very gravely asserted she thought *some of those Princes* on the stage looked really quite as well as some she knew off it.

Once about this time I went to a play myself, which surely I may live long enough and never forget. It was "Seduction," a very clever piece, but containing a dreadful picture of vice and dissipation in high life, written by Mr. Miles Andrews, with an epilogue — Oh, such an epilogue! I was listening to it with uncommon attention, from a compliment paid in it to Mrs. Montagu, among other female writers; but imagine what became of my attention when I suddenly was struck with these lines, or something like them: —

"Let sweet Cecilia gain your just applause,
Whose every passion yields to Reason's laws."

To hear, wholly unprepared and unsuspecting, such lines in a theatre — seated in a Royal Box — and with the whole Royal Family and their suite immediately opposite me — was it not a singular circumstance? To describe my embarrassment would be impossible. My whole head was leaning forward, with my opera-glass in my hand, examining Miss Farren, who spoke the epilogue. Instantly I shrunk back, so astonished and so ashamed of my public situation, that I was almost ready to take to my heels and run, for it seemed as if I were there purposely in that conspicuous place —

The King immediately raised his opera-glass to look at me, laughing heartily — the Queen's presently took the same direction — all the Princesses looked up, and all the attendants, and all the maids of honor! I protest I was never more at a loss what to do with myself: nobody was in the front row with me but Miss Goldsworthy, who, instantly seeing how I was disconcerted, prudently and good-naturedly forbore taking any notice of me. I sat as far back as I could, and kept my fan against the exposed profile for the rest of the night, never once leaning forward, nor using my glass.

None of the Royal Family spoke to me upon this matter till a few days after; but I heard from Mrs. Delany they had all declared themselves sorry for the confusion it had caused me. And some time after, the Queen could not forbear saying, "I hope, Miss Burney, you minded the epilogue the other night?" And the King very comically said, "I took a peep at you! — I could not help that. I wanted to see how you looked when your father first discovered your writing — and now I think I know!"

The Princesses all said something, and the kind Princess Elizabeth, in particular, declared she had pitied me with all her heart, for being so situated when such a compliment was made.

My Fredy will have told our visit to Mrs. Cholmley, where I met sundry old acquaintances, amongst whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Montagu, the Bishop of Chester, and Mrs. Porteus.

But what was most interesting, and, alas! most melancholy, to me in this month, was news of the return of Mrs. Piozzi to England! I heard it first from Mr. Stanhope, but my dear Fredy will have told all that also, since she spent with me the same evening.

The waiting of Colonel Welbred finished with this

month, and it finished with leaving me very sorry it was over, especially as I had an entirely new acquaintance to form with his successor.

His elder brother made him a visit during one of our last journeys for three days, and the Colonel sent to request leave to bring him to my tea-table, before he made his appearance. I need say nothing of him, as you all know him; but I had a good deal of *vertù* talk with him, and an opportunity of feeling very thankful to the consideration of the Colonel, who, when called away himself after tea to attend the King, whispered his brother that he must not stay longer in that room than nine o'clock.

The elder, without asking a question, observed the injunction, and the moment the clock struck nine started up, and led the way to the rest of the party in retiring.

And here closes March.

CHAPTER VII.

1787—1788.

APRIL. — Colonel Manners now came into waiting, and the very first day, as if generously to mark the superior elegance of his predecessor — he came into my tea-room with General Budé, who was at Windsor by invitation — without any previous message or ceremony of any sort whatever. The King himself was already there, and Mr. Smelt, with whom his Majesty was conversing; but as soon as he retired, General Budé named us to each other, and from that time Colonel Manners came every evening, without the smallest trouble of arrangement, either for himself or for me.

Fortunately, Miss Planta or Miss Emily Clayton at this time were constantly of my party, which took off from the awkwardness of these visits.

Colonel Manners is a tall and extremely handsome young man, well enough versed in what is immediately going forward in the world; and though not very deep in his knowledge, nor profound in his observations, he is very good-humored, and I am told well principled. I saw, however, but little of him at this time, as my illness so soon took place, and I shall mention nothing more of this month except to have the pleasure of saying that my very strange fellow-traveller gave me no further uneasiness after the scene I have mentioned. I continued grave and distant, in defiance of the piqued air with which he received my change, till I saw all his own flights subside into quiet and common behavior. I then by degrees suffered my stiff-

ness to wear away, and before the time of my illness he had reconciled me to him pretty entirely, by a general propriety of conduct. This caused me very great satisfaction. Yet from the moment of my provocation to that of my fever, I could never bring myself to venture to be one moment alone with him. He remonstrated on my constantly running away when he only remained ; but though he remonstrated, now, with gentleness, I could not change my plan. I saw all was then right, and I thought it most wise to run no risks.

I need say nothing to my dear friends of my illness — they and my dear Esther nursed me out of it, and I shall skip useless recollections upon unpleasant subjects ; though never will my memory's best tablet skip the records of their kindness and goodness.

MAY. — A fresh beginning now of journal to the kindest of sisters, and of friends, from the date of my parting with them as nurses and companions.

When I could see no more of my Susan's hat, and lost all sight of my Fredy's carriage, I drew in my head, and shut down my window, and walked slowly up and down the room, to keep myself from stagnation ; and then I determined to set about — all I was equal to undertaking — an inspection of some of my drawers and presses.

I had but just unlocked one of them when a smart rap at my door startled me. Goter was upstairs with her mother and sister — I was unwilling, and indeed unfit, to see anybody. I made no answer — a second rapping followed ; I was forced to call out, "Who's there ?" "May I pay my compliments for a moment to Miss Burney ?" was the answer, in the voice of Mr. Turbulent.

Of all the whole household he was just the last person I then wished to see. Those who have never been ill them-

selves know nothing of the gentleness which an invalid requires. Afraid, therefore, of his visit, I earnestly called out, "No, not now; I am not visible; I can see no company!" He entered, notwithstanding, crying "Why?" in answer to all I could say to stop him, though I was so little disposed for his society that I fairly turned away from him, when I could not prevail, with almost serious peevishness.

He must, at least, he said, ask me after Mrs. Phillips, with whom he had been extremely struck, whom he much wished to know more, and thought a very uncommonly charming woman. I was softened a little in my spleen by this, for I saw he spoke it with all his heart: "She was gone!" I answered, — "I had lost both my nurses but that moment." "Indeed?" said he; "I had had hopes of seeing — under your protection — Mrs. Locke; I long to know that lady — what pity to part you from them!"

I had now a good mind to shake hands with him. His soothing fit, however, was soon over, for he presently added, — "But since that *must* have been — why this was as good a way to begin as any other." He then insisted upon it that I must dine with them again: "We have Miss Goldsworthy," said he, "Miss Planta, and Mlle. Montmoulin," and ran on with most vehement protestations that I not only could come, but ought to come, to join the party.

I assured him I was quite unequal to so much company; and I told him if he would but go then, I would see him again in the evening. This bribery, as he called it, made him consent to depart, and he got up immediately. I have told you so much, in brief, of the singularities of this gentleman, that I enter afresh into detail, in order to prove to you the consistency of the inconsistencies of my accounts of him. And take now a most characteristic trait. You will naturally suppose he did not spare for length of visit

in the evening, when privileged to come by my own invitation:— he never came at all! You will conclude he was kept away by business or necessity:— no; for in that case when we met next he would not have spared for complaints. The simple fact is, he forgot before night all he had been so eager for at noon!

TUESDAY. — Soon after followed, both here and in town, congratulatory visits on my recovery, from most of the household with whom I am acquainted. You may suppose Mr. Turbulent would not alone be omitted; but you can hardly suppose how he made me to stare when he assured me, most solemnly, that he was now planning, for his first leisure, a ride to Norbury Park!

I begged to know what had occasioned that resolution? “I go,” he cried, “to see the spot, the very spot, where Madame la Fite first beheld you.” I thought him ranting; and not less when he proceeded, — “I must see the very, the identical piece of earth! — I shall want no one to tell me which it is — I must needs feel it by inspiration, when once I approach that hallowed ground; and who knows what may follow, or what blessing may be in store for me! That spot which blessed Madame la Fite may bless me also; that look — for you loved one another at first sight — that look which she describes, when you met at Lord Locke’s! —”

I asked him whether he was really in his senses? And he then positively assured me that Madame la Fite had just published a book, in which she had recounted the origin of her friendship with Miss Burney, whom she met at *Lord and Lady Locke’s*! — I must own I did not believe one word of this; attributing it all to his fertile invention, till he resumed the subject at dinner, in the presence of Miss Planta, by whom it was partly confirmed. I was really vexed for all parties, well knowing my beloved

Fredy and Mr. Locke would condemn such an ill-judged *frivolité* as much as I could myself. Miss Planta — and I did not wonder — could not resist a most hearty laugh at it; but Mr. Turbulent protested I had no right to find fault, as that single passage was the only one in the book that had any salt or spirit! “I read that,” he cried; “but when I opened it elsewhere, I fell asleep involuntarily.”

ST. JAMES'S PALACE, JUNE 4TH. — I have had a dread of the bustle of this day for some weeks, and every kind friend has dreaded it for me: yet am I at this moment more quiet than I have been any single moment since I left my dearest Susan at that last gate of sweet Norbury Park. Till we meet again, I shall feel as if always seeing that beloved sister on that very spot.

Take a little of the humors of this day, with respect to myself, as they have arisen. I quitted my downy pillow at half-past six o'clock; for bad habits in sickness have lost me half an hour of every morning; and then, according to an etiquette I discovered but on Friday night, I was quite new dressed: for I find that, on the King's birthday, and on the Queen's, both real and nominal, two new attires, one half, the other full dressed, are expected from all attendants that come into the royal presence.

This first labor was happily achieved in such good time, that I was just seated to my breakfast — a delicate bit of roll, half-eaten, and a promising dish of tea, well stirred — when I received my summons to attend the Queen.

She was only with her wardrobe-woman, and accepted most graciously a little murmured congratulation upon the day, which I ventured to whisper while she looked another way. Fortunately for me, she is always quick in conceiving what is meant, and never wastes time in demanding what is said. She told me she had bespoke Miss Planta to attend at the grand toilette at St. James's, as she

saw my strength still diminished by my late illness. Indeed it still is, though in all other respects I am perfectly well.

The Queen wore a very beautiful dress, of a new manufacture, of worked muslin, thin, fine, and clear, as the Chambéry gauze. I attended her from the Blue Closet, in which she dresses, through the rooms that lead to the breakfast apartment. In one of these, while she stopped for her hair-dresser to finish her head-dress, the King joined her. She spoke to him in German, and he kissed her hand.

The three elder Princesses came in soon after; they all went up, with congratulatory smiles and curtsies, to their royal Father, who kissed them very affectionately; they then, as usual every morning, kissed the Queen's hand. The door was thrown open to the breakfast room, which is a noble apartment, fitted up with some of Vandyke's best works; and the instant the King, who led the way, entered, I was surprised by a sudden sound of music, and found that a band of musicians were stationed there to welcome him. The Princesses followed, but Princess Elizabeth turned round to me to say she could hardly bear the sound: it was the first morning of her coming down to breakfast for many months, as she has had that repast in her own room ever since her dangerous illness. It overcame her, she said, more than the dressing, more than the early rising, more than the whole of the hurry and fatigue of all the rest of a public birthday. She loves the King most tenderly; and there is a something in receiving any person who is loved, by sudden music, that I can easily conceive to be very trying to the nerves.

Princess Augusta came back to cheer and counsel her; she begged her to look out at the window, to divert her thoughts, and said she would place her where the sound might be less affecting to her.

A lively "How d'ye do, Miss Burney? I hope you are quite well now?" from the sweet Princess Mary, who was entering the ante-room, made me turn from her two charming sisters; she passed on to the breakfast, soon followed by Princess Sophia, and then a train of their governesses, Miss Goldsworthy, Mademoiselle Montmoulin, and Miss Gomme, all in full dress, with fans. We reciprocated little civilities, and I had then the pleasure to see little Princess Amelia, with Mrs. Cheveley, who brought up the rear. Never, in tale or fable, were there six sister Princesses more lovely.

As I had been extremely distressed upon the Queen's birthday, in January, where to go or how to act, and could obtain no information from my coadjutrix, I now resolved to ask for directions from the Queen herself; and she readily gave them, in a manner to make this gala-day far more comfortable to me than the last. She bade me dress as fast as I could, and go to St. James's by eleven o'clock; but first come into the room to her.

Then followed my grand toilette. The hair-dresser was waiting for me, and he went to work first, and I second, with all our might and main.

When my adorning tasks were accomplished, I went to the Blue Closet. No one was there. I then hesitated whether to go back or seek the Queen. I have a dislike insuperable to entering a Royal presence, except by an immediate summons: however, the directions I had had prevailed, and I went into the adjoining apartment. There stood Madame la Fête! she was talking in a low voice with M. de Luc. They told me the Queen was in the next room, and on I went.

She was seated at a glass, and the hair-dresser was putting in her jewels, while a clergyman in his canonicals was standing near, and talking to her.

I imagined him some bishop unknown to me, and stopped; the Queen looked round, and called out, "Oh, it's Miss Burney!—come in, Miss Burney." In I came, curtsying respectfully to a bow from the canonicals; but I found not out, till he answered something said by the Queen, that it was no other than Mr. Turbulent.

Madame la Fite then presented herself at the door (which was open for air) of the ante-room. The Queen bowed to her, and said she would see her presently: she retired, and Her Majesty, in a significant low voice, said to me, "Do go to her, and keep her there a little!"

I obeyed, and being now in no fright nor hurry, entered into conversation with her sociably and comfortably.

I then went to St. James's. The Queen was most brilliant in attire; and when she was arrayed, Mr. West was allowed to enter the dressing-room, in order to give his opinion of the disposition of her jewels, which indeed were arranged with great taste and effect.

The three Princesses, Princess Royal, Augusta, and Elizabeth, were all very splendidly decorated, and looked beautiful. They are indeed uncommonly handsome, each in their different way—the Princess Royal for figure, the Princess Augusta for countenance, and the Princess Elizabeth for face.

The Duchess of Ancaster, on these gala-days, is always admitted to the dressing-room before the Bed-chamber Women are summoned. I quite forget if I have told you that ceremonial? If not, I will in some future packet.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8TH. — This day we came to Windsor for the summer, during which we only go to town for a drawing-room once a fortnight, and to Kew in the way. Mrs. Schwollenberg remained in town, not well enough to remove. That poor unhappy woman has an existence truly pitiable. The house now was quite full, the King having

ordered a party to it for the Whitsun holidays. This party was Colonel Manners, the equerry in waiting; Colonel Ramsden, a good-humored and well-bred old officer of the King's household; Colonels Welbred and Goldsworthy, and General Budé. I shall not give these days in separate articles, but string their little events under one head.

Colonel Manners I must introduce to you by a few specimens. He is so often, in common with all the equeries, to appear on the scene, that I wish you to make a particular acquaintance with him. One evening, when we were all, as usual, assembled, he began a discourse upon the conclusion of his waiting, which finishes with the end of June: "Now I don't think," cried he, "that it's well managed: here we're all in waiting for three months at a time, and then for nine months there's nothing!" "Cry your mercy!" cried Colonel Goldsworthy, "if three months—three whole months!—are not enough for you, pray take a few more from mine to make up your market!" "No, no, I don't mean that; but why can't we have our waitings month by month? Would not that be better?" "I think not! We should then have no time unbroken." "Well, but would not that be better than what it is now? Why, we're here so long, that when one goes away nobody knows one!—one has quite to make a new acquaintance! Why, when I first come out of waiting, I never know where to find anybody!"

The Ascot races were held at this time; the Royal Family were to be at them one or two of the days. Colonel Manners earnestly pressed Miss P—— to be there. Colonel Goldsworthy said it was quite immaterial to him who was there, for when he was attending Royalty he never presumed to think of any private comfort. "Well, I don't see that!" cried Colonel Manners, "for, if I was you, and not in my turn for waiting, I should go about just as I

liked ; but now, as for me, as it happens to be my own turn, why I think it right to be civil to the King." We all looked round ; but Colonel Goldsworthy broke forth aloud — " Civil, quotha ? " cried he. " Ha ! ha ! civil, forsooth ! You 're mighty condescending ! — the first equerry I ever heard talk of his *civility* to the King ! 'Duty,' and 'respect,' and 'humble reverence' — those are words we are used to ; but here come you with your civility ! Commend me to such affability ! "

The following evening, when the same party, Mr. Bryant excepted, were assembled, the King sent for Colonel Ramsden to play at backgammon. " Happy, happy man ! " exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy, exultingly ; but scarce had he uttered the words ere he was summoned to follow himself. " What ! already ! " cried he, " without even my tea ! Why this is worse and worse. No peace in Israel ! Only one half-hour allowed for comfort, and now that 's swallowed ! Well, I must go — make my complaints aside, and my bows and smiles in full face ! "

Off he went, but presently, in a great rage, came back, and, while he drank a hot dish of tea which I instantly presented him, kept railing at his stars for ever bringing him under a royal roof. " If it had not been for a puppy," cried he, " I had never got off even to scald my throat in this manner ! But they 've just got a dear little new ugly dog : so one puppy gave way to t'other, and I just left them to kiss and hug it, while I stole off to drink this tea ! But this is too much ! — no peace for a moment ! — no peace in Israel ! "

When this was passed, Colonel Welbred renewed some of the conversation of the preceding day with me ; and, just as he named Dr. Herschel, Colonel Manners broke forth with his dissenting opinions. " I don't give up to Dr. Herschel at all ! " cried he ; " he is all system ; and so

they are all; and if they can but make out their systems, they don't care a pin for anything else. As to Herschel, I liked him well enough till he came to his volcanoes in the moon, and then I gave him up. I saw he was just like the rest. How should he know anything of the matter? There's no such thing as pretending to measure at such a distance as that."

Miss P—— and myself had an extremely risible evening with Colonels Goldsworthy, Welbred, and Manners. The rest were summoned away to the King, or retired to their own apartments. Colonel Welbred began the sport, undesignedly, by telling me something new relative to Dr. Herschel's volcanoes. This was enough for Colonel Manners, who declared aloud his utter contempt for such pretended discoveries. He was deaf to all that could be said in answer, and protested he wondered how any man of common sense could ever listen to such a pack of stuff.

Mr. de Luc's opinion upon the subject being then mentioned — he exclaimed, very disdainfully, "Oh, as to Mr. de Luc, he's another man for a system himself, and I'd no more trust him than anybody: if you was only to make a little bonfire, and put it upon a hill a little way off, you might make him take it for a volcano directly! — And Herschel's not a bit better. Those sort of philosophers are the easiest taken in in the world."

Our next topic was still more ludicrous. Colonel Manners asked me if I had not heard something very harmonious at church in the morning? I answered I was too far off, if he meant from himself. "Yes," said he; "I was singing with Colonel Welbred; and he said he was my second. — How did I do that song?" "Song? — Mercy!" exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy; "a song at church! — why it was the 104th Psalm!" "But how did I do it, Welbred? for I never tried at it before." "Why, — pretty

well," answered Colonel Welbred, very composedly; "only now and then you run me a little into 'God save the King.'" This dryness discomposed every muscle but of Colonel Manners, who replied, with great simplicity, "Why, that's because that's the tune I know best!"

"At least," cried I, "'t was a happy mistake to make so near their Majesties!" "But pray, now, Colonel Welbred, tell me sincerely, — could you really make out what I was singing?" "Oh yes," answered Colonel Welbred; "with the *words*." "Well, but pray, now, what do you call my voice?" "Why—a — a — a counter tenor." "Well, and is that a good voice?"

There was no resisting, — even the quiet Colonel Welbred could not resist laughing out here. But Colonel Manners, quite at his ease, continued his self-discussion. "I do think, now, if I was to have a person to play over a thing to me again and again, and then let me sing it, and stop me every time I was wrong, I do think I should be able to sing 'God save the King' as well as some ladies do, that have always people to show them." "You have a good chance then here," cried I, "of singing some pieces of Handel, for I am sure you hear them again and again." "Yes, but that is not the thing; for though I hear them do it so often over, they don't stop for me to sing it after them, and then to set me right. Now I'll try if you know what this is." He then began humming aloud, "My soul praise," &c., so very horribly, that I really found all decorum at an end, and laughed, with Miss P——, *à qui mieux mieux*. Too much engaged to mind this, he very innocently, when he had done, applied to us all round for our opinions.

Miss P—— begged him to sing another, and asked for that he had spouted the other day, "Care, thou bane of love and joy." He instantly complied; and went on, in

such shocking, discordant, and unmeaning sounds, that nothing in a farce could be more risible : in defiance, however, of all interruptions, he continued till he had finished one stanza ; when Colonel Goldsworthy loudly called out, — “ There, — there’s enough ! — have mercy ! ”

“ Well, then, now I’ll try something else.” “ Oh, no ! ” cried Colonel Goldsworthy, hastily ; “ thank you, thank you for this, — but I won’t trouble you for more — I’ll not hear another word ! ” Colonel Welbred then, with an affected seriousness, begged to know, since he took to singing, what he should do for a shake, which was absolutely indispensable. “ A shake ? ” he repeated, “ what do you mean ? ” “ Why — a shake with the voice, such as singers make.” “ Why, how must I do it ? ” “ Oh, really, I cannot tell you ! ” “ Why then I’ll try myself, — is it so . . . ? ”

And he began such a harsh hoarse noise, that Colonel Goldsworthy exclaimed, between every other sound, — “ No, no, — no more ! ” While Colonel Welbred professed teaching him, and gave such ridiculous lessons and directions, — now to stop short, now to swell, — now to sink the voice, &c. &c., — that between the master and the scholar, we were almost demolished. Afterwards, — “ I think,” cried Colonel Welbred, turning to me, “ we might make a little concert among ourselves when Major Price comes.” This was the last day of freedom for the whole livelong summer ! — Were we not right to laugh while we were able ? The next day — to dinner — arrived Mrs. Schwellenberg.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19TH. — At tea we had Miss P——, Madame La Fite, Colonel Manners, and of course, now, Mrs. Schwellenberg, who presides. We were scarcely all arranged when the Colonel eagerly said, “ Pray, Mrs. Schwellenberg, have you lost anything ! ” “ Me ? — no, not I ! ”

“No? — what, nothing?” “Not I!” “Well, then, that’s very odd! for I found something that had your name writ upon it.” “My name? and where did you find that?” “Why — it was something I found in my bed.” “In your bed? — Oh, ver well! that is reelly comeecal?” “And pray what was it?” cried Miss P——. “Why — a great large, clumsy lump of leather.” “Of leadder, sir? — of leadder? What was that for me?” “Why, ma’am, it was so big and so heavy, it was as much as I could do to lift it.”

“Well, that was nothing from me! when it was so heavy, you might let it alone!” “But, ma’am, Colonel Welbred said it was somewhat of yours.” “Of mine? — Oh, ver well! Colonel Welbred might not say such thing! I know nothing, sir, from your leadder nor from your bed, sir, — not I!” “Well, ma’am, then your maid does. Colonel Welbred says he supposes it was she.” “Upon my vord! Colonel Welbred might not say such things from my maid! I won’t not have it so!” “Oh, yes, ma’am; Colonel Welbred says she often does so. He says she’s a very gay lady.”

She was quite too much amazed to speak: one of her maids, Mrs. Arline, is a poor humble thing, that would not venture to jest, I believe, with the kitchen-maid; and the other has never before been at Windsor. “But what was it?” cried Miss P——. “Why, I tell you — a great, large lump of leather, with ‘Madame Schwellenberg’ wrote upon it. However, I’ve ordered it to be sold.” “To be sold? How will you have it sold, sir? You might tell me that, when you please.” “Why, by auction, ma’am.” “By auction, sir? What, when it had my name upon it? Upon my vord! — how come you to do dat, sir? Will you tell me, once?”

“Why, I did it for the benefit of my man, ma’am, that

he might have the money." "But for what is your man to have it, when it is mine?" "Because, ma'am, it frightened him so." "Oh, ver well! Do you rob, sir? Do you take what is not your own, but others', sir, because your man is frightened?" "Oh yes, ma'am! We military men take all we can get!" "What! in the King's house, sir?"

"Why, then, ma'am, what business had it in my bed? My room's my castle: nobody has a right there. My bed must be my treasury; and here they put me a thing into it big enough to be a bed itself——" "Oh! vell! (much alarmed) it might be my bed-case, then!" (Whenever Mrs. Schwellenberg travels, she carries her bed, in a large black leather case, behind her servants' carriage.) "Very likely, ma'am." "Then, sir," very angrily, "how come you by it?"

"Why, I'll tell you, ma'am. I was just going to bed; so my servant took one candle, and I had the other. I had just had my hair done, and my curls were just rolled up, and he was going away; but I turned about, by accident, and I saw a great lump in my bed; so I thought it was my clothes. 'What do you put them there for?' says I. 'Sir,' says he, 'it looks as if there was a drunken man in the bed!' 'A drunken man?' says I; 'Take the poker, then, and knock him o' the head!——'"

"Knock him o' the head?" interrupted Mrs. Schwellenberg. "What! when it might be some innocent person? Fie! Colonel Manner! I thought you had been too good-natured for such thing—to poker the people in the King's house!" "Then what business have they to get into my bed, ma'am? So then my man looked nearer, and he said 'Sir; why here's your night-cap!—and here's the pillow!—and here's a great, large lump of leather!' 'Shovel it all out!' says I. 'Sir,' says he, 'it's Madame Schwellen-

berg's; here's her name on it.' 'Well, then,' says I, 'sell it, to-morrow, to the saddler.'"

"What! when you knew it was mine, sir? Upon my word, you been ver good!" (Bowing very low.) "Well, ma'am, it's all Colonel Welbred, I dare say; so, suppose you and I were to take the law of him?" "Not I, sir!" (scornfully.) "Well, but let's write him a letter, then, and frighten him: let's tell him it's sold, and he must make it good. You and I'll do it together." "No, sir; you might do it yourself! I am not so familiar to write to gentlemens." "Why, then, you shall only sign it, and I'll frank it." Here the entrance of some new person stopped the discussion.

Happy in his success, he began, the next day, a new device: he made an attack in politics, and said he did not doubt but Mr. Hastings would come to be hanged; though, he assured us, afterwards, he was firmly his friend, and believed no such thing. Even with this not satisfied, he next told her that he had just heard Mr. Burke was in Windsor. Mr. Burke is the name in the world most obnoxious, both for his Reform Bill, which deeply affected all the household, and for his prosecution of Mr. Hastings; she therefore declaimed against him very warmly. "Should you like to know him, ma'am?" cried he. "Me? — No; not I." "Because, I dare say, ma'am, I have interest enough with him to procure you his acquaintance. Shall I bring him to the Lodge to see you?"

"When you please, sir, you might keep him to yourself!" "Well, then, he shall come and dine with me, and after it drink tea with you."

"No, no, not I! You might have him all to yourself!" "Oh, but if he comes, you must make his tea." "There is no such must, sir! I do it for my pleasure only — when I please, sir!" At night, when we were separating, he

whispered Miss P—— that he had something else in store for the next meeting, when he intended to introduce magnetizing.

JULY 1ST, SUNDAY. — Alarming to my heart was the opening of this month! As soon as I came from church, I found a note from Miss P——, that my beloved Mrs. Delany was taken extremely ill. Oh how did I suffer in not instantly flying to her! I was compelled only to write, and to stay for my noon attendance; but the moment I then acquainted the Queen with my intelligence, which indeed she saw untold, she most sweetly and kindly dispensed with my services, said Mrs. Schwollenberg should wait alone, and permitted me to be absent for the whole day.

The sweet soul — all heart, all sensibility, unhackneyed by the world, uninjured by age and time — had suffered a mental distress, and to that solely was her illness owing. Something had gone very wrong, and so deeply was she wounded, that she had been seized with cruel nervous spasms, that ended in a high fever. Mr. Young, her town apothecary, had been sent for. I went to her bedside as calmly as was in my power, and there I spent the precious day.

How edifying, between whiles, was the conversation she held with me! how prepared for the last scene! — with what humble, yet fervent joy, expecting its approach! It seemed almost wicked to pray for its delay, — yet, while destined to stay in the world, can we help devoutly wishing to detain those who best can fit us for quitting it?

We sent for Dr. Heberden; he saw no immediate danger. Mr. Young soon arrived, and gave hope of recovery. With what exquisite sensations of delight did I hear that sound!

The Queen herself presently came to the house, and sent for me downstairs to the drawing-room. She was equally

surprised and pleased that so fair a prospect was once again opening. She then ordered Miss P—— to her, and I returned to this most honored friend, whose sweet soft smiles never a moment forsook her when she saw me approach, or permitted me to be seated by her side.

The King, also, came himself, in the evening, and sent for me. I delighted his benignant heart with a still fairer account, for all went better and better; and before I was forced, at night, to tear myself away, she was so happily revived that I left her with scarce a tear, though I would have given the world not to have left her at all.

JULY 10TH. — We came to Kew — Mrs. Schwollenberg, Miss Planta, Mr. de Luc, and myself. Mrs. Schwollenberg was extremely angered against the equerries, who had wholly neglected all conversation with her, and hurried out of the room the moment they had drunk their tea. She protested that if they did not mind, she would have them no more, but let them make their tea for themselves. “Oh, yes, I will put an end to it! your humble servant! when they won’t talk to me, they may stay; comical men! they bin bears!”

Mr. Fisher said to me, “A friend of yours, ma’am, drank tea with me lately — one who did not ask after you!” “And who was that?” “There can be but one of that description in the universe!” He meant, I found, poor Mrs. Piozzi. May she be happy. She has had her share of making me otherwise — a share the world holds not power to give to her again. Alas! she has lost what gave that ascendance! And those cannot long give great pain who have forfeited their power to give pleasure. I find this truth more and more strongly every time I think of her; but where I find its strength the most, is that I think of her, any way, less and less.

A German family dined with us at Kew; and now I had my share in the company. They no longer confined themselves to their own language: they eagerly came up to me as I entered the room, to tell me, in broken English, that they had not known who I was when they were at Windsor. The lady told me she had read my book in German, and liked it "best of any book," adding, warmly, "*Upon my vord, it is so vat I sink, dat I wiss I had wrote it selfs!*" The gentleman, in French, told me he was charmed to know my name, but said he had little enough imagined himself in a room with one "*si bien connue*" by him already, "*par la renommée.*" So you see, my dear friends, here is a little of the old flummery coming round to me again.

Madame de Freuss took me by the hand and the arm, and charged me to sit by her, and talk to her, and not to *esquiver* so continually: however, I could not help it, for when her hand was off me, there was nothing else to draw me. The next day, at St. James's, when I retired from the Queen's apartments to my own, who should I find there but Madame de Freuss! waiting for me, with Mrs. Farman, the mantua-maker, and a couple of milliners! I despatched them soon; but not my new friend. My dear father came: "She was glad to see him." Mrs. and Miss Ord called — that did not disturb her. Mr. Stanhope peeped in, — that had no sort of effect. My two Worcester cousins came, — and "She liked to see any of my family." Well — she outstayed every one of them! Well! she is gone back to Germany, so no matter.

JULY 19TH. — The election of a member for Windsor, who proved to be Lord Mornington, determined his Majesty to spend the day at Kew with the Queen and all the Princesses. By appointment, therefore, the vacation was destined to Mr. Bryant, to whose house I accompanied my

dearest Mrs. Delany. We found Mr. Turbulent waiting for us, with the good old gentleman, and an ample breakfast prepared for our reception.

The morning was very pleasant. Mr. Bryant was quite delighted with the visit, and did the honors with the utmost activity and spirit, regaling us at once with his excellent anecdotes and excellent brown bread, &c.

He took us all over his house, which has books in every part. He begged me to follow him, when in his own room, to a small neat case, which he desired me to examine. I complied very readily, but you may believe my surprise when I there saw, very elegantly bound, "Cecilia" and "Evelina!" He laughed very heartily at my start; how, indeed, could I suspect such a compliment from this good old Grecian? "Cecilia" and "Evelina" were not written before the Deluge! He then lent me some curious old newspapers, printed just before the Revolution; with various tracts upon that era, not very interesting to me.

We stayed very late, and returned well pleased with our expedition. Mr. Bryant was eager in displaying his collection to Mrs. Delany, who accepts every attention not as a due, but a favor, and who excuses every omission with an indulgence that seems to put pardon out of the question.

In the afternoon, while I was working in Mrs. Schwellenberg's room, Mr. Turbulent entered, to summon Miss Planta to the Princesses; and, in the little while of executing that simple commission, he made such use of his very ungovernable and extraordinary eyes, that the moment he was gone, Mrs. Schwellenberg demanded *for what he looked so at me?* I desired to know what she meant. "Why, like when he was so *cordial* with you? Been you acquainted?" "Oh, yes!" cried I; "I spent three hours twice a-week upon the road with him and Miss Planta, all

the winter ; and three or four dinners and afternoons besides." " Oh, that 's nothing ! that 's no acquaintance at all. I have had people to me, to travel and to dine, fourteen and fifteen years, and yet they been never so cordial !"

This was too unanswerable for reply ; but it determined me to try at some decided measure for restraining or changing looks and behavior that excited such comments. And I thought my safest way would be fairly and frankly to tell him this very inquiry. It might put him upon his guard from such foolishness, without any more serious effort.

JULY 20TH. — This evening Mrs. Schwellenberg was not well, and sent to desire I would receive the gentlemen to tea, and make her apologies. I immediately summoned my lively and lovely young companion, Miss P——, who hastens at every call with good-humored delight. We had really a pleasant evening, though simply from the absence of spleen and jealousy, which seemed to renew and invigorate the spirits of all present : namely, General Budé, Signor del Campo, and Colonel Gwynn.

They all stayed very late ; but when they made their exit, I dismissed my gay assistant, and thought it incumbent on me to show myself upstairs. But what a reception was awaiting me !— so grim ! O Heaven ! how depressing, how cruel, to be fastened thus on an associate so *exigeante*, so tyrannical, and so ill-disposed ! I feared to blame the equerries for having detained me, as they were all already so much out of favor. I only, therefore, mentioned M. del Campo, who, as a Foreign Minister, might be allowed so much civility as not to be left to himself : for I was openly reproached that I had not quitted them to hasten to her ! Nothing, however, availed ; and after vainly trying to appease her, I was obliged to go to my own room, to be in attendance for my royal summons.

JULY 21ST. — I resolved to be very meek and patient, as I do now and then, when I am good, and to bear this hard trial of causeless offence without resentment; and therefore I went this afternoon as soon as I had dined, and sat and worked, and forced conversation, and did my best, but with very indifferent success, when, most perversely, who should be again announced but Mr. Turbulent.

As I believe the visit was not, just after those "*cordial*" looks, supposed to be solely for the lady of the apartment, his reception was no better than mine had been the preceding days. He did not, however, regard it, but began a talk, in which he made it his business to involve me, by perpetual reference to my opinion. This did not much conciliate matters; and his rebuffs, from time to time, were so little ceremonious, that nothing but the most confirmed contempt could have kept off an angry resentment. I could sometimes scarcely help laughing at his utterly careless returns to an imperious haughtiness, vainly meant to abash and distance him.

I took the earliest moment in my power to quit the room, and the reproach with which he looked at my exit, for leaving him to such a *tête-à-tête*, was quite risible. He knew he could not, in decency, run away immediately, and he seemed ready to commit some desperate act for having drawn himself into such a difficulty. I am always rejoiced when his flights and follies bring their own punishment.

Mrs. Delany was not well. I made her two little visits: her eyes, she said, failed more and more; but with such resignation, such piety, she spoke of their threatened loss, that I know not which I felt most at heart, sorrow or admiration.

JULY 24TH. — This day we came to Kew.

While Miss Planta and I were waiting in the parlor for

Mrs. Schwellenberg, Mr. Turbulent entered: involuntarily affrighted at the thought of his accompanying us, in his present flighty humor, and in a carriage with one whom it had already offended, I earnestly exclaimed, "Good Heaven, Mr. Turbulent, I hope you are not going with us?"

"Upon my word," answered he, "You are a most flattering lady! What compliments you pay me! You don't like I should travel with you in the summer,—you declared against it in the spring,—it was disagreeable to you in the winter,—and you are affected by it in the autumn!"—And off he went, half angry.

JULY 25TH.—Mr. Turbulent amused himself this morning with giving me yet another panic. He was ordered to attend the Queen during her hair-dressing, as was Mr. de Luc. I remained in the room. The Queen conversed with us all three, as occasions arose, with the utmost complacency: but this person, instead of fixing there his sole attention, contrived, by standing behind her chair, and facing me, to address a language of signs to me the whole time, casting up his eyes, clasping his hands, and placing himself in various fine attitudes, and all with a humor so burlesque, that it was impossible to take it either ill or seriously. Indeed, when I am on the very point of the most alarmed displeasure with him, he always falls upon some such ridiculous devices of affected homage, that I grow ashamed of my anger, and hurry it over, lest he should perceive it, and attribute it to a misunderstanding he might think ridiculous in his turn.

How much should I have been discountenanced had her Majesty turned about and perceived him! yet by no means so much disconcerted as by a similar *Cerberic* detection; since the Queen, who, when in spirits, is gay and sportive herself, would be much farther removed from any hazard

of misconception. I saw him afterwards, just before dinner, alone. He began a vehement expostulation at my conduct in shunning him; but I stopped him short in his career, by seriously assuring him I had something of moment for his attention.

Surprised and alarmed, he exclaimed, "Is it good or bad?" "I hope it may be good!" I answered, not to inflame his curiosity, as I could not now have time to go on. "If," cried he, with great abatement of violence from an answer milder than he expected, "if it were bad, from such a channel —" but the entrance of Mr. de Luc spared me the rest of the compliment.

No opportunity of an explanation offering, I had not long stole to my room, for a little breathing, before he followed me, tapping at my door, but entering without waiting for any leave. I did not much like his pursuit, but resolved to make the fullest use of the conference; and just as he began his usual round of reproaches for my elopements and shynesses, I desired him to desist and hear me. "Most willingly," he cried; and then I frankly told him he must not wonder I avoided him, while he conducted himself in a manner so unaccountable and singular. He desired me to explain myself; looking quite aghast, and even turning pale, while he waited my answer. I was now wholly at a loss how to analyze my charge. I could not, for shame, mention his peculiarities personal, while he seemed unconscious of them, and therefore I got into a most disagreeable embarrassment myself. All I could say, in a general way, he either did not or would not understand; and after a long perplexed half remonstrance, scarce intelligible to myself, I rested my expostulation on what I least regarded, merely because it was what I could best dilate upon, namely, that he had excited strong suspicions in Mrs. Schwellenberg that he was ridiculing her, and that

the continual reference of his eyes to mine must needs make her include me in his conspiracy, which gave me so much alarm, that I must always shun him till he behaved better. And then I told him the attack of his "*looking so cordial*."

Extremely relieved by this account, he recovered his color and his spirits, and laughed violently at the charge, especially that part of it which belonged to the "*fourteen or fifteen years*." "Well," cried he, "if that is all, I can make no reform: if I look cordial, it is only that I am so; and I will not try to disprove it." I begged him to rest assured that, however ridiculous this might seem, I should most certainly keep out of his way with my utmost power, so long as he continued to give me so much of his notice when I could not escape him. But my only answer was a laughing prayer that she might next discover *I* looked cordial at *him*!

JULY 26TH. — We returned to Windsor the next day, and I had the joy to find my sweet Mrs. Delany delightfully well. Miss P—— having another engagement, she indulged me with a tête-à-tête visit, and we renewed our investigation, &c., of the "*Memoirs*." How I wish my two sisters could see them! They so exactly show the sweet character that has drawn them up, and how unaffectedly and innocently she has ever been the same — in the prime and glow of youth, and in every danger and every distress.

The good King and his charming little daughter came, as usual, to rob me of my venerable Biographer in the evening.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2ND. — To-day, after a seven years' absence, arrived the Duke of York. I saw him alight from his carriage, with an eagerness, a vivacity, that assured me of the affectionate joy with which he returned to his coun-

try and family. But the joy of his excellent father! Oh, that there is no describing! It was the glee of the first youth — nay, of ardent and innocent infancy — so pure it seemed, so warm, so open, so unmingled!

Softer joy was the Queen's — mild, equal, and touching — while all the Princesses were in one universal rapture.

It was a happy day throughout. No one could forbear the strongest hopes that the long-earned, long-due recompense of paternal kindness and goodness was now to be amply paid.

To have the pleasure of seeing the Royal Family in this happy assemblage, I accompanied Miss P—— on the Terrace. It was indeed an affecting sight to view the general content; but that of the King went to my very heart, so delighted he looked — so proud of his son — so benevolently pleased that every one should witness his satisfaction.

The Terrace was very full; all Windsor and its neighborhood poured in upon it, to see the Prince, whose whole demeanor seemed promising to merit his flattering reception — gay, yet grateful; modest, yet unembarrassed.

I brought in only Miss P—— to tea. Her sweet aunt then joined us, as did General Grenville, who had attended the Duke home, and who is chief of his establishment. The Duke of Montagu arrived soon after, to see his former pupil, and was greatly moved with pleasure.

The excellent King came into the tea-room for Mrs. Delany, who congratulated him, most respectfully apologizing, at the same time, for venturing to come to the Lodge on such an occasion. "My dear Mrs. Delany," cried he, "if you could have stayed away on such a day as this, I should have thought it quite unkind!" And then he bid the Duke of Montagu hand her to the royal apartment.

Early the next morning arrived the Prince of Wales, who had travelled all night from Brighthelmstone. The day was a day of complete happiness to the whole of the Royal Family. The King was in one transport of delight, unceasing, invariable; and though the newly-arrived Duke was its source and support, the kindness of his heart extended and expanded to his Eldest-Born, whom he seemed ready again to take to his paternal breast. Indeed, the whole world seemed endeared to him by the happiness he now felt in it.

The tea circle was now enlarged with some of the Prince's gentlemen, and others who came to pay their duty to the Duke. Colonel Hotham, Colonel Lake, General Fawcett, Mr. Bouverie, Lord Herbert, and some others, were here for three evenings, and General Grenville during the whole stay of the Duke at Windsor, as well as General Budé.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5TH. — The Prince of Wales returned to Brighton. I walked again upon the Terrace, with Miss Egerton, who had Lady Mexborough of her party. The next day arrived my beloved Fredy's beautiful work-box for my little Princess.

To our already large party was now added the Bishop of Salisbury, Major Price's uncle, who made me some such very kind speeches from Mrs. Kennicott, then on a visit at his house, that I was soon satisfied, from my very slight acquaintance with her, he made her name a mere vehicle for his own civilities. For a Bishop, he is rather too courteous. I am much better pleased with Bishop Hurd, whose civility is all in manner, not words.

General Grenville brought in the Duke this evening to the tea-room. I was very much pleased with his behavior, which was modest, dignified, and easy. Might he but escape the contagion of surrounding examples, he seems promising of all his fond father expects and merits.

AUGUST 7TH. — I followed my fair little Princess to the garden with her *cadeau*, on this morn of her birth ; but she could not then take it. I saw her afterwards with the Queen, and she immediately said, “Mamma, may Miss Burney fetch me my box ?”

The Queen inquired what it was, and, hearing the explanation, gave immediate consent. I fetched it. The sweet Princess was extremely delighted, and her sweet mother admired it almost equally. It was only too pretty for so young a possessor.

Des horreurs — des humeurs are still all in play ! I have no account to give of them, but those “cordial looks” of that mischievous Mr. Turbulent, who certainly has been observed to contrast them strikingly elsewhere. I sometimes think I must wholly break with that strange man, to avoid some actual mischief ; and surely, were such the alternative, I should not hesitate one little instant.

We returned to Windsor next day ; and all *les horreurs* were soothed by the sweet balmy kindness of my revered Mrs. Delany. What may not be endured where there is the solace of sympathy ? Everything, I think, save one —

“Hard unkindness’ alter’d eye.”

I know of no endurance for that.

SUNDAY, 12TH. — This was the Prince’s real birthday, though it was celebrated on the Monday. Mrs. Schwellenberg was ill ; accumulated bile, I believe, disordered her : she could not come downstairs, and I dined quite alone, upon a most splendid dinner, fit for the mayor and corporation of a great trading city. I entreated the protecting presence of my dear old friend for the tea-table, which was crowded. The Duke of Montagu, Signor del Campo, Generals Grenville, Budé, Fawcett, and Colonels Hulse, Lake, Gwynn, and St. Leger.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14TH. — Late at night Mrs. Delany was handed back to us by Colonel Goldsworthy, who began a most unreserved lamentation of being detained all the evening in the royal apartments — “Because,” cried he, “I heard Mrs. What-do-you-call-her was ill, and could not be here; and I was so glad — sorry, I mean! Well, it would come out! there’s no help for it!”

Then he told us his great distress on account of a commission he had received to order some millinery goods to be sent by his sister from town, — “So I knew I could not remember one word about it, — garlands, and gauzes, and ribbons, — so I writ to my sister, and just said, ‘Pray, sister, please to send down a whole milliner’s shop, and the milliners with it, for directions, because the Queen wants something.’ And so she did it, — and to-night the Queen told me the things came quite right!” And then, when obliged to return to the Royals, he exclaimed, in decamping, “Well — to-morrow I will not be so seized! I am so glad — *sorry*, I mean! — for this illness!”

WEDNESDAY, 15TH. — I shall now have an adventure to relate that will much — and not disagreeably — surprise both my dear readers.

Mrs. Schwellenberg’s illness occasioned my attending the Queen alone; and when my official business was ended, she graciously detained me, to read to me a new paper, called “Olla Podrida,” which is now publishing periodically. Nothing very bright — nothing very deficient. In the afternoon, while I was drinking coffee with Mrs. Schwellenberg, — or, rather, looking at it, since I rarely swallow any, — her Majesty came into the room, and soon, after a little German discourse with Mrs. Schwellenberg, told me Mrs. Siddons had been ordered to the Lodge, to read a play, and desired I would receive her in my room.

I felt a little queer in the office; I had only seen her

twice or thrice, in large assemblies, at Miss Monckton's, and at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and never had been introduced to her, nor spoken with her. However, in this dead and tame life I now lead, such an interview was by no means undesirable. I had just got to the bottom of the stairs, when she entered the passage gallery. I took her into the tea-room, and endeavored to make amends for former distance and taciturnity, by an open and cheerful reception. I had heard from sundry people (in old days) that she wished to make the acquaintance; but I thought it, then, one of too conspicuous a sort for the quietness I had so much difficulty to preserve in my ever increasing connections. Here all was changed; I received her by the Queen's commands, and was perfectly well inclined to reap some pleasure from the meeting.

But, now that we came so near, I was much disappointed in my expectations. I know not if my dear Fredy has met with her in private, but I fancy approximation is not highly in her favor. I found her the Heroine of a Tragedy, — sublime, elevated, and solemn. In face and person, truly noble and commanding; in manners, quiet and stiff; in voice, deep and dragging; and in conversation, formal, sententious, calm, and dry. I expected her to have been all that is interesting; the delicacy and sweetness with which she seizes every opportunity to strike and to captivate upon the stage had persuaded me that her mind was formed with that peculiar susceptibility which, in different modes, must give equal powers to attract and to delight in common life. But I was very much mistaken. As a stranger, I must have admired her noble appearance and beautiful countenance, and have regretted that nothing in her conversation kept pace with their promise; and, as a celebrated actress, I had still only to do the same.

Whether fame and success have spoiled her, or whether

she only possesses the skill of representing and embellishing materials with which she is furnished by others, I know not; but still I remain disappointed. She was scarcely seated, and a little general discourse begun, before she told me — all at once — that “there was no part she had ever so much wished to act as that of Cecilia.” I made some little acknowledgment, and hurried to ask when she had seen Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Palmer, and others with whom I knew her acquainted. The play she was to read was “The Provoked Husband.” She appeared neither alarmed nor elated by her summons, but calmly to look upon it as a thing of course, from her celebrity.

I should very much have liked to have heard her read the play, but my dearest Mrs. Delany spent the whole evening with me, and I could therefore take no measures for finding out a convenient adjoining room.

At the Castle there was a ball. Mrs. Delany and Miss P—— spent the evening here, and all of us upstairs. I sat up all night, not having the heart to make Goter, and not daring to trust to a nap for myself. But the morning proved very fine, and I watched the opening dawn and rising sun, and enjoyed, with twinkling eyes, their blushing splendor.

How tired I felt the next day! but I was kindly told I must “certainly like sitting up all night, or for what did I do it? — when the Queen came not home till near morning, I might have done what I liked; nobody might pity me, when I did such things, if I had been ill for my pains.”

I hastened, when able, to my beloved comforter, whose soothing sweetness softened the depression of hardness and injustice. Some rudeness, however, which even this angel met with from the same quarter, determined her not to come this evening to tea. I invited, therefore, Madame la

Fite to assist me at tea : when I had a party of gentlemen, all, like myself, so fatigued with the *business* of the preceding day's diversion, that our only conversation was in comfortably comparing notes of complaint.

In the evening, Madame la Fite took my place at piquet upstairs, and I began Dr. Beattie's "Evidence of the Christian Religion," and there found the composure I required.

SUNDAY, 19TH. — I had a long morning visit from Lady Harcourt, who talked zealously of the present critical time for the King's happiness, in the turn yet remaining to be taken by the Duke of York.

My dear Mrs. Delany would stay away no longer, seeing me the only person punished by her merited resentment. She came, though Mrs. Schwollenberg was again downstairs ; and behaved with a softness of dignity peculiar to herself.

WINDSOR, AUGUST. — Who should find me out now but Dr. Shepherd. He is here as canon, and was in residence. He told me he had long wished to come, but had never been able to find the way of entrance before. He made me an immense length of visit, and related to me all the exploits of his life, — so far as they were prosperous. In no farce did a man ever more floridly open upon his own perfections. He assured me I should be delighted to know the whole of his life ; it was equal to anything ; and everything he had was got by his own address and ingenuity.

"I could tell the King," cried he, "more than all the Chapter. I want to talk to him, but he always gets out of my way : he does not know me ; he takes me for a common person, like the rest of the canons here, and thinks of me no more than if I were only fit for the cassock ; — a mere Scotch priest ! Bless 'em ! — they know nothing about me. You have no conception what things I have done !

And I want to tell 'em all this ; it's fitter for them to hear than what comes to their ears. What I want is for somebody to tell them what I am." They know it already, thought I.

Then, when he had exhausted this general panegyric, he descended to some few particulars ; especially dilating upon his preaching, and applying to me for attesting its excellence. "I shall make one sermon every year, precisely for you !" he cried : "I think I know what will please you. That on the Creation last Sunday was just to your taste. You shall have such another next residence. I think I preach in the right tone — not too slow, like that poor wretch Grape, nor too fast, like Davis and the rest of 'em ; but yet fast enough never to tire them. That's just my idea of good preaching."

Then he told me what excellent apartments he had here, and how much he should like my opinion in fitting them up. He begged to know if I could come to a concert, as he would give such a one as would delight me. I told him it was quite impossible. Then he said I might perhaps have more time in town ; and there he had the finest instruments in the world. I assured him of his mistake.

SEPTEMBER. — My memorandums of this month are so scanty that I shall not give them in their regular dates.

To me the month must needs be sweet that brought to me friends dearest to my heart ; and here again let me thank them for the reviving week bestowed upon me from the 10th to the 17th.

On the evening they left me, my kind Mrs. Delany carried me to Dr. Herschel's. Madame la Fite said, afterwards, that, nothing remaining upon earth good enough to console me for *les Lockes* and Mrs. Phillips, I was fain to travel to the moon for comfort. I think it was very well said.

And, indeed, I really found myself much pleased with

the little excursion. Dr. Herschel is a delightful man; so unassuming, with his great knowledge, so willing to dispense it to the ignorant, and so cheerful and easy in his general manners, that, were he no genius, it would be impossible not to remark him as a pleasing and sensible man.

I was equally pleased with his sister, whom I had wished to see very much, for her great celebrity in her brother's science. She is very little, very gentle, very modest, and very ingenuous: and her manners are those of a person unhackneyed and unawed by the world, yet desirous to meet and to return its smiles. I love not the philosophy that braves it. This brother and sister seem gratified with its favor, at the same time that their own pursuit is all-sufficient to them without it.

I inquired of Miss Herschel if she was still comet-hunting, or content now with the moon? The brother answered, that he had the charge of the moon, but he left to his sister to sweep the heavens for comets.

Their manner of working together is most ingenious and curious. While he makes his observations without-doors, he has a method of communicating them to his sister so immediately, that she can instantly commit them to paper, with the precise moment in which they are made. By this means he loses not a minute, when there is anything particularly worth observing, by writing it down, but can still proceed, yet still have his accounts and calculations exact. The methods he has contrived to facilitate this commerce I have not the terms to explain, though his simple manner of showing them made me fully, at the time, comprehend them.

The night, unfortunately, was dark, and I could not see the moon with the famous new telescope. I mean not the great telescope through which I had taken a walk, for that is still incomplete, but another of uncommon powers. I

saw Saturn, however, and his satellites, very distinctly, and their appearance was very beautiful.

SEPTEMBER. — I saw a great deal of Mr. Bunbury in the course of this month, as he was in waiting upon the Duke of York, who spent great part of it at Windsor, to the inexpressible delight of his almost idolizing father. Mr. Bunbury did not open upon me with that mildness and urbanity that might lead me to forget the strokes of his pencil and power of his caricature: he early avowed a general disposition to laugh at, censure, or despise all around him. He began talking of everybody and everything about us, with the decisive freedom of a confirmed old intimacy.

Notwithstanding the general reverence I pay to extraordinary talents, which lead me to think it even a species of impertinence to dwell upon small failings in their rare possessors, Mr. Bunbury did not win my good-will. His serious manner is supercilious and haughty, and his easy conversation wants rectitude in its principles. For the rest, he is entertaining and gay, full of talk, sociable, willing to enjoy what is going forward, and ready to speak his opinion with perfect unreserve.

Plays and players seem his darling theme: he can rave about them from morning to night, and yet be ready to rave again when morning returns. He acts as he talks, spouts as he recollects, and seems to give his whole soul to dramatic feeling and expression. This is not, however, his only subject. Love and romance are equally dear to his discourse, though they cannot be introduced with equal frequency. Upon these topics he loses himself wholly — he runs into rhapsodies that discredit him at once as a father, a husband, and a moral man. He asserts that love is the first principle of life, and should take place of every other;

holds all bonds and obligations as nugatory that would claim a preference ; and advances such doctrines of exalted sensations in the tender passion as made me tremble while I heard them.

He adores Werter, and would scarce believe I had not read it — still less that I had begun it and left it off, from distaste at its evident tendency. I saw myself sink instantly in his estimation, though till this little avowal I had appeared to stand in it very honorably.

The Queen received a very beautiful and curious present this month from the King of Naples, consisting of a most complete set of china, and a dessert, representing antique games ; the figures white, and apparently from models of very extraordinary merit and beauty. The plates gave the curiosities of Herculaneum — every plate of the almost innumerable quantity containing a different representation. Combats of gladiators and of Amazons, chiefs victorious returning for their prizes, old victors instructing youthful candidates, cars, chariots, men and horses, all in battle and disorder, conquerors claiming crowns of laurel, and the vanquished writhing in the agonies of wounds and death — such were the subjects, and the execution in general was striking and masterly.

So here I stop — this calm month offering nothing more to relate : save, what you all know, that I wrote my little ballad, “Willy,” for Mr. William Locke, and that the writing it was my best amusement upon losing my dearest friend, because most congenial with the sad feelings of my mind on the separation, when “Void was the scene, blank, vacant, drear !” A tautology so expressive of the tautology of my life and feelings, that it was the first line written of my ballad, though afterwards inserted in the midst of it.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST. — I received my beautiful

fairings from my dearest Fredy, and a noble *giornale* from my Susanna. What sweet wealth to me!—such are the riches I covet; all meaner coin is thrown away upon me. It suits convenience, indeed, a little!—that I confess!

I carried up to Mrs. Schwellenberg the present sent her by my liberal Fredy. When I produced it, she motioned it away with her hand, and said, loftily, “For what?” “For civility, ma’am!” answered I, very coolly. Nevertheless, it was some time ere she could settle it with her notions to accept it.

No one else, however, proved quite so sublime.

SATURDAY, 3RD. — I carried to the lower Lodge my little offerings for the Princess Sophia, who had been ill some time, and kept her birthday in bed. She received them very prettily, Miss Goldsworthy being so obliging as to usher me into her room. They were much admired by Princess Mary, and the Princess Amelia insisted on my making her a separate visit in another room, where we played together very sociably.

I also took the *Sventurata* her fairing; and she poured forth bitter complaints to me against the Cerbera. I could but condole with her, and advise a little “dignity of absence” till better received.

THURSDAY, 8TH. — My kindest Fredy’s screen arrived on the very moment of time for presentation to Princess Augusta, who received it with the utmost sweetness, and told me they had all been much diverted lately, by Mrs. Harcourt, who, very innocently, had acquainted them there was a new fair kept at Leatherhead, where a Mr. and Mrs. Locke sent the most beautiful and elegant toys and ornaments that could be conceived.

FRIDAY, 27TH. — I had a terrible journey indeed to town, Mrs. Schwellenberg finding it expedient to have the glass down on my side, whence there blew in a sharp

wind, which so painfully attacked my eyes, that they were inflamed even before we arrived in town. Mr. de Luc and Miss Planta both looked uneasy, but no one durst speak; and for me, it was among the evils that I can always best bear: yet before the evening I grew so ill that I could not propose going to Chelsea, lest I should be utterly unfitted for Thursday's drawing-room.

The next day, however, I received a consolation that has been some ease to my mind ever since. My dear father spent the evening with me, and was so incensed at the state of my eyes, which were now as piteous to behold as to feel, and at the relation of their usage, that he charged me, another time, to draw up my glass in defiance of all opposition, and to abide by all consequences, since my place was wholly immaterial when put in competition with my health.

I was truly glad of this permission to rebel, and it has given me an internal hardiness in all similar assaults, that has at least relieved my mind from the terror of giving mortal offence where most I owe implicit obedience, should provocation overpower my capacity of forbearance.

We wrote jointly to our good and dear Mr. Twining, though I was so blind that my pen went almost its own way, and for the rest of the evening my dear father read me papers, letters, manuscripts innumerable.

On the Thursday I was obliged to dress, just as if nothing was the matter. The next day, when we assembled to return to Windsor, Mr. de Luc was in real consternation at sight of my eyes; and I saw an indignant glance at my co-adjutrix, that could scarce content itself without being understood. Miss Planta ventured not at such a glance, but a whisper broke out, as we were descending the stairs, expressive of horror against the same poor person — *poor* person indeed — to exercise a power productive only of abhorrence, to those that view as well as to those that feel it!

Some business of Mrs. Schwellenberg's occasioned a delay of the journey, and we all retreated back ; and when I returned to my room, Miller, the old head housemaid, came to me, with a little neat tin saucepan in her hand, saying, " Pray, ma'am, use this for your eyes : 't is milk and butter, *such as I used to make for Madame Haggerdorn* when she travelled in the winter with Mrs. Schwellenberg."

Good Heaven ! I really shuddered when she added, that all that poor woman's misfortunes with her eyes, which, from inflammation after inflammation, grew nearly blind, were attributed by herself to these journeys, in which she was forced to have the glass down at her side in all weathers, and frequently the glasses behind her also ! Upon my word this account of my predecessor was the least exhilarating intelligence I could receive ! Goter told me, afterwards, that all the servants in the house had remarked *I was going just the same way !*

Miss Planta presently ran into my room, to say she had hopes we should travel without this amiable being ; and she had left me but a moment when Mrs. Stainforth succeeded her, exclaiming, " Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't leave her behind ; for Heaven's sake, Miss Burney, take her with you ! " 'T was impossible not to laugh at these opposite interests, both, from agony of fear, breaking through all restraint.

Soon after, however, we all assembled again, and got into the coach. Mr. de Luc, who was my *vis-à-vis*, instantly pulled up the glass. " Put down that glass ! " was the immediate order. He affected not to hear her, and began conversing. She enraged quite tremendously, calling aloud to be obeyed without delay. He looked compassionately at me, and shrugged his shoulders, and said, " But, ma'am — " " Do it, Mr. de Luc, when I tell you ! I will have it ! When

you been too cold, you might bear it!" "It is not for me, ma'am, but poor Miss Burney." "O, poor Miss Burney might bear it the same! put it down, Mr. de Luc! without, I will get out! put it down, when I tell you! It is my coach! I will have it selfs! I might go alone in it, or with one, or with what you call nobody, when I please!"

Frightened for good Mr. de Luc, and the more for being much obliged to him, I now interfered, and begged him to let down the glass. Very reluctantly he complied, and I leant back in the coach, and held up my muff to my eyes. What a journey ensued! To see that face when lighted up with fury is a sight for horror! I was glad to exclude it by my muff. Miss Planta alone attempted to speak. I did not think it incumbent on me to "make the agreeable," thus used; I was therefore wholly dumb: for not a word, not an apology, not one expression of being sorry for what I suffered, was uttered. The most horrible ill-humor, violence, and rudeness, were all that were shown. Mr. de Luc was too much provoked to take his usual method of passing all off by constant talk: and as I had never seen him venture to appear provoked before, I felt a great obligation to his kindness.

When we were about half way, we stopped to water the horses. He then again pulled up the glass, as if from absence. A voice of fury exclaimed, "Let it down! without I won't go!" "I am sure," cried he, "all Mrs. de Luc's plants will be killed by this frost!" For the frost was very severe indeed.

Then he proposed my changing places with Miss Planta, who sat opposite Mrs. Schwellenberg, and consequently on the sheltered side. "Yes!" cried Mrs. Schwellenberg, "Miss Burney might sit there, and so she ought!" I told her briefly I was always sick in riding backwards. "Oh, ver well! when you don't like it, don't do it. You might

bear it when you like it! What did the poor Haggerdorn bear it! when the blood was all running down from her eyes!" This was too much! "I must take, then," I cried, "the more warning!" After that I spoke not a word. I ruminated all the rest of the way upon my dear father's recent charge and permission. I was upon the point continually of availing myself of both, but alas! I felt the deep disappointment I should give him, and I felt the most cruel repugnance to owe a resignation to a quarrel.

These reflections powerfully forbade the rebellion to which this unequalled arrogance and cruelty excited me; and after revolving them again and again, I — *accepted a bit of cake* which she suddenly offered me as we reached Windsor, and determined, since I submitted to my monastic destiny from motives my serious thoughts deemed right, I would not be prompted to oppose it from mere feelings of resentment to one who, strictly, merited only contempt.

And from this time, my dear friends, I have shut out from my sight the prospect that such rumination was opening. I pray God I may persevere in crushing inferior motives — that I may strengthen such as are better. But 'tis best to build no castles in the air. They have so terrible an aptitude, light as they are, to shatter their poor constructors in their fall.

I would not have had my tender friends know this conflict at the time! Now that again my mind is made up to its fate, I feel sure of their ultimate approbation, when I tell them my ultimate opinion, which I must hope, also, to make my rule and practice in this, to me, momentous decision:—That, in total disregard to all that belongs to myself, I must cherish no thought of retreat, unless *called* hence, by willing kindness, to the paternal home, or *driven* hence, by weakness and illness, from the fatigues of my office. I am glad I have written this. All better

resolves have double chance with me, when I have communicated them to my Susanna and Fredy.

I gulped as well as I could at dinner: but all civil fits are again over. Not a word was said to me; yet I was really very ill all the afternoon. The cold had seized my elbows, from holding them up so long, and I was stiff and chilled all over.

In the evening, however, came my soothing Mrs. Delany. Sweet soul! She folded me in her arms, and wept over my shoulder! Mrs. Ashley had been with me, and saw my condition; and this beloved friend could not contain her grief. Yet how small a matter this to the whole! But this was apparent; and the whole, the tenor of my feelings, she knows not.

Too angry to stand upon ceremony this evening, she told Mrs. Schwellenberg, after our public tea, she must retire to my room, that she might speak with me alone. This was highly resented, and I was threatened, afterwards, that she would come to tea no more, and we might talk our secrets always. Mr. de Luc called upon me next morning, and openly avowed his indignation, protesting it was an oppression he could not bear to see used, and reproving me for checking him when he would have run all risks. I thanked him most cordially, but assured him the worst of all inflammations to me was that of a quarrel, and I entreated him, therefore, not to interfere. But we have been cordial friends from that time forward.

Miss Planta also called, kindly bringing me some eyewater, and telling me she had never so longed to beat anybody in her life; "And yet, I assure you," she added, "everybody remarks that she behaves, altogether, better to you than to anybody!" O Heavens! Mr. Turbulent spent almost all this month in attendance upon his deserving wife, who relapsed, but recovered; and his conduct was

such as to give him a higher place in my good graces than he had ever yet secured himself. I saw him three or four times; all civility, but wholly without flights and raptures; tamed and composed, happy in the restoration of his wife, and cured of all wild absurdity. I conducted myself to him just as when we first grew acquainted — with openness, cheerfulness, and ease; appearing to forget all that had been wrong, and believing such an appearance the best means to make him forget it also. Such was this month, in which, but for the sweet support of Mrs. Delany, I must almost wholly have sunk under the tyranny, whether opposed or endured, of my most extraordinary coadjutrix.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1ST. — 'Tis strange that two feelings so very opposite as love and resentment should have nearly equal power in inspiring courage *for* or *against* the object that excites them; yet so it is. In former times I have often, on various occasions, felt it raised to anything possible by affection, and now I have found it mount to the boldest height by disdain. For, be it known, such gross and harsh usage I experienced in the end of last month, since the inflammation of the eyes, which I bore much more composedly than sundry personal indignities that followed, that I resolved upon a new mode of conduct — namely, to go out every evening, in order to show that I by no means considered myself as bound to stay at home after dinner, if treated very ill: and this most courageous plan I flattered myself must needs either secure me a liberty of absence, always so much wanted, or occasion a change of behavior to more decency, vivacity, durability.

I had received for to-day an invitation to meet Lady Bute and Lady Louisa Stueville, my dearest Mrs. Delany's, and I should have wished they were at all times, so much I like them both. I had no opportunity to speak first to my Royal Mistress, but I went to her at noon, rather more

dressed than usual, and when I saw her look a little surprised, I explained my reason. She seemed very well satisfied with it, but my coadjutrix appeared in an astonishment unequalled; and at dinner, when we necessarily met again, new testimonies of conduct quite without example were exhibited; for when Mrs. Thackeray and Miss Planta were helped, she helped herself, and appeared publicly to send me to Coventry — though the sole provocation was intending to forego her society this evening!

I sat quiet and unhelped a few minutes, considering what to do; for so little was my appetite, I was almost tempted to go without dinner entirely. However, upon further reflection, I concluded it would but harden her heart still more to have this fresh affront so borne, and so related, as it must have been, through Windsor, and therefore I calmly begged some greens from Miss Planta.

Neither she nor Mrs. Thackeray had had courage to offer me anything, my “disgrace” being so obvious. The weakness of my eyes, which still would not bear the light, prevented me from tasting animal food all this time. A little ashamed, she then anticipated Miss Planta’s assistance, by offering me some French beans. To curb my own displeasure, I obliged myself to accept them instead of the greens, and they tasted very well by that means, though they came through such hands.

Unfortunately, however, this little softening was presently worn out, by some rashes which it encouraged from Mrs. Thackeray, and, kindened to seize the moment of permission to acknowledge had I was in the room, by telling me she had lately met yet, one of my friends in town, among whom Mrs. Chapone bore the Burrows family had charged her with a thousand Brevets for my seclusion from their society, and as many kind compliments and good wishes. This again sent me to Coventry for the rest of

the dinner. When it was over, and we were all going upstairs to coffee, I spoke to Columb, in passing, to have a chair for me at seven o'clock. "For what, then," cried a stern voice behind me, "for what go you upstairs at all, when you don't drink coffee?" Did she imagine I should answer "For your society, ma'am?" No — I turned back, quick as lightning, and only saying "Very well, ma'am," moved towards my own room.

Again a little ashamed of herself, she added, rather more civilly, "For what should you have that trouble?" I simply repeated my "Very well, ma'am," in a voice of, I believe, rather pique than calm acquiescence, and entered my own apartment, unable to enjoy this little release, however speedy to obtain it, from the various, the grievous emotions of my mind, that this was the person, use me how she might, with whom I must chiefly pass my time!

So unpleasant were the sensations that filled me, that I could recover no gaiety, even at the house of my beloved friend, though received there by her dear self, her beautiful niece, and Lady Bute and Lady Louisa, in the most flattering manner. Yet I stayed till ten o'clock, though hitherto I had returned at nine. I was willing to make manifest that I did not make such sacrifice of my time equally to the extremest rudeness as to common civility; for more than common civility never, at best, repays it.

Lady Bute and Lady Louisa were both in such high spirits themselves, that they kept up all the conversation between them, and with a vivacity, an acuteness, an archness, and an observation on men and manners so clear and sagacious, that it would be difficult to pass an evening of greater entertainment. They were just returning from Bath, and full fraught with anecdote and character, which they dealt out to their hearers with so much point and

humor, that we attended to them like a gratified audience of a public place.

My reception at home was not quite similar; and I observed, even in my Royal Mistress, a degree of gravity that seemed not pleased. I conjectured that *my absence had been lamented*. How hard, if so, not to make known, in my turn, how my *presence* is accepted! However, I will not complain of her; I will only continue to absent myself, while she behaves thus intolerably.

Accordingly, the next evening, I went to Mrs. de Luc's, and there I had a little music. Miss Myers, a poor girl who has been rescued from much mischief and distress through the benevolence of good Mrs. de Luc, played upon the violin, and in a very pleasing manner.

The *Présidente* was all amaze at this second visit; but rather less imperious. All I regretted was my poor Miss P——, who had come to tea, and had no means to get away before me: I had therefore advised her to make a virtue of necessity, and to *faire l'agréable* in my absence. But the account she gave me, on my return, of the extreme haughty ill-breeding she had experienced sincerely concerned me for her. She assured me she would not change situations with me, to avoid any situation she ever could conceive; and the good nature with which she lamented my destiny, from this little sample of what it is unassisted, has really endeared her to me very much.

The behavior of my coadjutrix continued in the same strain—really shocking to endure. I always began, at our first meeting, some little small speech, and constantly received so harsh a rebuff at the second word, that I then regularly seated myself by a table, at work, and remained wholly silent the rest of the day.

I tried the experiment of making my escape; but I was fairly conquered from pursuing it. The constant black re-

ception depressed me out of powers to exert for flight; and therefore I relinquished this plan, and only got off, as I could, to my own room, or remained dumb in hers.

To detail the circumstances of the tyranny and the *grossièreté* I experienced at this time would be afflicting to my beloved friends, and oppressive to myself. I am fain, however, to confess they vanquished me. I found the restoration of some degree of decency quite necessary to my quiet, since such open and horrible ill-will from one daily in my sight even affrighted me; it pursued me in shocking visions even when I avoided her presence; and therefore I was content to put upon myself the great and cruel force of seeking to conciliate a person who had no complaint against me, but that she had given me an inflammation of the eyes, which had been witnessed and resented by her favorite Mr. de Luc. I rather believe that latter circumstance was what incensed her so inveterately.

I gave up either going to my beloved solace, or receiving her here, and offered my service to play at piquet. — At first this was disdainfully refused, and but very proudly accepted afterwards. I had no way to compose my own spirit to an endurance of this, but by considering myself as *married to her*, and therefore that all rebellion could but end in disturbance, and that concession was my sole chance for peace! Oh what reluctant nuptials! — how often did I say to myself — Were these chains voluntary, how could I bear them! — how forgive myself that I put them on!

The next extraordinary step she took was one that promised me amends for all: she told me that there was no occasion we should continue together after coffee, unless by invitation. I eagerly exclaimed that this seemed a most feasible way of producing some variety in our intercourse, and that I would adopt it most readily. She wanted instantly to call back her words: she had expected

I should be alarmed, and solicit her leave to be buried with her every evening! When she saw me so eager in acceptance, she looked mortified and disappointed; but I would not suffer her to retract, and I began, at once, to retire to my room the moment coffee was over.

This flight of the sublime, which, being her own, she could not resent, brought all round: for as she saw me every evening prepare to depart with the coffee, she constantly began, at that period, some civil discourse to detain me. I always suffered it to succeed, while civil, and when there was a failure, or a pause, I retired. By this means I recovered such portion of quiet as is compatible with a situation like mine: for she soon returned entirely to such behavior as preceded the offence of my eyes; and I obtained a little leisure at which she could not repine, as a caprice of her own bestowed it.

To finish, however, with respect to the *Présidente*, I must now acquaint you that, as my eyes entirely grew well, her incivility entirely wore off, and I became a far greater favorite than I had ever presumed to think myself till that time! I was obliged to give up my short-lived privilege of retirement, and live on as before, making only my two precious little visits to my beloved comforter and supporter, and to devote the rest of my wearisome time to her presence — better satisfied, however, since I now saw that open war made me wretched, even when a victor, beyond what any subjection could do that had peace for its terms.

This was not an unuseful discovery, for it has abated all propensity to experiment in shaking off a yoke which, however hard to bear, is so annexed to my place, that I must take one with the other, and endure them as I can. My favor now was beyond the favor of all others; I was “My good Miss Berner” at every other word, and no one else was listened to if I would speak, and no one else was

accepted for a partner if I would play! I found no cause to which I could attribute this change. I believe the whole a mere matter of caprice.

During all this time, and all this disturbance, the behavior of my Royal Mistress was uniformly kind, gracious, confidential, and sweet. She bestowed upon me more and more trust, by every opportunity; and whenever I was alone with her, her whole countenance spoke benignity.

A most melancholy event happened in this month to a most tender mother, Lady Louisa Clayton, who lost her only daughter, Miss Emily, by a death as unexpected as it seems premature. Everybody joined in lamenting her. She was good and amiable, and much and generally loved. Lady Louisa bears this heavy blow in a manner unequalled for steady fortitude.

I went, also, to condole with poor Madame la Fête, whose affliction was, I heard, very great, as Emily had been the first friend of her own poor Elise. I found her weeping, and much touched: but she described to me all her feelings with so many picturesque expressions, and poetical comparisons drawn between Emily Clayton and her Elise, and added so much of the cruel disappointment she had herself endured, in the midst of this affliction, that *sa chère* Mademoiselle Borni had not come to her house to meet Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Kennicott—that, when I weighed the two sorrows together, I found my opinion of both all the lighter.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1ST. — I began the new year, as I ended the old one, by seizing the first moment it presented to my own disposal, for flying to Mrs. Delany, and begging her annual benediction. She bestowed it with the sweetest affection, and I spent, as usual, all the time with her I had to spare. It seems always so short: yet we now meet

almost regularly twice a-day. Yet where there is a perfect confidence, there is so much to communicate, and so much to discuss, and compare opinions about, that the shortest absence supplies food for the longest meeting. And, indeed, without any materials of events, an intercourse the most smooth and uninterrupted with a mind so full, an imagination so fertile, and a memory so richly stored as Mrs. Delany's, would still seem brief, if broken only by that which will break all things.

My kind Mrs. Ord, by appointment, came to me early at St. James's, and stayed till three o'clock. We had much to say to each other. I proffered her an evening against my next return to town, and begged her to let me meet a party of my old friends at her house. It is high time I should see them again, after this long separation; and now that my mind is easy, and I am quite resigned to my fate and situation, I feel an anxiety not to be forgotten by those who have been kind to me, and a yet stronger one to show them I have set no forgetting example. I rather wish to make this first re-entrance at the house of Mrs. Ord than at any other, because I am proud to show everybody the just first place she holds with me, among all that set; next, indeed, to my most bosom friends do I prize her, and because I am sure she will make a selection that will give me pleasure.

Mr. Smelt, the only person who, to both, would have been a welcome interrupter, came from the Drawing-room, to make me a little visit.

We had scarce arranged ourselves when a real intruder broke in, that disconcerted us all — Mr. S——; but he is never disconcerted himself, for he never perceives what mischief he enacts. He came to beg my consolation upon a misfortune he had met the day before. He was the Queen's Equerry in waiting, as usual, and came to the

Palace to attend her Majesty to the play ; but he stole upstairs, into our eating-parlor, and stayed chattering there till he was too late, and the Queen was gone, and all the suite, and his own royal coach among the rest ! So he had to walk across the park in the rain, to get into a chair. Yet he entreated me not to tell Mrs. Schwellenberg, for he said she would be more severe upon him than anybody. The Queen, he saw by her looks, had pardoned him, but with Mrs. Schwellenberg he could have no chance of quarter.

He went not away till Mr. Smelt kindly drew him off, by proposing that they should return to the drawing-room together.

Mrs. Ord was soon obliged to follow, but not till she had distressed me, in the only way she can pain me, by inveigling, rather than forcing upon me, a beautiful but very expensive new year's gift : as to *her child*, she says, she does it, and I feel her so truly maternal I dare not struggle with her. "And why should you ?" I hear my Fredy whisper. My dearest Fredy, for the same motive that urges the struggle with yourself — a wish of preventing such costly tokens of regard from being repeated, since I cannot be easy to see the best economists I know turn prodigals only for me.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4TH. — In the morning, Mrs. Schwellenberg presented me, from the Queen, with a new year's gift. It is plate, and very elegant. The Queen, I find, makes presents to her whole household every year : more or less, according to some standard of their claims which she sets up, very properly, in her own mind.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6TH. — Things are now, indeed, much mended. I gain abundantly more time, and that recruits me, and my present plan of operations unlocks me from that enclosure of stagnation which, in my former plan, seemed

necessary to my well-doing. I really thank Colonel Welbred very much, as I think this coming forth will reconcile my absences far more than all my studious holding backs — I mean in company, for when tête-à-tête I have always been as communicative as I could urge myself to be.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8TH. — I met Mr. Bryant, who came by appointment to give me that pleasure. He was in very high spirits, full of anecdote and amusement. He has as much good-humored chit-chat and entertaining gossiping as if he had given no time to the classics and his studies, instead of having nearly devoted his life to them. One or two of his little anecdotes I will try to recollect.

In the year thirty-three of this century, and in his own memory, there was a cause brought before a judge, between two highwaymen, who had quarrelled about the division of their booty; and these men had the effrontery to bring their dispute to trial. "In the petition of the plaintiff," said Mr. Bryant, "he asserted that he had been extremely misused by the defendant; that they had carried on a very advantageous trade together upon Blackheath, Hounslow Heath, Bagshot Heath, and other places; that their business chiefly consisted in watches, wearing apparel, and trinkets of all sorts, as well as large concerns between them in cash; that they had agreed to an equitable partition of all profits, and that this agreement had been violated. So impudent a thing, the judge said, was never brought before out in a court, and so he refused to pass sentence in favor of either of them, and dismissed them from the court."

Then he told us a great number of comic slip-slops, of the first Lord Baltimore, who made a constant misuse of one word for another: for instance, "I have been," says he, "upon a little excoriation to see a ship lanced; and there's not a finer going vessel upon the face of God's yearth: you've no idiom how well it sailed."

Having given us this elegant specimen of the language of one lord, he proceeded to give us one equally forcible of the understanding of another :— The late Lord Plymouth, meeting in a country town with a puppet-show, was induced to see it ; and, from the high entertainment he received through Punch, he determined to buy him, and accordingly asked his price, and paid it, and carried the puppet to his country-house, that he might be diverted with him at any odd hour ! Mr. Bryant protests he met the same troop just as the purchase had been made, and went himself to the puppet-show, which was exhibited *senza* Punch !

Next he spoke upon the Mysteries, or origin of our theatrical entertainments, and repeated the plan and conduct of several of these strange compositions, in particular one he remembered which was called “ Noah’s Ark,” and in which that patriarch and his sons, just previous to the Deluge, made it all their delight to speed themselves into the ark without Mrs. Noah, whom they wished to escape ; but she surprised them just as they had embarked, and made so prodigious a racket against the door that, after a long and violent contention, she forced them to open it, and gained admission, having first contented them by being kept out till she was thoroughly wet to the skin. These most eccentric and unaccountable dramas filled up the chief of our conversation ; and whether to consider them most with laughter, as ludicrous, or with horror, as blasphemous, remains a doubt I cannot well solve.

This is Mrs. Delany’s last week at Windsor. On Saturday she goes to town for the winter ; so do we ourselves on Tuesday. She could not come out this evening, and I determined to drink tea with her. I stayed, however, with Mrs. Schwollenberg till just before her own tea-time, because she was alone, and was very civil.

I found my dear Mrs. Delany sweeter, more alive, and kinder than ever. This evening I finished reading her memoirs. The almost incessant dangers to which she was exposed in all the early part of her life, and the purity of prudence with which she always extricated herself from them, have more than ever raised my admiration and increased my tenderness. What a character is Mrs. Delany's! — how noble throughout! — how great upon great occasions! — how sweet, how touching, how interesting upon all! Oh, what should I do without her here? That question will occur, but no answer can I make to it. Heaven be praised, however, she is well, uncommonly well, and looks as if she would live to be one hundred years old with ease.

THURSDAY, JAN. 10. — The evening I spent wholly with Mrs. Delany, who was to go to town the next day. But when, the next morning, I called to see her set off, and take her kind blessing, I found her in much anxiety; her niece had been ill in the night, and she had sent for Dr. Lind; and it was agreed their journey should be put off to the next day.

How did I languish to spend with them that day! but I was obliged to come home to dinner; Miss Planta and Madlle. Montmoullin being engaged to me.

I was amply recompensed for this little forbearance in spending an evening the most to my natural taste of any I have spent officially under the royal roof. How high Colonel Welbred stands with me you know; Mr. Fairly, with equal gentleness, good breeding, and delicacy, adds a far more general turn for conversation, and seemed not only ready, but pleased, to open upon subjects of such serious import as were suited to his state of mind, and could not but be edifying, from a man of such high moral character, to all who heard him.

Life and Death were the deep themes to which he led ; and the little space between them, and the little value of that space, were the subject of his comments. The unhappiness of man, at least after the ardor of his first youth, and the general worthlessness of the world, seemed so deeply impressed on his mind, that no reflection appeared to be consolatory to it, save the necessary shortness of our mortal career.

Respect to his own private misfortunes¹ made me listen in silence to a doctrine I am else ever ready to try to combat : for I cannot myself conceive this world so necessarily at variance with happiness, nor suppose our beneficent Creator averse to our enjoying it, even on earth, where we seek it in innocence.

Colonel Welbred scarcely exerted himself any better, and, I do not doubt, he gave way from the same motive : for he seemed to feel every consideration that the most respectful compassion can inspire, for the situation as well as sentiments of Mr. Fairly.

When he talked, however, of the ardor of youth, I could not refrain naming Mrs. Delany, and mentioning that she had still every susceptibility for happiness ; and that I always thought with pleasure, from such an instance of the durability of human powers, that there was no time, no age, in which misery seemed tied to our existence, or in which, except for circumstances, it might not, pretty equally, be happy.

"Indeed," answered he, "there is no time — I know of none — in which life is well worth having. The prospect before us is never such as to make it worth preserving, except from religious motives."

I felt shocked and sorry. I wished him at Norbury ; and ventured — hardly, though, speaking to be heard — to

¹ Colonel Fairly had lost his wife during the preceding summer.

acknowledge that I thought differently, and believed happiness dependent upon no season of life, though its mode must be adapted to all its changes.

“But do you think,” cried he, in a tone of extreme dejection, “that those who before forty have never tasted it, may ever expect it after?”

Has *he* never tasted happiness, who so deeply drinks of sorrow? He surprised me, and filled me, indeed, with equal wonder and pity. At a loss how to make an answer sufficiently general, I made none at all, but referred to Colonel Welbred. Perhaps he felt the same difficulty, for he said nothing; and Mr. Fairly then gathered an answer for himself, by saying, “Yes, it may, indeed, be attainable in the only actual as well as only right way to seek it — that of doing good!”

“If,” cried Colonel Welbred, afterwards, “I lived always in London, I should be as tired of life as you are. I always sicken of it there, if detained beyond a certain time.”

They then joined in a general censure of dissipated life, and a general distaste of dissipated characters, which seemed, however, to comprise almost all their acquaintance; and this presently occasioned Mr. Fairly to say, “It is, however, but fair for you and me to own, Welbred, that if people in general are bad, we live chiefly amongst those who are the worst.”

Whether he meant any particular set to which they belong, or whether his reflection went against people in high life, such as constitute their own relations and connections in general, I cannot say, as he did not explain himself. But I again wished him safe in Norbury Park, and looking from thence at a loved and pure abode, at the bottom as well as at the top of that sweet hill!

This, however, was no time for indulging myself in talking upon that subject, or painting scenes of felicity. Mr.

Fairly, besides the attention due to him from all, in consideration of his late loss, merited from me peculiar deference, in return for a mark I received of his disposition to think favorably of me from our first acquaintance ; for not more was I surprised than pleased at his opening frankly upon the character of my coadjutrix, and telling me at once, that when first he saw me here, just before the Oxford expedition, he had sincerely felt for and pitied me.

This must have resulted wholly from his own sense of the nature of things, as nothing, I am certain, escaped me that betrayed my unhappiness at that period. I did not, however, venture to enlarge upon the subject, and he instantly dropped it when he found me reserved ; though he laughed a little himself, on recollecting the dialogue upon the newspapers, and said he had seen my inward laugh, though, at that time, he observed me too much in awe of Mrs. Schwellenberg not to disguise it.

I fancy, by his saying "at that time," he conceives me now a person at large, and draws this conclusion from seeing me converse so much with Colonel Welbred in presence of *La Présidente*. He does not know how new a business that is, nor that it is wholly owing to the Colonel's innocence of my general retirement, not to any fresh adopted measures of my own courage. But I soon found him one whose observation was all alive to whatever passed ; and, with those keen remarkers, where their shrewdness is unallied to ill-nature, there is a zest in conversing that gives a spirit to every subject.

When they left me to go to the music-room, I hastened to my dearest Mrs. Delany, and stayed to the last moment. I found Miss P—— recovered, and ready for her journey the next morning. I recounted my evening's adventures, and my sweet counsellor approved my new promise, and strongly advised me to make the best throughout of an of-

ficial circumstance that could not, without infinite difficulty, be wholly avoided. She gave me a very kind message for Mr. Fairly, inviting him to visit her in town, in remembrance of his mother, with whom she was well acquainted.

SUNDAY, 13TH. — I went to breakfast with my beloved old friend, and found her lovely niece quite well, and Dr. Lind with them, who, seeing my good spirits to find all well, joined to my extreme haste not to be too late for church, said I was “in a very fidget of joy.”

They were all prepared for departure; and that, I am sure, was no joy to me, though we were now so soon to go to town ourselves for the winter.

I ran all the way, past King, Colonels, and regiment, to church, and just entered before the Queen.

At tea-time I went at once, and stationed myself in the room, with a book to pass the time till the arrival of my company; for Mr. Fairly's open request, and my own acquiescence, fixed me to my office during his stay, and determined me to take no further steps for eluding it.

He came, and brought his little son, with Colonel Welbred and General Harcourt, and all of them before eight o'clock, I fear from still misunderstanding the affair of yesterday. The two Colonels seated themselves next me, on each side, and little Mr. Fairly sat on his father's chair. He seems a sweet boy — open, innocent, and sensible — and his father almost lives in him.

The evening was not so unexceptionable as that of yesterday, for the cold General Harcourt was a damp to it. I had, however, a good deal of separate conversation with Mr. Fairly, while Colonel Welbred talked with the General. He asked me for Miss Baker's letter, assuring me that both himself and Colonel Welbred had been much disappointed by missing it. I instantly produced it. The expression for which I had shown it, concerning my Lord

Chesterfield — “What pity it is his spirits run away with his brains!” — amused him much, and led to a good deal of character-stricture in a more general way. We also talked over the old newspaper story at full length; and I acquainted him of some laughable particulars which had followed his departure. He held them almost in too much contempt to laugh, but very gently and compassionately turned the discourse into an expression of concern at my situation, in being tied to such a person. He had felt, he said, quite sorry for me, and the more as he was told that she now made a point of always appearing, though in the latter times of Mrs. Haggerdorn, he informed me, she had seldom shown herself.

This is an obligation *de plus* !

Just as tea was over the King came into the room. He stayed chatting, and in high spirits some time, and when he went, called General Harcourt to follow. The other two stood suspended a moment, whether to go also, according to the usual custom, or to seize the apparent privilege of having no summons, to stay. But the suspense was decided by Colonel Welbred, who, smiling a little at his own act, softly stepped to the door, shut it, and then returned to his seat, with the look of a man who said to himself, “Come, ’t is as well to stay and be comfortable !”

Mr. Fairly seems ever ready at an invitation of that sort, and sat down immediately; and then they entered into conversation, with so much good sense, good breeding, good morality, and good fellowship, that far from wishing myself released, I was happy in their relinquishing both the usual waiting-room, and their own Equerry-apartment, and preferring to remain in the tea-room.

There is something in Colonel Welbred so elegant, so equal, and so pleasing, it is impossible not to see him with approbation, and to speak of him with praise. But I

found in Mr. Fairly a much greater depth of understanding; and all his sentiments seem formed upon the most perfect basis of religious morality.

During the evening, in talking over plays and players, we all three united warmly in panegyric of Mrs. Siddons; but when Mrs. Jordan was named, Mr. Fairly and myself were left to make the best of her. Observing the silence of Colonel Welbred, we called upon him to explain it.

"I have seen her," he answered, quietly, "but in one part."

"Whatever it was," cried Mr. Fairly, "it must have been well done."

"Yes," answered the Colonel, "and so well that it seemed to be her real character; and I disliked her for that very reason, for it was a character that, off the stage or on, is equally distasteful to me — a hoyden."

I had had a little of this feeling myself when I saw her in the "Romp," where she gave me, in the early part, a real disgust; but afterwards she displayed such uncommon humor that it brought me to pardon her assumed vulgarity, in favor of a representation of nature, which, in its particular class, seemed to me quite perfect.

At length, but not till near ten o'clock, Mr. Fairly said, "Now, Miss Burney, I fear we are trespassing upon your time?"

Colonel Welbred, with a look of alarm, instantly arose, repeating a similar question. I said they did me honor; but thinking it really time to break up, I added nothing more, and they left me, pleased with them both, and satisfied how little the official room had to do with my general distaste to my evenings there, since these two evenings had appeared as short as if spent in the fairest regions of liberty.

MONDAY, 14TH. — This morning my dear Miss Cam-

bridge spent with me. Mrs. Hemming came to visit a relation at Windsor, and she kindly took the opportunity to spend the same time with me. Her society was doubly welcome to me, as it was my first morning for missing my revered old friend.

Again I stationed myself, with work and books, ready for my cavaliers in the evening. Mr. Fairly's positive request has taken off a world of indecision. I was not, however, quite so well pleased with my office when I saw General Grenville and Mr. Fisher enlarge the party. Mr. Fisher, indeed, is never unwelcome; but General Grenville is as cold as General Harcourt, and wears an air of proud shyness extremely ill calculated to bring forward those who are backward. He is, besides, a valetudinary, and restless and *ennuyé* to a most comfortless excess.

"Will you give me leave," cried Colonel Welbred, "to begin your circle?" and drew a chair next mine, while Mr. Fairly took my other side, quite as a thing of course; and indeed I conversed with him almost solely, all the evening, leaving the other two gentlemen to do their best for General Grenville, whom I could by no means attempt.

Colonel Welbred extremely admired my beautiful Norbury workbox, and he did me the honor to suspect the impressions of being my own. For a moment I felt sorry to undeceive him, but it was only for a moment: the happiness of saying by whom was the joint work, succeeded, and was far greater than I think I could have felt even from a more selfish consciousness.

When tea was over, poor General Grenville, who had been some time stretching and yawning, called out, "Come, Fairly, come! — let's go to the King."

"I shall have quite standing enough to satisfy me," answered Mr. Fairly, "if I go half an hour later!"

"No, no — but it's time! — come!"

"You may go if you please," answered he, bowing his full permission; "the King will want to talk with you about the Duke of York: but Welbred and I may stand still and hear! To be sure, a great inducement to quit Miss Burney's tea-table!"

He could not help laughing, but was forced for some time to desist; and then attacking Colonel Welbred, declared it was absolutely necessary they should now show themselves.

Colonel Welbred, getting his hat, with a leave-taking bow to me, said "I am afraid it is;" and they went together, but Mr. Fairly steadily stayed out his half-hour longer. Mr. Fisher had brought him a very curious Latin poem, upon London and its environs, and they read it together, explaining and translating to me as they went on, though not without many professions of suspicion that I should understand it without that trouble. Not a syllable, Heaven knows!

JANUARY 31ST. — And now I must finish my account of this month by my own assembly at my dear Mrs. Ord's. I passed through the friendly hands of Miss Ord to the most cordial ones of Mrs. Garrick,¹ who 'frankly embraced me, saying, "Do I see you, once more before I *tie*, my *tear little spark*? for your father is my *flame*, all my life, and you are a little *spark* of that flame!"

She added how much she had wished to visit me at the Queen's house, when she found I no longer came about the world; but that she was too "*tiscreet*," and I did not dare say "*Do come!*" unauthorized. Then came Mr. Pepys, and I do not know what my dear Fredy would have said to his raptures at the meeting. She would have asked

¹ Widow of David Garrick. Born at Vienna (where for some time she was a dancer on the stage) in 1725, came to London in 1744. Died at a very advanced age in 1822.

him, perhaps, if it would make a good paragraph! He spoke to me instantly of the "Streatham Letters." He is in agony as to his own fate, but said there could be no doubt of my faring well. Not, as I assured him, to my own content, if named at all.

We were interrupted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. I was quite glad to see him; and we began chatting with all our old spirit, and he quite raved against my present life of confinement, and the invisibility it had occasioned, &c., &c.

I was next called to Mrs. Montagu, who was behind with no one in kind speeches, and who insisted upon making me a visit at the Queen's house, and would take no denial to my fixing my own time, whenever I was at leisure, and sending her word; and she promised to put off any and every engagement for that purpose. I could make no other return to such civility, but to desire to postpone it till my dear Mr. and Mrs. Locke came to town, and could meet her.

Then up came Mrs. Chapone, and, after most cordially shaking hands with me, "But I hope," she cried, "you are not always to appear only as a comet, to be stared at, and then vanish? If you are, let me beg at least to be brushed by your tail, and not hear you have disappeared before my telescope is ready for looking at you!" When at last I was able to sit down, after a short conference with every one, it was next to Mr. Walpole, who had secured me a place by his side; and with him was my longest conversation, for he was in high spirits, polite, ingenious, entertaining, quaint, and original. But all was so short!—so short!—I was forced to return home so soon! 'T was, however, a very great regale to me, and the sight of so much kindness, preserved so entire after so long an absence, warmed my whole heart with pleasure and satisfaction. My dearest father brought me home.

CHAPTER VIII.

1788.

FEBRUARY 13TH. — To what an interesting transaction does this day open! a day, indeed, of strong emotion to me, though all upon matters foreign to any immediate concern of my own — if anything may be called foreign that deeply interests us, merely because it is not personal.

The Trial, so long impending, of Mr. Hastings, opened to-day. The Queen yesterday asked me if I wished to be present at the beginning, or had rather take another day. I was greatly obliged by her condescension, and preferred the opening. I thought it would give me a general view of the Court, and the manner of proceeding, and that I might read hereafter the speeches and evidence.

The business did not begin till near twelve o'clock. The opening to the whole then took place, by the entrance of ^{se} *Managers of the Prosecution*; all the company were ^{sp} ready long in their boxes or galleries. I shuddered, and ^{are} ^{aw} involuntarily back, when, as the doors were flung open, I saw Mr. Burke, as Head of the Committee, make ^Q solemn entry. He held a scroll in his hand, and walked alone, his brow knit with corroding care and deep laboring thought — a brow how different to that which had proved so alluring to my warmest admiration when first I met him! so highly as he had been my favorite, so captivating as I had found his manners and conversation in our first acquaintance, and so much as I owed to his zeal and kindness to me and my affairs in its progress! How did I

grieve to behold him now the cruel Prosecutor (such to me he appeared) of an injured and innocent man !

A Serjeant-at-Arms arose, and commanded silence in the Court, on pain of imprisonment. Then some other officer, in a loud voice, called out, as well as I can recollect, words to this purpose :—“ Warren Hastings, Esquire, come forth ! Answer to the charges brought against you ; save your bail, or forfeit your recognizance ! ”

Indeed I trembled at these words, and hardly could keep my place when I found Mr. Hastings was being brought to the bar. He came forth from some place immediately under the Great Chamberlain's Box, and was preceded by Sir Francis Molyneux, Gentleman-Usher of the Black Rod ; and at each side of him walked his Bails, Messrs. Sullivan and Sumner.

The moment he came in sight, which was not for full ten minutes after his awful summons, he made a low bow to the Chancellor and Court facing him. I saw not his face, as he was directly under me. He moved on slowly, and, I think, supported between his two Bails, to the opening of his own Box ; there, lower still, he bowed again ; and then, advancing to the bar, he leant his hands upon it, and dropped on his knees ; but a voice in the same moment proclaiming he had leave to rise, he stood up almost instantaneously, and a third time profoundly bowed to the Court.

What an awful moment this for such a man !—a man fallen from such height of power to a situation so humiliating—from the almost unlimited command of so large a part of the Eastern World to be cast at the feet of his enemies, of the great tribunal of his country, and of the nation at large, assembled thus in a body to try and to judge him ! Could even his prosecutors at that moment look on—and not shudder at least, if they did not blush ?

The crier, I think it was, made, in a loud and hollow voice, a public proclamation, "That Warren Hastings, Esquire, late Governor-General of Bengal, was now on his trial for high crimes and misdemeanors, with which he was charged by the Commons of Great Britain; and that all persons whatsoever who had aught to allege against him were now to stand forth."

A general silence followed, and the Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, now made his speech. I will give it to you, to the best of my power, from memory; the newspapers have printed it far less accurately than I have retained it, though I am by no means exact or secure. "Warren Hastings, you are now brought into this Court to answer the charges brought against you by the Knights, Esquires, Burgesses, and Commons of Great Britain — charges now standing only as allegations, by them to be legally proved, or by you to be disproved. Bring forth your answers and your defence, with that seriousness, respect, and truth due to accusers so respectable. Time has been allowed you for preparation, proportioned to the intricacies in which the transactions are involved, and to the remote distances whence your documents may have been searched and required. You will still be allowed Bail, for the better forwarding your defence, and whatever you can require will still be yours, of time, witnesses, and all things else you may hold necessary. This is not granted you as any indulgence: it is entirely your due: it is the privilege which every British subject has a right to claim, and which is due to every one who is brought before this high Tribunal."

This speech, uttered in a calm, equal, solemn manner, and in a voice mellow and penetrating, with eyes keen and black, yet softened into some degree of tenderness while fastened full upon the prisoner — this speech, its occasion, its portent, and its object, had an effect upon every hearer

of producing the most respectful attention, and, out of the Committee Box at least, the strongest emotions in the cause of Mr. Hastings.

Again Mr. Hastings made the lowest reverence to the Court, and, leaning over the bar, answered, with much agitation, through evident efforts to suppress it, "My Lords—impressed—deeply impressed—I come before your Lordships, equally confident in my own integrity, and in the justice of the Court before which I am to clear it." "Impressed" and "deeply impressed" too, was my mind, by this short yet comprehensive speech, and all my best wishes for his clearance and redress rose warmer than ever in my heart.

A general silence again ensued, and then one of the Lawyers opened the cause. He began by reading from an immense roll of parchment the general charges against Mr. Hastings, but he read in so monotonous a chant that nothing could I hear or understand than now and then the name of Warren Hastings. During this reading, to which I vainly lent all my attention, Mr. Hastings, finding it, I presume, equally impossible to hear a word, began to cast his eyes around the House, and having taken a survey of all in front and at the sides, he turned about and looked up; pale looked his face—pale, ill, and altered. I was much affected by the sight of that dreadful harass which was written on his countenance. I felt shocked and ashamed to be seen by him in that place. I had wished to be present from an earnest interest in the business, joined to firm confidence in his powers of defence; but *his* eyes were not those I wished to meet in Westminster Hall.

From this time, however, he frequently looked round, and I was soon without a doubt that he must see me. Not very desirable to me, therefore, was a civility I next received from one of the managers,—one, too, placed in

the front of the Committee, and in a line with the prisoner: it was Mr. Frederick Montagu, who recognized and bowed to me. I hope Mr. Hastings did not see us; but in a few minutes more, while this reading was still continued, I perceived Sir Joshua Reynolds in the midst of the Committee. He, at the same moment, saw me also, and not only bowed, but smiled and nodded with his usual good-humor and intimacy, making at the same time a sign to his ear, by which I understood he had no trumpet; whether he had forgotten or lost it I know not.

I would rather have answered all this dumb show anywhere else, as my last ambition was that of being noticed from such a Box. I entreated aid in turning away; but Miss Gomme, who is a friend of Sir Gilbert Elliot, one of the Managers, and an ill-wisher, for his sake, to the opposite cause, would only laugh, and ask why I should not be owned by them. I did not, however, like it, but had no choice from my near situation; and in a few seconds I had again a bow, and a profound one, and again very ridiculously I was obliged to inquire of Lady Claremont who my own acquaintance might be. Mr. Richard Burke, senior, she answered. He is a brother of the great — great in defiance of all drawbacks — Edmund Burke.

Soon after, a voice just by my side, from the green benches, said, "Will Miss Burney allow me to renew my acquaintance with her?" I turned about and saw Mr. Crutchley. All Streatham rose to my mind at sight of him. I have never beheld him since the Streatham society was abolished. We entered instantly upon the subject of that family, a subject ever to me the most interesting. He also had never seen poor Mrs. Thrale since her return to England; but he joined with me very earnestly in agreeing that, since so unhappy a step was now past recall, it became the duty, however painful a one, of the daughters,

to support, not cast off and contemn, one who was now as much their mother as when she still bore their own name.

"But how," cried he, "do you stand the fiery trial of this Streatham book that is coming upon us?" I acknowledged myself very uneasy about it, and he assured me all who had ever been at Streatham were in fright and consternation. We talked all these matters over more at length, till I was called away by an "How d'ye do, Miss Burney?" from the Committee Box! And then I saw young Mr. Burke, who had jumped up on the nearest form to speak to me.

While we talked together, Mr. Crutchley went back to his more distant seat, and the moment I was able to withdraw from young Mr. Burke, Charles, who sat behind me, leant down and told me a gentleman had just desired to be presented to me. "Who?" quoth I. "Mr. Wyndham," he answered. I really thought he was laughing, and answered accordingly; but he assured me he was in earnest, and that Mr. Wyndham had begged him to make the proposition. What could I do? There was no refusing: yet a planned meeting with another of the Committee, and one deep in the prosecution, and from whom one of the hardest charges has come — could anything be less pleasant as I was then situated?

Charles soon told me he was at my elbow. He had taken the place Mr. Crutchley had just left. The *abord* was, on my part, very awkward, from the distress I felt lest Mr. Hastings should look up, and from a conviction that I must not name that gentleman, of whom alone I could then think, to a person in a Committee against him. He, however, was easy, having no embarrassing thoughts, since the conference was of his own seeking. 'T was so long since I had seen him, that I almost wonder he remembered me.

After the first compliments he looked around him, and exclaimed "What an assembly is this! How striking a *spectacle*! I had not seen half its splendor down there. You have it here to great advantage; you lose some of the Lords, but you gain all the Ladies. You have a very good place here." "Yes; and I may safely say I make a very impartial use of it: for since I have sat here, I have never discovered to which side I have been listening!" He laughed, but told me they were then running through the charges. "And is it essential," cried I, "that they should so run them through that nobody can understand them? Is that a form of law?"

He agreed to the absurdity; and then, looking still at the *spectacle*, which indeed is the most splendid I ever saw, arrested his eyes upon the Chancellor. "He looks very well from hence," cried he; "and how well he acquits himself on these solemn occasions! With what dignity, what loftiness, what high propriety, he comports himself! I joined heartily in the commendation, and warmly praised his speech. "Even a degree of pompousness," cried I, "in such a Court as this, seems a propriety."

"Yes," said he; "but his speech had one word that might as well have been let alone; 'mere allegations' he called the charges; the word 'mere' at least, might have been spared, especially as it is already strongly suspected on which side he leans!" I protested, and with truth, I had not heard the word in his speech; but he still affirmed it. "Surely," I said, "he was as fair and impartial as possible: he called the accusers 'so respectable!'" "Yes, but 'mere — mere' was no word for this occasion; and it could not be unguarded, for he would never come to speak in such a Court as this, without some little thinking beforehand. However, he is a fine fellow, — a very fine fellow! and though, in his private life, guilty of so many inac-

curacies, in his public capacity I really hold him to be unexceptionable."

He noticed the two Archbishops. "And see," cried he, "the Archbishop of York, Markham, — see how he affects to read the articles of impeachment, as if he was still open to either side! My good Lord Archbishop! your Grace might, with perfect safety, spare your eyes, for your mind has been made up upon this subject before ever it was investigated. He holds Hastings to be the greatest man in the world — for Hastings promoted the interest of his son in the East Indies!"

Somewhat sarcastic, this; but I had as little time as power for answering, since now, and suddenly, his eye dropped down upon poor Mr. Hastings: the expression of his face instantly lost the gaiety and ease with which it had addressed me; he stopped short in his remarks; he fixed his eyes steadfastly on this new, and but too interesting object, and, after viewing him some time in a sort of earnest silence, he suddenly exclaimed, as if speaking to himself, and from an impulse irresistible — "What a sight is that! to see that man, that small portion of human clay, that poor feeble machine of earth, enclosed now in that little space, brought to that Bar, a prisoner in a spot six foot square — and to reflect on his late power! Nations at his command! Princes prostrate at his feet! — What a change! how must he feel it! —"

He stopped, and I said not a word. I was glad to see him thus impressed; I hoped it might soften his enmity. I found, by his manner, that he had never, from the Committee Box, looked at him. He broke forth again, after a pause of some length, — "Wonderful indeed! almost past credibility, is such a reverse! He that, so lately, had the Eastern World nearly at his beck; he, under whose tyrant power princes and potentates sunk and

trembled; he, whose authority was without the reach of responsibility! ——”

Again he stopped, seeming struck, almost beyond the power of speech, with meditative commiseration; but then, suddenly rousing himself, as if recollecting his “almost blunted purpose,” he passionately exclaimed; “O could those — the thousands, the millions, who have groaned and languished under the iron rod of his oppressions — could they but — whatever region they inhabit — be permitted one dawn of light to look into this Hall, and see him *there!* *There* — where he now stands — it might prove, perhaps, some recompense for their sufferings!”

I can hardly tell you, my dearest Susan, how shocked I felt at these words! words so hard, and following sensations so much more pitying and philosophic! I cannot believe Mr. Hastings guilty; I feel in myself a strong internal evidence of his innocence, drawn from all I have seen of him; I can only regard the prosecution as a party affair; but yet, since his adversaries now openly stake their names, fame, and character against him, I did not think it decent to intrude such an opinion. I could only be sorry and silent.

Still he looked at him, earnest in rumination, and as if unable to turn away his eyes; and presently he again exclaimed, “How wonderful an instance of the instability of mortal power is presented in that object! From possessions so extensive, from a despotism so uncontrolled, to see him now there, in that small circumference! In the history of human nature how memorable will be the records of this day! a day that brings to the great tribunal of the nation a man whose power, so short a time since, was of equal magnitude with his crimes!”

Good Heaven! thought I, and do you really believe all this? Can Mr. Hastings appear to you such a monster?

and are you not merely swayed by party? I could not hear him without shuddering, nor see him thus in earnest without alarm. I thought myself no longer bound to silence, since I saw, by the continuance as well as by the freedom of his exclamations, he conceived me of the same sentiments with himself; and therefore I hardily resolved to make known to him that mistake, which, indeed, was a liberty that seemed no longer impertinent, but a mere act of justice and honesty.

His very expressive pause, his eyes still steadfastly fixed on Mr. Hastings, gave me ample opportunity for speaking; though I had some little difficulty how to get out what I wished to say. However, in the midst of his reverie, I broke forth, but not without great hesitation, and, very humbly, I said, "Could you pardon me, Mr. Wyndham, if I should forget, for a moment, that you are a Committee man, and speak to you frankly?"

He looked surprised, but laughed at the question, and very eagerly called out, "Oh yes, yes, pray speak out, I beg it!" "Well, then, may I venture to say to you, that I believe it utterly impossible for any one, not particularly engaged on the contrary side, ever to enter a court of justice, and not instantly, and involuntarily, wish well to the prisoner!" His surprise subsided by this general speech, which I had not courage to put in a more pointed way, and he very readily answered, "'Tis natural, certainly, and what must almost unavoidably be the first impulse; yet, where justice ——" I stopped him; I saw I was not comprehended, and thought else he might say something to stop me.

"May I," I said, "go yet a little farther?" "Yes," cried he, with a very civil smile, "and I feel an assent beforehand." "Supposing then, that even you, if that may be supposed, could be divested of all knowledge of the

particulars of this affair, and in the same state of general ignorance that I confess myself to be, and could then, like me, have seen Mr. Hastings make his entrance into this Court, and looked at him when he was brought to that bar; not even you, Mr. Wyndham, could then have reflected on such a vicissitude for him, on all he has left and all he has lost, and not have given him, like me, all your best wishes the moment you beheld him."

The promised assent came not, though he was too civil to contradict me; but still I saw he understood me only in a general sense. I feared going farther: a weak advocate is apt to be a mischievous one; and, as I knew nothing, it was not to a professed enemy I could talk of what I only believed. Recovering, now, from the strong emotion with which the sight of Mr. Hastings had filled him, he looked again around the Court, and pointed out several of the principal characters present, with arch and striking remarks upon each of them, all uttered with high spirit, but none with ill-nature. "Pitt," cried he, "is not here! — a noble stroke that for the annals of his administration! A trial is brought on by the whole House of Commons in a body, and he is absent at the very opening! However," added he, with a very meaning laugh, "I'm glad of it, for 't is to his eternal disgrace!" Mercy! thought I, what a friend to kindness is party!

Next, Mr. Wyndham pointed out Mr. Francis¹ to me.

¹ Mr. Hastings's enemy was Mr., afterwards Sir, Philip Francis, who was born in 1740, and was the son of Dr. Francis, the well-known translator of Horace. He was brought up at St. Paul's School, and early obtained a clerkship in the Secretary of State's office. Afterwards he was attached to the Embassy to Portugal, and on his return obtained a clerkship in the War Office. Up to this period he was little known out of his own family circle. Suddenly, however, in 1772, he was appointed a Member of the Bengal Council, with a salary little short of ten thousand a year. Some persons have endeavored to account for this extraordinary piece of

'Tis a singular circumstance, that the friend who most loves and the enemy who most hates Mr. Hastings should bear the same name!¹ Mr. Wyndham, with all the bias of party, gave me then the highest character of this Mr. Francis, whom he called one of the most ill-used of men. Want of documents how to answer forced me to be silent, oppositely as I thought. But it was a very unpleasant situation to me, as I saw that Mr. Wyndham still conceived me to have no other interest than a common, and probably to his mind, a weak compassion for the prisoner — that prisoner who, frequently looking around, saw me, I am certain, and saw with whom I was engaged!

The subject of Mr. Francis again drew him back to Mr. Hastings, but with more severity of mind. "A prouder heart," cried he, "an ambition more profound, were never, I suppose, lodged in any mortal mould than in that man! With what a port he entered! did you observe him? his air! I saw not his face, but his air! his port!"

"Surely there," cried I, "he could not be to blame! He comes upon his defence; ought he to look as if he gave himself up?" "Why, no; 't is true he must look what vindication to himself he can; we must not blame him there."

Encouraged by this little concession, I resolved to venture farther, and once more said, "May I again, Mr. Wyndham, forget that you are a *Committee-man*, and say something not fit for a *Committee-man* to hear?" "Oh yes!" cried he, laughing very much, and looking extremely curious. "I must fairly, then, own myself utterly ignorant

good fortune by supposing that he was, and was known to be, the writer of the famous "Letters of Junius." Certain it is that after his appointment to India, Junius was heard of no more.

¹ The friend of Mr. Hastings here alluded to was Clement Francis, Esq., of Alysham in Norfolk, who married Charlotte, fourth daughter of Dr. Burney.

upon this subject, and — and — may I go on?" "I beg you will!" "Well, then, — and originally prepossessed in favor of the object!" He quite started, and with a look of surprise from which all pleasure was separated, exclaimed — "Indeed!" "Yes!" cried I, "'t is really true, and really out, now!" "For Mr. Hastings, prepossessed!" he repeated in a tone that seemed to say — do you not mean Mr. Burke?

"Yes," I said, "for Mr. Hastings! But I should not, to you, have presumed to own it just at this time, — so little as I am able to do honor to my prepossession by any materials to defend it, —but that you have given me courage, by appearing so free from all malignity in the business. 'Tis, therefore, your own fault!" "But can you speak seriously," cried he, "when you say you know nothing of this business?" "Very seriously: I never entered into it at all; it was always too intricate to tempt me." "But, surely you must have read the charges?"

"No; they are so long, I had never the courage to begin." The conscious look with which he heard this, brought — all too late — to my remembrance, that one of them was drawn up, and delivered in the House, by himself! I was really very sorry to have been so unfortunate; but I had no way to call back the words, so was quiet perforce. "Come, then," cried he, emphatically, "to hear Burke! come and listen to him, and you will be mistress of the whole! Hear Burke, and read the charges of the Begums, and then you will form your judgment without difficulty."

I would rather (thought I) hear him upon any other subject: but I made no answer; I only said, "Certainly, I can gain nothing by what is going forward to-day. I meant to come to the opening now, but it seems rather like the shutting up!" He was not to be put off. "You will come,

however, to hear Burke? To hear truth, reason, justice, eloquence! You will then see, in other colors, 'that Man!' There is more cruelty, more oppression, more tyranny, in that little machine, with an arrogance, a self-confidence, unexampled, unheard of."

"Indeed, sir!" cried I; "that does not appear, to those who know him; and — I — know him a little." "Do you?" cried he, earnestly; "personally, do you know him?" "Yes; and from that knowledge arose this prepossession I have confessed." "Indeed! what you have seen of him have you then so much approved?" "Yes, very much! I must own the truth!" "But you have not seen much of him?" "No, not lately. My first knowledge of him was almost immediately upon his coming from India: I had heard nothing of all these accusations; I had never been in the way of hearing them, and knew not even that there were any to be heard. I saw him, therefore, quite without prejudice, for or against him; and indeed, I must own, he soon gave me a strong interest in his favor."

The surprise with which he heard me must have silenced me on the subject, had it not been accompanied with an attention so earnest as to encourage me still to proceed. It is evident to me that this Committee live so much shut up with one another, that they conclude all the world of the same opinion with themselves, and universally imagine that this tyrant they think themselves pursuing is a monster in every part of his life, and held in contempt and abhorrence by all mankind. Could I then be sorry, seeing this, to contribute my small mite towards clearing, at least, so very wide a mistake? On the contrary, when I saw he listened, I was most eager to give him all I could to hear.

"I found him," I continued, "so mild, so gentle, so extremely pleasing in his manners ——" "Gentle!" cried he, with quickness. "Yes, indeed; gentle, even to humil-

ity." "Humility? Mr. Hastings and humility!" "Indeed it is true; he is perfectly diffident in the whole of his manner, when engaged in conversation; and so much struck was I, at that very time, by seeing him so simple, so unassuming, when just returned from a government that had accustomed him to a power superior to our monarch's here, that it produced an effect upon my mind in his favor which nothing can erase!"

"Oh yes, yes!" cried he, with great energy, "you will give it up! you must lose it, must give it up! it will be plucked away, rooted wholly out of your mind!" "Indeed, sir," cried I, steadily, "I believe not!" "You believe not?" repeated he, with added animation; "then there will be the more glory in making you a convert!" If "conversion" is the word, thought I, I would rather make than be made. "But, Mr. Wyndham," cried I, "all my amazement now is at your condescension in speaking to me upon this business at all, when I have confessed to you my total ignorance of the subject, and my original prepossession in favor of the object. Why do you not ask me when I was at the play? and how I liked the last opera?"

He laughed; and we talked on a little while in that strain, till again, suddenly fixing his eyes on poor Mr. Hastings, his gaiety once more vanished, and he gravely and severely examined his countenance. "'Tis surely," cried he, "an unpleasant one." He does not know, I suppose, 't is reckoned like his own! "How should he," cried I, "look otherwise than unpleasant here?" "True," cried he: "yet still, I think, his features, his look, his whole expression, unfavorable to him. I never saw him but once before; that was at the Bar of the House of Commons; and there, as Burke admirably said, he looked, when first he glanced an eye against him, like a hungry tiger, ready to howl for his prey!"

"Well," cried I, "I am sure he does not look fierce now! Contemptuous, a little, I think he does look!" I was sorry I used this word; yet its truth forced it to escape me. He did not like it; he repeated it; he could not but be sure the contempt could only be levelled at his prosecutors. I feared discussion, and flew off as fast as I could to softer ground. "It was not," cried I, "with that countenance he gave me my prepossession! Very differently, indeed, he looked then!" "And can he ever look pleasant? can that face ever obtain an expression that is pleasing?"

"Yes, indeed and in truth, and very pleasant! It was in the country I first saw him, and without any restraint on his part; I saw him, therefore, perfectly natural and easy. And no one, let me say, could so have seen him without being pleased with him; his quietness and serenity, joined to his intelligence and information —" "His information? — In what way?" "In such a way as suited his hearer: not upon committee business! — of all that I knew nothing. The only conversation in which I could mix was upon India, considered simply as a country in which he had travelled; and his communications upon the people, the customs, habits, cities, and whatever I could name, were so instructive as well as entertaining, that I think I never recollect gaining more intelligence, or more pleasantly conveyed, from any conversation in which I ever have been engaged."

To this he listened with an attention that but for the secret zeal which warmed me must have silenced and shamed me. I am satisfied this committee have concluded Mr. Hastings a mere man of blood, with slaughter and avarice for his sole ideas! The surprise with which he heard this just testimony to his social abilities was only silent from good-breeding, but his eyes expressed what his tongue

withheld ; something that satisfied me he concluded I had undesignedly been duped by him.

I answered this silence by saying " There was no object for hypocrisy, for it was quite in retirement I met with him : it was not lately ; it is near two years since I have seen him ; he had therefore no point to gain with me, nor was there any public character, nor any person whatever, that could induce him to act a part ; yet was he all I have said — informing, communicative, instructive, and at the same time gentle and highly pleasing." He seemed now overpowered into something like believing me, and, in a voice of concession, said, " Certainly, from a man who has been in so great a station — from any man that has been an object of expectation — there is nothing so winning as gentleness of manners."

I cannot say how even this little speech encouraged me : I went on with fresh vigor. " Indeed," I cried, " I was myself so entirely surprised by that mildness, that I remember carrying my admiration of it even to his dress, which was a very plain green coat ; and I asked the friend at whose house we met, when I saw his uniform simplicity, whether the Governor-General of Bengal had not had that coat made up before he went to the East, and upon putting it on again when he returned, had not lost all memory of the splendor of the time and the scenes that had passed in the intermediate space."

" Well," said he, very civilly, " I begin the less to wonder, now, that you have adhered to his side ; but — " " To see him, then," cried I, stopping his *but*, — " to see him brought to that Bar ! and *kneeling* at it ! — indeed, Mr. Wyndham, I must own to you, I could hardly keep my seat — hardly forbear rising and running out of the Hall."

" Why, there," cried he, " I agree with you ! 'Tis certainly a humiliation not to be wished or defended : it is,

indeed, a mere ceremony, a mere formality; but it is a mortifying one, and so obsolete, so unlike the practices of the times, so repugnant from a gentleman to a gentleman, that I myself looked another way: it hurt me, and I wished it dispensed with." "Oh, Mr. Wyndham," cried I, surprised and pleased, "and can you be so liberal?" "Yes," cried he, laughing; "but 't is only to take you in!" Afterwards he asked what his coat was, whether blue or purple; and said, "Is it not customary for a prisoner to come in black?" "Whether or not," quoth I, "I am heartily glad he has done it; why should he seem so dismal, so shut out from hope?" "Why, I believe he is in the right! I think he has judged that not ill." "Oh don't be so candid," cried I, "I beg you not." "Yes, yes, I must; and you know the reason!" cried he gaily; but presently exclaimed, "One unpleasant thing belonging to being a manager is that I must now go and show myself in the committee."

And then he very civilly bowed, and went down to his box, leaving me much persuaded that I had never yet been engaged in a conversation so curious, from its circumstances, in my life. The warm well-wisher myself of the prisoner, though formerly the warmest admirer of his accuser, engaged, even at his trial, and in his presence, in so open a discussion with one of his principal prosecutors; and the Queen herself in full view, unavoidably beholding me in close and eager conference with an avowed member of opposition!

In the midst of the opening of a trial such as this, so important to the country as well as to the individual who is tried, what will you say to a man — a member of the House of Commons — who kept exclaiming almost perpetually, just at my side, "What a bore! — when will it be over? — Must one come any more? — I had a great

mind not to have come at all. — Who's that? — Lady Hawkesbury and the Copes? — Yes. — A pretty girl, Kitty. — Well, when will they have done? — I wish they'd call the question — I should vote it a bore at once!" Just such exclamations as these were repeated, without intermission, till the gentleman departed.

Towards the close of the day, Mr. Wyndham very unexpectedly came again from the Committee-Box, and seated himself by my side. I was glad to see by this second visit that my frankness had not offended him. He began, too, in so open and social a manner, that I was satisfied he forgave it.

"I have been," cried he, "very busy since I left you — writing — reading — making documents." I saw he was much agitated; the gaiety which seems natural to him was flown, and had left in its place the most evident and unquiet emotion. I looked a little surprised, and rallying himself, in a few moments he inquired if I wished for any refreshment, and proposed fetching me some. But, well as I liked him *for a conspirator*, I could not *break bread* with him! I thought now all was over of communication between us, but I was mistaken. He spoke for a minute or two upon the crowd — early hour of coming — hasty breakfasting, and such general nothings; and then, as if involuntarily, he returned to the sole subject on his mind. "Our plan," cried he, "is all changing: we have all been busy — we are coming into a new method. I have been making preparations — I did not intend speaking for a considerable time — not till after the circuit — but now, I may be called upon, I know not how soon."

Then he stopped — ruminating — and I let him ruminate without interruption for some minutes, when he broke forth into these reflections: "How strange, how infatuated a frailty has man with respect to the future! Be our

views, our designs, our anticipations what they may, we are never prepared for it! — it always takes us by surprise — always comes before we look for it!" He stopped; but I waited his explanation without speaking, and, after pausing thoughtfully some time, he went on: —

"This day — for which we have all been waiting so anxiously, so earnestly — the day for which we have fought, for which we have struggled — a day, indeed, of national glory, in bringing to this great tribunal a delinquent from so high an office — this day, so much wished, has seemed to me, to the last moment, so distant, that now — now that it is actually arrived, it takes me as if I had never thought of it before — it comes upon me all unexpected, and finds me unready!" Still I said nothing, for I did not fully comprehend him, till he added, "I will not be so affected as to say to you that I have made no preparation — that I have not thought a little upon what I have to do; yet now that the moment is actually come —"

Again he broke off; but a generous sentiment was bursting from him, and would not be withheld. "It has brought me," he resumed, "a feeling of which I am not yet quite the master! What I have said hitherto, when I have spoken in the House, has been urged and stimulated by the idea of pleading for the injured and the absent, and that gave me spirit. Nor do I tell you (with a half-conscious smile) that the ardor of the prosecution went for nothing — a prosecution in favor of oppressed millions! But now, when I am to speak here, the thought of that man, close to my side — culprit as he is — that man on whom all the odium is to fall — gives me, I own, a sensation that almost disqualifies me beforehand!"

Ah, Mr. Wyndham! thought I, with feelings so generous even where enmity is so strong, how came you ever engaged in so cruel, so unjust a cause? I could almost sup-

pose he saw me think this, though I uttered never a word ; but it may be that a new set of reflections were pouring in upon him irresistibly, for he presently went on : — “ ’T was amazing to myself how I got into this business ! I thought it at first inextricable, but once begun — the glow of a public cause — a cause to support, — to revive, to redress helpless multitudes ! ”

“ Oh, Mr. Wyndham ! ” cried I, “ you chill me ! ” “ But surely,” cried he, “ you cannot be an earnest advocate in such a cause ? ” “ I am so unwilling,” cried I, “ to think so ill of it ! ” “ But is it possible Mr. Burke’s representations should have so little effect upon you ? ”

“ I am the friend of Mr. Burke,” cried I, eagerly, “ all the time ! Mr. Burke has no greater admirer ! — and that is precisely what disturbs me most in this business ! ” “ Well,” cried he, in a tone extremely good-humored and soft, “ I am then really sorry for you ! — to be pulled two ways is of all things the most painful.”

“ Indeed it is : and in this very question, I wish so well one way, and have long thought so highly the other, that I scarce know, at times, what even to wish.”

“ That doubt is of all states the worst : it will soon, however, be over ; you must be all one way the moment you have heard Burke.” “ I am not quite so sure of that ! ” cried I, boldly. “ No ? ” cried he, looking amazed at me.

“ No, indeed ! But if it seems strange to you that I should own this, you must impute it all to the want of that malignity which I cannot see in you ! ” The odd civility of this speech, which was a literal truth, again brought back his gaiety, and he made some general comments upon the company and the place.

“ What an assembly ! ” he cried ; “ how brilliant, how striking ! When I look around and think of speaking here — rank, nobility, talents, beauty. — Well, however,

't is worth, and nobly worth, all our pains and all our powers."

"Now again, Mr. Wyndham," cried I, "I am going to beg that you will forget that you are a Committee-man while I say something more to you." "Surely!—I beg you will speak!" "Well, supposing you out of the question, I cannot, as I sit here, look down upon those two Boxes, and not think it a little unfair—at least very hard—for Mr. Hastings to see on one side only feed hirelings, and men little experienced and scarce at all known, and on the other almost all the talents of the nation! Can that be fair?"

"Oh yes," cried he, "have no apprehensions from that! A lawyer, with his quirks and his quibbles, and his cross questions and examinations, will overset and master the ablest orator, unpractised in their ways." I hoped there was some truth in this, and therefore accepted the consolation. "That this day was ever brought about," continued he, "must ever remain a noble memorial of courage and perseverance in the Commons. Every possible obstacle has been thrown in our way—every art of Government has been at work to impede us—nothing has been left untried to obstruct us—every check and clog of power and influence." "Not by him," cried I, looking at poor Mr. Hastings; "he has raised no impediments—he has been wholly careless." "Come," cried he with energy, "and hear Burke!—Come but and hear him!—'t is an eloquence irresistible!—a torrent that sweeps all before it with the force of a whirlwind! It will cure you, indeed, of your prepossession, but it will give you truth and right in its place. What discoveries has he not made!—what gulfs has he not dived into! Come and hear him, and your conflict will end!"

I could hardly stand this, and, to turn it off, asked him

if Mr. Hastings was to make his own defence? "No," he answered, "he will only speak by counsel. But do not regret that, for his own sake, as he is not used to public speaking, and has some impediment in his speech besides. He writes wonderfully — there he shines — and with a facility quite astonishing. Have you ever happened to see any of his writings?"

"No: only one short account, which he calls *Memoirs* relative to some India transactions, and that struck me as being extremely unequal — in some places strong and finely expressed, in others obscure and scarce intelligible."

"That is just the case — that ambiguity runs through him in everything. Burke has found an admirable word for it in the Persian tongue, for which we have no translation, but it means an intricacy involved so deep as to be nearly unfathomable — an artificial entanglement."

Again he was going: but glancing his eyes once more down upon Mr. Hastings, he almost sighed — he fetched, at least, a deep breath, while he exclaimed with strong emotion, "What a place for a man to stand in to hear what he has to hear! — 't is almost too much!" What pity, my Susan and my Fredy, that a man who could feel such impulsive right in the midst of party rage, should bow down to any party, and not abide by such impulse!

It would not be easy to tell you how touching at such a time was the smallest concession from an avowed opponent, and I could not help exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Wyndham, you must not be so liberal!" "Oh!" cried he, smiling, and recovering himself, "'t is all the deeper malice only to draw you in!" Still, however, he did not go: he kept gazing upon Mr. Hastings till he seemed almost fascinated to the spot; and presently, after growing more and more open in his discourse, he began to talk to me of Sir Elijah Impey. I presume, my dearest friends, little as

they hear of politics and state business, must yet know that the House of Commons is threatening Sir Elijah with an impeachment, to succeed that of Mr. Hastings, and all upon East India transactions of the same date.

When he had given me his sentiments upon this subject, which I had heard with that sort of quietness that results from total ignorance of the matter, joined to total ignorance of the person concerned, he drew a short comparison, which nearly, from him, and at such a moment, drew the tears from my eyes — *nearly* do I say? — indeed more than that!

“Sir Elijah,” cried he, “knows how to go to work, and by getting the lawyers to side with him professionally, has set about his defence in the most artful manner. He is not only wicked, but a very pitiful fellow. Let him but escape fine or imprisonment, and he will pocket all indignity, and hold himself happy in getting off: but Hastings (again looking steadfastly at him) — Hastings has feeling — ’t is a proud feeling, an ambitious feeling — but feeling he has! Hastings — come to him what may — fine, imprisonment, whatsoever is inflicted — all will be nothing. The moment of his punishment — I think it, upon my honor! — was the moment that brought him to that Bar!” When he said, “I think it, upon my honor,” he laid his hand on his breast, as if he implied “I acquit him henceforward.”

Poor Mr. Hastings! One generous enemy he has at least, who pursues him with public hate, but without personal malignity! yet, sure I feel he can deserve neither! I did not spare to express my sense of this liberality from a foe; for, indeed, the situation I was in, and the sight of Mr. Hastings, made it very affecting to me. He was affected too, himself; but presently, rising, he said with great quickness, “I must shake all this off; I must have done with it — dismiss it — forget that he is there.” “Oh,

no," cried I, earnestly, "do not forget it!" "Yes, yes: I must." "No, *remember* it rather," cried I; "I could almost (putting up my hands as if praying) do thus; and then, like poor Mr. Hastings just now to the house, drop down on my knees to you, to call out, '*Remember it.*'"

"Yes, yes," cried he, precipitately, "how else shall I go on? I *must* forget that *he* is there, and that *you* are here." And then he hurried down to his Committee. Was it not a most singular scene? We stayed but a short time after this last conference; for nothing more was attempted than reading on the charges and answers, in the same useless manner.

The interest of this trial was so much upon my mind, that I have not kept even a memorandum of what passed from the 13th of February to the day when I went again to Westminster Hall; nor, except renewing the Friday Oratorios with Mrs. Ord, do I recollect one circumstance.

The second time that the Queen, who saw my wishes, indulged me with one of her tickets, and a permission of absence for the Trial, was to hear Mr. Burke, for whom my curiosity and my interest stood the highest.

At length the Peers' procession closed, the Prisoner was brought in, and Mr. Burke began his speech. It was the second day of his harangue: the first I had not been able to attend. All I had heard of his eloquence, and all I had conceived of his great abilities, was more than answered by his performance. Nervous, clear, and striking was almost all that he uttered: the main business, indeed, of his coming forth was frequently neglected, and not seldom wholly lost; but his excursions were so fanciful, so entertaining, and so ingenious, that no miscellaneous hearer, like myself, could blame them. It is true he was unequal, but his inequality produced an effect which, in so

long a speech, was perhaps preferable to greater consistency, since, though it lost attention in its falling off, it recovered it with additional energy by some ascent unexpected and wonderful. When he narrated, he was easy, flowing, and natural; when he declaimed, energetic, warm, and brilliant. The sentiments he interspersed were as nobly conceived as they were highly colored; his satire had a poignancy of wit that made it as entertaining as it was penetrating; his allusions and quotations, as far as they were English and within my reach, were apt and ingenious; and the wild and sudden flights of his fancy, bursting forth from his creative imagination in language fluent, forcible, and varied, had a charm for my ear and my attention wholly new and perfectly irresistible.

Were talents such as these exercised in the service of truth, unbiassed by party and prejudice, how could we sufficiently applaud their exalted possessor? But though frequently he made me tremble by his strong and horrible representations, his own violence recovered me, by stigmatizing his assertions with personal ill-will and designing illiberality. Yet, at times I confess, with all that I felt, wished, and thought concerning Mr. Hastings, the whirlwind of his eloquence nearly drew me into its vortex. I give no particulars of the speech, because they will all be printed.

"Well, ma'am, what say you to all this? how have you been entertained?" cried a voice at my side; and I saw Mr. Crutchley, who came round to speak to me. "Entertained?" cried I, "indeed, not at all; it is quite too serious and too horrible for entertainment: you ask after my amusement as if I were at an opera or a comedy."

"A comedy?" repeated he, contemptuously, "no, a farce; 't is not high enough for a comedy. To hear a man rant such stuff. But you should have been here the first day

he spoke; this is milk and honey to that. He said then, 'His heart was as black — as — black!' and called him the Captain-general of iniquity." "Hush! hush!" cried I, for he spoke very loud; "that young man you see down there, who is looking up, is his son!" "I know it," cried he, "and what do I care?"

And now for my third Westminster Hall, which, by the Queen's own indulgent order, was with dear Charlotte and Sarah.

It was also to hear Mr. Fox. We went early, yet did not get very good places. The Managers at this time were all in great wrath at a decision made the night before by the Lords, upon a dispute between them and the Counsel for Mr. Hastings, which turned entirely in favor of the latter. When they entered their Committee-Box, led on as usual by Mr. Burke, they all appeared in the extremest and most angry emotion.

When they had caballed together some time, Mr. Wyndham came up among the Commons, to bow to some ladies of his acquaintance, and then to speak to me: but he was so agitated and so disconcerted, he could name nothing but their recent provocation from the Lords. He seemed quite enraged, and broke forth with a vehemence I should not much have liked to have excited. They had experienced, he said, in the late decision, the most injurious treatment that could be offered them: the Lords had resolved upon saving Mr. Hastings, and the Chancellor had taken him under the grossest protection. "In short," said he, "the whole business is taken out of our hands, and they have all determined to save him."

"Have they indeed?" cried I, with involuntary eagerness. "Yes," answered he, perceiving how little I was shocked for him, "it is now all going your way." I could

not pretend to be sorry, and only inquired if Mr. Fox was to speak. "I know not," cried he, hastily, "what is to be done, who will speak, or what will be resolved. Fox is in a rage! Oh, a rage!" "But yet I hope he will speak. I have never heard him." "No? not the other day?" "No; I was then at Windsor." "Oh, yes, I remember you told me you were going. You have lost everything by it. To-day will be nothing, he is all rage! On Tuesday he was great indeed. You should have heard him then. And Burke, you should have heard the conclusion of Burke's speech; 't was the noblest ever uttered by man!" "So I have been told." "To-day you will hear nothing — know nothing, — there will be no opportunity; Fox is all fury." I told him he almost frightened me; for he spoke in a tremor himself that was really unpleasant. "Oh!" cried he, looking at me half reproachfully, half good-humoredly, "Fox's fury is with the Lords — not there!" pointing to Mr. Hastings. I saw by this he entered into my feelings in the midst of his irritability, and that gave me courage to cry out, "I am glad of that at least." "Oh, yes! yes!" cried he, a little impetuously, "all our complaints, our indignities, our difficulties — all those are but balm to you." And he shook his head and his hand at me tremulously and reproachfully, rising at the same to be gone. "Oh, Mr. Wyndham," cried I, half laughing, yet half afraid, "'soften a little of that flint,' as Mr. Sterling says, I beseech you." A smile forced its way to his features whether he would or not; but he very earnestly said. "And do you still, and can you after what you have heard, retain any esteem for Mr. Hastings?" "Why — a — little!" answered I, hesitatingly. "What, still! after what you have heard!" "Won't you allow me any?" cried I. "If it is half what it was —" "Not half! — Oh yes, allow me half!" "What, half! after all you have heard!" And again

shaking his head and his hand, as if quite scandalized for me, he hurried back to his den, and I saw no more of him.

Mr. Fox spoke five hours, and with a violence that did not make me forget what I had heard of his being in such a fury; but I shall never give any account of these speeches, as they will all be printed. I shall only say a word of the speakers as far as relates to my own feelings about them, and that briefly will be to say that I adhere to Mr. Burke, whose oratorical powers appeared to me far more gentleman-like, scholar-like, and fraught with true genius than those of Mr. Fox. It may be I am prejudiced by old kindnesses of Mr. Burke, and it may be that the countenance of Mr. Fox may have turned me against him, for it struck me to have a boldness in it quite hard and callous. However, it is little matter how much my judgment in this point may err. With you, my dear friends, I have nothing further to do than simply to give it; and even should it be wrong, it will not very essentially injure you in your politics.

Again, on the fourth time of my attendance at Westminster Hall, honest James was my esquire.

We were so late from divers accidents that we did not enter till the same moment with the prisoner. In descending the steps I heard my name exclaimed with surprise, and looking before me, I saw myself recognized by Mrs. Crewe. "Miss Burney," she cried, "who could have thought of seeing you here!"

Very obligingly she made me join her immediately, which, as I was with no lady, was a very desirable circumstance; and though her political principles are well known, and, of course, lead her to side with the enemies of Mr. Hastings, she had the good sense to conclude me on the other side, and the delicacy never once to distress me by any discussion of the prosecution.

I was much disappointed to find nothing intended for this day's trial but hearing evidence ; no speaker was preparing ; all the attention was devoted to the witnesses.

Mr. Adam, Mr. Dudley Long, and others that I know not, came from the committee to chat with Mrs. Crewe ; but soon after one came not so unknown to me — Mr. Burke ; and Mrs. Crewe, seeing him ascend, named him to me, but was herself a little surprised to see it was his purpose to name himself, for he immediately made up to me, and with an air of such frank kindness that, could I have forgot his errand in that Hall, would have made me receive him as formerly, when I was almost fascinated with him.

But far other were my sensations. I trembled as he approached me, with conscious change of sentiments, and with a dread of his pressing from me a disapprobation he might resent, but which I knew not how to disguise. "Near-sighted as I am," cried he, "I knew you immediately. I knew you from our box the moment I looked up ; yet how long it is, except for an instant here, since I have seen you !" "Yes," I hesitatingly answered, "I — live in a monastery now." He said nothing to this. He felt, perhaps, it was meant to express my inaccessibility.

I inquired after Mrs. Burke. He recounted to me the particulars of his sudden seizure when he spoke last, from the cramp in his stomach, owing to a draught of cold water, which he drank in the midst of the heat of his oration.

I could not even wear a semblance of being sorry for him on this occasion ; and my cold answers made him soon bend down to speak with Mrs. Crewe. I was seated in the next row to her, just above. Mr. Wyndham was now talking with her. My whole curiosity and desire being to hear him, which had induced me to make a point of coming this time, I was eager to know if my chance was wholly gone. "You are aware," I cried, when he spoke to

me, "what brings me here this morning!" "No;" he protested he knew not.

Mrs. Crewe, again a little surprised, I believe, at this second opposition acquaintance, began questioning how often I had attended this trial. Mr. Wyndham, with much warmth of regret, told her very seldom, and that I had lost Mr. Burke on his best day. I then turned to speak to Mr. Burke, that I might not seem listening, for they interspersed various civilities upon my peculiar right to have heard all the great speeches, but Mr. Burke was in so profound a reverie he did not hear me. I wished Mr. Wyndham had not either, for he called upon him aloud, "Mr. Burke, Miss Burney speaks to you!" He gave me his immediate attention with an air so full of respect that it quite shamed me.

"Indeed," I cried, "I had never meant to speak to Mr. Burke again after hearing him in Westminster Hall. I had meant to keep at least that *geographical timidity*."

I alluded to an expression in his great speech of "geographical morality" which had struck me very much. He laughed heartily, instantly comprehending me, and assured me it was an idea that had occurred to him on the moment he had uttered it, wholly without study.

A little general talk followed; and then, one of the Lords rising to question some of the evidence, he said he must return to his Committee and business, — very flatteringly saying, in quitting his post, "This is the first time I have played truant from the Manager's Box." However I might be obliged to him, which sincerely I felt, I was yet glad to have him go. My total ill-will to all he was about made his conversation merely a pain to me.

I did not feel the same with regard to Mr. Wyndham. He is not the prosecutor, and seems endowed with so much liberality and candor that it not only encourages me to

‘speak to him what I think, but leads me to believe he will one day or other reflect upon joining a party so violent as a stain to the independence of his character.

Almost instantly Mr. Wyndham came forward to the place Mr. Burke had vacated. “Are you approaching,” I cried, “to hear my upbraidings?”

“Why, I don’t know,” cried he, looking half alarmed.

“Oh! I give you warning, if you come you must expect them; so my invitation is almost as pleasant as the man’s in ‘Measure for Measure,’ who calls to Master Barnardine, ‘Won’t you come down to be hanged?’”

“How,” cried he, “have I incurred your upbraidings?” “By bringing me here,” I answered, “only to disappoint me.” “Did I bring you here?” “Yes, by telling me you were to speak to-day.” He protested he could never have made such an assertion. I explained myself, reminding him he had told me he was certainly to speak before the recess; and that therefore, when I was informed this was to be the last day of trial till after the recess, I concluded I should be right, but found myself so utterly wrong as to hear nothing but such evidence as I could not even understand, because it was so uninteresting I could not even listen to it.

“How strangely,” he exclaimed, “are we all moulded, that nothing ever in this mortal life, however pleasant in itself, and however desirable from its circumstances, can come to us without alloy — not even flattery; for here, at this moment, all the high gratification I should feel, and I am well disposed to feel it thoroughly in supposing you could think it worth your while to come hither in order to hear me, is kept down and subdued by the consciousness how much I must disappoint you.”

“Not at all,” cried I; “the worse you speak, the better for my side of the question.”

He laughed, but confessed the agitation of his spirits was so great in the thought of that speech, whenever he was to make it, that it haunted him in fiery dreams in his sleep. "Sleep!" cried I; "do you ever sleep?" He stared a little, but I added with dryness, "Do any of you that live down there in that prosecutor's den ever sleep in your beds? I should have imagined that, had you even attempted it, the anticipating ghost of Mr. Hastings would have appeared to you in the dead of the night, and have drawn your curtains, and glared ghastly in your eyes. I do heartily wish Mr. Tickell would send you that 'Anticipation' at once!"

This idea furnished us with sundry images, till, looking down upon Mr. Hastings, with an air a little moved, he said, "I am afraid the most insulting thing we do by him is coming up hither to show ourselves so easy and disengaged, and to enter into conversation with the ladies."

"But I hope," cried I, alarmed, "he does not see that."

"Why your caps," cried he, "are much in your favor for concealment; they are excellent screens to all but the first row!"

I saw him, however, again look at the poor, and, I sincerely believe, much-injured prisoner, and as I saw also he still bore with my open opposition, I could not but again seize a favorable moment for being more serious with him.

"Ah, Mr. Wyndham," I cried, "I have not forgot what dropped from you on the first day of this trial."

He looked a little surprised. "You," I continued, "probably have no remembrance of it, for you have been living ever since down there; but I was more touched with what you said then, than with all I have since heard from all the others, and probably than with all I shall hear even from you again when you mount the rostrum."

"You conclude," cried he, looking very sharp, "I shall then be better steeled against that fatal candor?"

"In fact," cried I, "Mr. Wyndham, I do really believe your steeling to be factitious, notwithstanding you took pains to assure me your candor was but the deeper malice; and yet I will own, when once I have heard your speech, I have little expectation of ever having the honor of conversing with you again."

"And why?" cried he, starting back; "what am I to say that you denounce such a forfeit beforehand?"

I could not explain; I left him to imagine; for, should he prove as violent and as personal as the rest, I had no objection to his previously understanding I could have no future pleasure in discoursing with him.

"I think, however," I continued, with a laugh, "that since I have settled this future taciturnity, I have a fair right in the meanwhile to say whatever comes uppermost."

He agreed to this with great approbance.

"Molière, you know, in order to obtain a natural opinion of his plays, applied to an old woman; you, upon the same principle, to obtain a natural opinion of political matters, should apply to an ignorant one;—for you will never, I am sure, gain it *down there*."

He smiled, whether he would or not, but protested this was the severest stricture upon his Committee that had ever yet been uttered.

I told him as it was the last time he was likely to hear unbiassed sentiments upon this subject, it was right they should be spoken very intelligibly.

"And permit me," I said, "to begin with what strikes me the most. Were Mr. Hastings really the culprit he is represented, he would never stand there."

"Certainly," cried he, with a candor he could not suppress, "there seems something favorable in that; it has a good look; but assure yourself he never expected to see this day."

“But would he, if guilty, have waited its chance? Was not all the world before him? Could he not have chosen any other place of residence?”

“Yes;—but the shame, the disgrace of a flight?”

“What is it all to the shame and disgrace of convicted guilt?”

He made no answer.

“And now,” I continued, “shall I tell you, just in the same simple style, how I have been struck with the speakers and speeches I have yet heard?” He eagerly begged me to go on. “The whole of this public speaking is quite new to me. I was never in the House of Commons. It is all a new creation to me.” “And what a creation it is!” he exclaimed; “how noble, how elevating!—*and* what an inhabitant for it!” I received his compliment with great courtesy, as an encouragement for me to proceed.

I then began upon Mr. Burke; but I must give you a very brief summary of my speech, as it could only be intelligible at full length from your having heard his. I told him that his opening had struck me with the highest admiration of his powers, from the eloquence, the imagination, the fire, the diversity of expression, and the ready flow of language, with which he seemed gifted, in a most superior manner, for any and every purpose to which rhetoric could lead. “And when he came to his two narratives,” I continued, “when he related the particulars of those dreadful murders, he interested, he engaged, he at last overpowered me; I felt my cause lost. I could hardly keep on my seat. My eyes dreaded a single glance towards a man so accused as Mr. Hastings; I wanted to sink on the floor, that they might be saved so painful a sight. I had no hope he could clear himself; not another wish in his favor remained. But when from this narration Mr. Burke proceeded to his own comments and declamation—

when the charges of rapacity, cruelty, tyranny were general, and made with all the violence of personal detestation, and continued and aggravated without any further fact or illustration; then there appeared more of study than of truth, more of invective than of justice; and, in short, so little of proof to so much of passion, that in a very short time I began to lift up my head, my seat was no longer uneasy, my eyes were indifferent which way they looked, or what object caught them; and before I was myself aware of the declension of Mr. Burke's powers over my feelings, I found myself a mere spectator in a public place, and looking all around it, with my opera-glass in my hand!"

His eyes sought the ground on hearing this, and with no other comment than a rather uncomfortable shrug of the shoulders, he expressively and concisely said — "I comprehend you perfectly!" This was a hearing too favorable to stop me; and Mr. Hastings constantly before me was an animation to my spirits which nothing less could have given me, to a manager of such a Committee!

I next, therefore, began upon Mr. Fox; and I ran through the general matter of his speech, with such observations as had occurred to me in hearing it. "His violence," I said, "had that sort of monotony that seemed to result from its being factitious, and I felt less pardon for that than for any extravagance in Mr. Burke, whose excesses seemed at least to be unaffected, and, if they spoke against his judgment, spared his probity. Mr. Fox appeared to have no such excuse; he looked all good humor and negligent ease the instant before he began a speech of uninterrupted passion and vehemence, and he wore the same careless and disengaged air the very instant he had finished. A display of talents in which the inward mave took so little share could have no powers of persuasion to

those who saw them in that light ; and, therefore, however their brilliancy might be admired, they were useless to their cause, for they left the mind of the hearer in the same state that they found it."

After a short vindication of his friends he said, " You have never heard Pitt ? You would like him beyond any other competitor." And then he made his panegyric in very strong terms, allowing him to be equal, ready, splendid, wonderful !—he was in constant astonishment himself at his powers and success ;—his youth and inexperience never seemed against him : though he mounted to his present height after and in opposition to such a vortex of splendid abilities, yet, alone and unsupported, he coped with them all ! And then, with conscious generosity, he finished a most noble *éloge* with these words : " Take — you *may* take — the testimony of an enemy — a very confirmed enemy of Mr. Pitt's !" Not *very* confirmed, I hope ! A man so liberal can harbor no enmity of that dreadful malignancy that sets mitigation at defiance for ever.

I then said " Now, then, Mr. Wyndham, shall I tell you fairly what it is that induced me to say all this to you ? — Dr. Johnson ! — what I have heard from him of Mr. Wyndham has been the cause of all this hazardous openness." " 'T was a noble cause," cried he, well pleased, " and noble has been its effect ! I loved him, indeed, sincerely. He has left a chasm in my heart — a chasm in the world ! There was in him what I never saw before, what I never shall find again ! I lament every moment as lost, that I might have spent in his society, and yet gave to any other."

How it delighted me to hear this just praise, thus warmly uttered ! — I could speak from this moment upon his other subject. I told him how much it gratified me ; But we agreed in comparing notes upon the very few op-

portunities his real remaining friends could now meet with of a similar indulgence, since so little was his intrinsic worth understood, while so deeply all his foibles had been felt, that in general it was merely a matter of pain to hear him even named.

How did we then emulate each other in calling to mind all his excellences ! “His abilities,” cried Mr. Wyndham, “were gigantic, and always at hand ; no matter for the subject, he had information ready for everything. He was fertile, — he was universal !” My praise of him was of a still more solid kind, — his principles, his piety, his kind heart under all its rough coating : but I need not repeat what I said, — my dear friends know every word. I reminded him of the airings, in which he gave his time with his carriage for the benefit of Dr. Johnson’s health. “What an advantage !” he cried, “was all that to myself ! I had not merely an admiration, but a tenderness for him, — the more I knew him, the stronger it became. We never disagreed ; even in politics, I found it rather words than things in which we differed.” “And if you could so love him,” cried I, “knowing him only in a general way, what would you have felt for him had you known him at Streatham ?”

I then gave him a little history of his manners and way of life there, — his good humor, his sport, his kindness, his sociability, and all the many excellent qualities that, in the world at large, were by so many means obscured. He was extremely interested in all I told him, and regrettingly said he had only known him in his worst days, when his health was upon its decline, and infirmities were crowding fast upon him.

“Had he lived longer,” he cried, “I am satisfied I should have taken to him almost wholly. I should have taken him to my heart ! have looked up to him, applied to

him, advised with him in all the most essential occurrences of my life! I am sure, too, — though it is a proud assertion, — he would have liked me, also, better, had we mingled more. I felt a mixed fondness and reverence growing so strong upon me, that I am satisfied the closest union would have followed his longer life." Just before we broke up. "There is nothing," he cried, with energy, "for which I look back upon myself with severer discipline than the time I have thrown away in other pursuits, that might else have been devoted to that wonderful man!"

He then said he must be gone, — he was one in a Committee of the House, and could keep away no longer.

But, very soon after, Mr. Burke mounted to the House of Commons again, and took the place left by Mr. Wyndham. I inquired very much after Mrs. Burke, and we talked of the spectacle, and its fine effect; and I ventured to mention, allusively, some of the digressive parts of the great speech in which I had heard him: but I saw him anxious for speaking more to the point, and as I could not talk to him — the leading prosecutor — with that frankness of opposing sentiments which I used to Mr. Wyndham, I was anxious only to avoid talking at all; and so brief was my speech, and so long my silences, that, of course, he was soon wearied into a retreat. Had he not acted such a part, with what pleasure should I have exerted myself to lengthen his stay! Yet he went not in wrath; for, before the close, he came yet a third time, to say "I do not pity you for having to sit there so long, for, with you, sitting can now be no punishment." "No," cried I, "I may take rest now for a twelvemonth back." His son also came to speak to me; but, not long after, Mrs. Crewe called upon me to say, "Miss Burney, Mr. Sheridan begs me to introduce him to you, for he thinks you have forgot him." I did not feel very comfortable in this; the

part he acts would take from me all desire for his notice, even were his talents as singular as they are celebrated. Cold, therefore, was my reception of his salutations, though as civil as I could make it. He talked a little over our former meeting at Mrs. Cholmondeley's, and he reminded me of what he had there urged and persuaded with all his might, namely, that I would write a comedy; and he now reproached me for my total disregard of his counsel and opinion. I made little or no answer, for I am always put out by such sort of discourse, especially when entered upon with such abruptness.

Recollecting then, that "Cecilia" had been published since that time, he began a very florid flourish, saying he was in my debt greatly, not only for reproaches about what I had neglected but for fine speeches about what I had performed. I hastily interrupted him with a fair retort, exclaiming — "Oh! if fine speeches may now be made, I ought to begin first — but know not where I should end!" I then asked after Mrs. Sheridan, and he soon after left me.

In the conclusion of the day's business there was much speaking, and I heard Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, and several others: but the whole turned extremely in favor of the gentleman at the bar, to the great consternation of the accusers, whose own witnesses gave testimony, most unexpectedly, on the side of Mr. Hastings.

APRIL. — I have scarce a memorandum of this fatal month, in which I was bereft of the most revered of friends,¹ and, perhaps, the most perfect of women.

I believe I heard the last words she uttered; I cannot learn that she spoke after my reluctant departure. She finished with that cheerful resignation, that lively hope, which always broke forth when this last — awful — but,

¹ Mrs. Delany.

to her, most happy change seemed approaching. Poor Miss P—— and myself were kneeling by her bedside. She had just given me her soft hand; without power to see either of us, she felt and knew us. Oh, never can I cease to cherish the remembrance of the sweet, benign, *holy* voice with which she pronounced a blessing upon us both! We kissed her; and, with a smile all beaming — I thought it so — of heaven, she seemed then to have taken leave of all earthly solicitudes. Yet then, even then, short as was her time on earth, the same soft human sensibility filled her for poor human objects. She would not bid us farewell — would not tell us she should speak with us no more — she only said, as she turned gently away from us, “And now — *I’ll go to sleep!*” — But, oh, in what a voice she said it! I felt what the sleep would be; so did poor Miss P——.

How full of days and full of honors was her exit! I should blush at the affliction of my heart in losing her, could I ever believe excellence was given us here to love and to revere, yet gladly to relinquish. No, I cannot think it: the deprivation may be a chastisement, but not a joy. We may submit to it with patience; but we cannot have felt it with warmth where we lose it without pain. Outrageously to murmur, or sullenly to refuse consolation — there, indeed, we are rebels against the dispensations of Providence — and rebels yet more weak than wicked; for what and whom is it we resist? what and who are *we* for such resistance?

She bid me — how often did she bid me — not grieve to lose her! Yet she said, in my absence, she knew I must, and sweetly regretted how much I must miss her. I teach myself to think of her felicity; and I never dwell upon that without faithfully feeling I would not desire her return. But, in every other channel in which my thoughts and feelings turn, I miss her with so sad a void! She was

all that I dearly loved that remained within my reach ; she was become the bosom repository of all the livelong day's transactions, reflections, feelings, and wishes. Her own exalted mind was all expanded when we met. I do not think she concealed from me the most secret thought of her heart ; and while every word that fell from her spoke wisdom, piety, and instruction, her manner had an endearment, her spirits a native gaiety, and her smile, to those she loved, a tenderness so animated. — Oh, why do I go on entering into these details ? Believe me, my dear friends, now — now that the bitterness of the first blow is over, and that the dreary chasm becomes more familiar to me, I *think* and *trust* I would not call her back.

What a message she left me ! did you hear it ? She told Mrs. Astley to say to me, when she was gone, how much comfort I must always feel in reflecting how much her latter days had been soothed by me.

Blessed spirit ! sweet, fair, and beneficent on earth ! — Oh, gently mayest thou now be at rest in that last home — to which fearfully I look forward, yet not hopeless ; never that — and sometimes with fullest, fairest, sublimest expectations ! If to her it be given to plead for those she left, I shall not be forgotten in her prayer. Rest to her sweet soul ! rest and everlasting peace to her gentle spirit ! My dearest friends, I know not why I write all this ; but I can hardly turn myself away and write anything else. You must not read a word of it to Mr. Locke.

I will now compile the heads of this sad month, and then end it with a conference long since promised with Mr. Wyndham, which may enliven it to my feeling friends and to my own pen.

I saw my poor lovely Miss P—— twice in every day, when in town, till after the last holy rites had been performed. I had no peace away from her ; I thought my-

self fulfilling a wish of that sweet departed saint, in consigning all the time I had at my own disposal to solacing and advising with her beloved niece, who received this little offering with a sweetness that once again twined her round my heart.

I was much blamed here, universally, for my conduct at this time, in keeping alive all my sorrow, by going so continually to that scene of distress. They knew not it was my only balm!—all for which I could willingly exert myself, and all that rested with me of power to pay the devotion of my heart to the revered manes of her who was gone.

My poor Miss P—— came to Windsor to settle her affairs here, and again I spent with her every moment in my power, though, indeed, I could not enter that house with a very steady foot; but we could join our tears, and try to join promises and exhortations to submission.

Poor Mrs. Astley, the worthy humble friend, rather than servant, of the most excellent departed, was the person whom, next to the niece, I most pitied. She was every way to be lamented: unfit for any other service, yet unprovided for in this, by the utter and most regretted inability of her much-attached mistress, who frequently told me that leaving poor Astley unsettled hung heavy on her mind.

My dearest friends know the success I had in venturing to represent her worth and situation to my Royal Mistress. In the moment when she came to my room to announce His Majesty's gracious intention to pension Mrs. Astley here as housekeeper to the same house, I really could scarce withhold myself from falling prostrate at her feet: I never felt such a burst of gratitude but where I had no ceremonies to repress it.

Joseph too, the faithful footman, I was most anxious to

secure in some good service; and I related my wishes for him to General Cary, who procured for him a place with his daughter, Lady Amherst.

I forget if I have ever read you the sweet words that accompanied to me the kind legacies left me by my honored friend — I believe not.

They were ordered to be sent me with the portrait of Sacharissa, and two medallions of their Majesties: they were originally written to accompany the legacy to the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hurd, as you may perceive by the style, but it was desired they might also be copied: —

“I take this liberty, that my much-esteemed and respected friend may sometimes recollect a person who was so sensible of the honor of her friendship, and who delighted so much in her conversation and works.”

Need I — oh, I am sure I need not — say with what tender, grateful, sorrowing joy I received these sweet pledges of her invaluable regard!

To these, by another codicil, was added the choice of one of her mosaic flowers. And, verbally, on the night but one before she died, she desired I might have her fine quarto edition of Shakespeare, sweetly saying she had never received so much pleasure from him in any other way as through my reading.

What a heart overflowing with kindness, goodness, and benevolence was hers! — ever insensible to the noblest things she did; ever alive to the most trivial she received! She always appeared to me an angel before her time — oh, may she now be a guardian, a guiding, and a pitying one!

The part of this month in which my Susanna was in town I kept no journal at all. And I have now nothing to add but to copy those memorandums I made of the Trial on the day I went to Westminster Hall with my two friends, previously to the deep calamity on which I

have dwelt. They told me they could not hear what Mr. Wyndham said; and there is a spirit in his discourse more worth their hearing than any other thing I have now to write.

You may remember his coming straight from the managers, in their first procession to their box, and beginning at once a most animated attack — scarcely waiting first to say *How do!* — before he exclaimed, “I have a great quarrel with you! — I am come now purposely to quarrel with you! — you have done me mischief irreparable — you have ruined me!” “Have?” “Yes: and not only with what passed here, even setting that aside, though there was mischief enough here; but you have quite undone me since!” I begged him to let me understand how. “I will,” he cried. “When the Trial broke up for the recess I went into the country, purposing to give my whole time to study and business; but, most unfortunately, I had just sent for a new set of ‘*Evelina*,’ and intending only to look at it, I was so cruelly caught that I could not let it out of my hands, and have been living with nothing but the *Branghtons* ever since!”

I could not but laugh, though on this subject ’t is always awkwardly. “There was no parting with it,” he continued; “I could not shake it off from me a moment! — see, then, every way, what mischief you have done me!”

I asked him to name to me the various managers. He did; adding, “Do you not like to sit here, where you can look down upon the several combatants before the battle?” When he named Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, I particularly desired he might be pointed out to me, telling him I had long wished to see him, from the companion given to him in one of the Probationary Odes, where they have coupled him with my dear father, most impertinently and unwarrantably. “That, indeed,” he cried, “is a licentiousness in

the press quite intolerable! — to attack and involve private characters in their public lampoons! To Dr. Burney they could have no right; but Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor is fair game enough, and likes that or any other way whatever of obtaining notice. You know what Johnson said to Boswell of preserving fame?"

"No."

"There were but two ways," he told him, "of preserving; one was by sugar, the other by salt. 'Now,' says he, 'as the sweet way, Bozzy, you are but little likely to attain, I would have you plunge into vinegar, and get fairly pickled at once.' And such has been the plan of Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor. With the sweet he had, indeed, little chance, so he soused into the other, head over ears."

Some time after, but I have forgotten how, we were agreeing in thinking suspense and all obscurity in expectation or in opinion amongst the things most trying to bear in this mortal life, especially where they lead to some evil construction. "But then," cried he, "on the other hand, there is nothing so pleasant as clearing away a disagreeable prejudice; nothing so exhilarating as the dispersion of a black mist, and seeing all that had been black and gloomy turn out bright and fair."

"That, sir," cried I, "is precisely what I expect from thence," pointing to the prisoner. What a look he gave me! yet he laughed irresistibly. "However," I continued, "I have been putting my expectations from your speech to a kind of test." "And how, for Heaven's sake?" "Why, I have been reading — running over rather — a set of speeches, in which almost the whole House made a part, upon the India Bill; and in looking those over I saw not one that had not in it something positively and pointedly personal, except Mr. Wyndham's." "Oh that was a mere accident!" "But it was just the accident I expected from

Mr. Wyndham. I do not mean that there was invective in all the others, for in some there was panegyric — plenty ! but that panegyric was always so directed as to convey more of severe censure to one party than of real praise to the other. Yours was all to the business, and thence I infer you will deal just so by Mr. Hastings.”

“I believe,” cried he, looking at me very sharp, “you only want to praise me down. You know what it is to skate a man down ?” “No, indeed.” “Why, to skate a man down is a very favorite diversion among a certain race of wags. It is only to praise, and extol, and stimulate him to a double and treble exertion and effort, till, in order to show his desert of such panegyric, the poor dupe makes so many turnings and windings, and describes circle after circle with such hazardous dexterity, that, at last, down he drops in the midst of his flourishes, to his own eternal disgrace, and their entire content.”

I gave myself no vindication from this charge but a laugh.

A little after, while we were observing Mr. Hastings, Mr. Wyndham exclaimed, “He’s looking up ; I believe he is looking for you.” I turned hastily away, fairly saying, “I hope not.” “Yes, he is ; he seems as if he wanted to bow to you.” I shrank back. “No, he looks off ; he thinks you in too bad company !” “Ah, Mr. Wyndham,” cried I, “you should not be so hard-hearted towards him, whoever else may ; and I could tell you, and I will tell you if you please, a very forcible reason.” He assented.

“You must know, then, that people there are in this world who scruple not to assert that there is a very strong personal resemblance between Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Hastings ; nay, in the profile, I see it myself at this moment ; and therefore ought not you to be a little softer than the rest, if merely in sympathy ?” He laughed very

heartily; and owned he had heard of the resemblance before. "I could take him extremely well," I cried, "for your uncle." "No, no; if he looks like my elder brother, I aspire at no more."

And then he offered his assistance about servants and carriages, and we all came away, our different routes; but my Fredy and Susan must remember my meeting with Mr. Hastings in coming out, and his calling after me, and saying with a very comic sort of politeness, "I must come here to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Burney, for I see her nowhere else." What a strange incident would have been formed had this rencontre happened thus if I had accepted Mr. Wyndham's offered services! I am most glad I had not; I should have felt myself a conspirator, to have been so met by Mr. Hastings. I have nothing more to say of this month. Alas! that I had not had half as much.

MAY. — I must mention a laughable enough circumstance. Her Majesty inquired of me if I had ever met with Lady Hawke? Oh yes, I cried, and Lady Say and Sele too. "She has just desired permission to send me a novel of her own writing," answered her Majesty. "I hope," cried I, "'t is not the Mausoleum of Julia!" But yes, it proved no less! and this she has now published and sends about. You must remember Lady Say and Sele's quotation from it. Her Majesty was so gracious as to lend it me, for I had some curiosity to read it. It is all of a piece — all love, love, love, unmixed and unadulterated with any more worldly materials.

JULY. — Early in this month the King's indisposition occasioned the plan of his going to Cheltenham, to try the effect of the waters drank upon the spot. It was settled

that the party should be the smallest that was possible, as his Majesty was to inhabit the house of Lord Fauconberg, vacated for that purpose, which was very small. He resolved upon only taking his Equerry in waiting, and pages, &c. Lord Courtown, his treasurer of the household, was already at Cheltenham, and therefore at hand to attend. The Queen agreed to carry her Lady of the Bedchamber in waiting with Miss Planta and F. B., and none others but wardrobe-women for herself and the Princesses.

So now for yesterday, Saturday, July 12.

We were all up at five o'clock; and the noise and confusion reigning through the house, and resounding all around it, from the quantities of people stirring, boxes nailing, horses neighing, and dogs barking, was tremendous.

I must now tell you the party: Their Majesties; the Princesses Royal, Augusta, and Elizabeth; Lady Weymouth, Mr. Fairly, Colonel Gwynn, Miss Planta, and a person you have sometimes met. Pages for King, Queen, and Princesses, Wardrobe-women for ditto, and footmen for all.

A smaller party for a royal excursion cannot well be imagined. How we shall all manage Heaven knows. Miss Planta and myself are allowed no maid; the house would not hold one.

The Royal party set off first, to stop and breakfast at Lord Harcourt's at Nuneham.

You will easily believe Miss Planta and myself were not much discomfited in having orders to proceed straight forward. You know we have been at Nuneham.

When we arrived at Cheltenham, which is almost all one street, extremely long, clean, and well paved, we had to turn out of the public way about a quarter of a mile, to proceed to Fauconberg Hall, which my Lord Faucon-

berg has lent for the King's use during his stay at this place.

It is, indeed, situated on a most sweet spot, surrounded with lofty hills beautifully variegated, and bounded, for the principal object, with the hills of Malvern ; which, here barren, and there cultivated, here all chalk, and there all verdure, reminded me of Box-hill, and gave me an immediate sensation of reflected as well as of visual pleasure, from giving to my new habitation some resemblance of Norbury Park.

When we had mounted the gradual ascent on which the house stands, the crowd all around it was as one head ! We stopped within twenty yards of the door, uncertain how to proceed. All the Royals were at the windows ; and to pass this multitude — to wade through it, rather — was a most disagreeable operation. However, we had no choice : we therefore got out, and leaving the wardrobe-women to find their way to the back-door, Miss Planta and I glided on to the front one, where we saw the two gentlemen, and where, as soon as we got up the steps, we encountered the King. He inquired most graciously concerning our journey ; and Lady Weymouth came downstairs to summon me to the Queen, who was in excellent spirits, and said she would show me her room.

“ *This*, ma'am ! ” cried I, as I entered it — “ is *this* little room for your Majesty ? ”

“ Oh, stay,” cried she, laughing, “ till you see your own before you call it little ! ”

Soon after, she sent me upstairs for that purpose ; and then, to be sure, I began to think less diminutively of that I had just quitted. Mine, with one window, had just space to crowd in a bed, a chest of drawers, and three small chairs.

The prospect, however, from the window is extremely

pretty, and all is new and clean. So I doubt not being very comfortable, as I am *senza Cerbera*, — though having no maid is a real evil to one so little her own mistress as myself. I little wanted the fagging of my own clothes and dressing, to add to my daily fatigues.

I began unpacking, and was called to dinner. Columb, happily, is allowed me, and he will be very useful, I am sure. Miss Planta alone dined with me, and we are to be companions constant at all meals, and tête-à-tête, during this *séjour*. She is friendly and well disposed, and I am perfectly content; and the more, as I know she will not take up my leisure unnecessarily, for she finds sauntering in the open air very serviceable to her health, and she has determined to make that her chief occupation. Here, therefore, whenever I am not in attendance or at meals, I expect the singular comfort of having my time wholly unmolested, and at my own disposal.

Not a little was I surprised to be told, this morning, by her Majesty, that the gentlemen were to breakfast with Miss Planta and me, every morning, by the King's orders. When I left the Queen, I found them already in my little parlor. Mr. Fairly came to the door to meet me, and hand me into the room, telling me of the new arrangement of the King, with an air of very civil satisfaction. Colonel Gwynn appeared precisely as I believe he felt, — perfectly indifferent to the matter.

Miss Planta joined us, and Columb was hurried to get ready, lest the King should summon his esquires before they had broken their fast. Mr. Fairly undertook to settle our seats, and all the etiquette of the tea-table; and I was very well content, for when he had placed me where he conceived I should be most commodiously situated, he fixed upon the place next me for himself, and desired we might all keep to our posts.

It was next agreed, that whoever came first to the room should order and make the tea ; for I must often be detained by my waiting, and the King is so rapid in his meals, that whoever attends him must be rapid also, or follow fasting. Mr. Fairly said he should already have hastened Columb, had he not apprehended it might be too great a liberty ; for they had waited near half an hour, and expected a call every half minute. I set him perfectly at his ease upon this subject, assuring him I should be very little at mine if he had ever the same scruple again. He had been in waiting, he said, himself, ever since a quarter after five o'clock in the morning, at which time he showed himself under the King's window, and walked before the house till six ! I was beginning to express my compassion for this harass, but he interrupted me with shrewdly saying, " Oh, this will save future fatigue, for it will establish me such a character for early rising and punctuality, that I may now do as I will : 't is amazing what privileges a man obtains for taking liberties, when once his character is established for taking none ! "

But let me give you, now, an account of the house and accommodations.

On the ground-floor there is one large and very pleasant room, which is made the dining-parlor. The King and Royal Family also breakfast in it, by themselves, except the Lady-in-waiting, Lady Weymouth. They sup there also, in the same manner. The gentlemen only dine with them, I find. They are to breakfast with us, to drink tea where they will, and to sup—where they can ; and I rather fancy, from what I have yet seen, it will be commonly with good Duke Humphrey.

A small, but very neat dressing-room for his Majesty is on the other side the hall, and my little parlor is the third and only other room on the ground-floor : so you will not

think our Monarch, his Consort and offspring, take up too much of the land called their own!

Over this eating-parlor, on the first floor, is the Queen's drawing-room, in which she is also obliged to dress and to undress! — for she has no toilette apartment! Who, after that, can repine at any inconvenience here for the household?

Here, after breakfast, she sits, with her daughters and her lady, and Lady Courtown, who, with her Lord, is lodged in the town of Cheltenham. And here they drink tea, and live till supper-time.

Over the King's dressing-room is his bedroom, and over my store-room is the bedroom of the Princess Royal.

And here ends the first floor.

The second is divided and sub-divided into bedrooms, which are thus occupied: — Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth sleep in two beds, in the largest room. Lady Weymouth occupies that next in size. Miss Planta and myself have two little rooms, built over the King's bedroom; and Mrs. Sandys and Miss Macentomb, and Lady Weymouth's maid, have the rest.

This is the whole house!

Not a man but the King sleeps in it!

A house is taken in the town for Mr. Fairly and Colonel Gwynn, and there lodge several of the servants, and among them Columb. The pages sleep in outhouses. Even the housemaids lodge in the town, a quarter of a mile or more from the house!

While the Royals were upon the walks, Miss Planta and I strolled in the meadows, and who should I meet there but Mr. Seward! This was a great pleasure to me. I had never seen him since the first day of my coming to St. James's, when he handed me into my father's coach, in my sacque and long ruffles. You may think how much we

had to talk over. He had a gentleman with him, fortunately, who was acquainted with Miss Planta's brother, so that we formed two parties without difficulty. All my aim was to inquire about Mrs. Piozzi, — I must, at last, call her by her now real name! — and of her we conversed incessantly. He told me Mr. Baretti's late attack upon her, which I heard with great concern. It seems he has broken off all intercourse with her, and not from his own desire, but by her evident wish to drop him. This is very surprising; but many others of her former friends, once highest in her favor, make the same complaint.

MONDAY, JULY 21ST. — I was very much disappointed this morning to see Colonel Gwynn come alone to breakfast, and to hear from him that his poor colleague was still confined.

The royal party all went at ten o'clock to Tewkesbury.

About noon, while I was writing a folio letter to my dear father, of our proceedings, Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page, came into my little parlor, and said, "If you are at leisure, ma'am, Mr. Fairly begs leave to ask you how you do."

I was all amazement, for I had concluded his confinement irremediable for the present.

I was quite happy to receive him; he looked very ill, and his face is still violently swelled. He had a handkerchief held to it, and was muffled up in a great coat; and indeed he seemed unfit enough for coming out.

He apologized for interrupting me. I assured him I should have ample time for my letter. "What a letter!" cried he, looking at its size; "it is just such a one as I should like to receive, and not—"

"Read," cried I.

"No, no! — and not answer!"

He then sat down, and I saw by his manner he came

with design to make a sociable visit to me. He was serious almost to sadness, but with a gentleness that could not but raise in whomsoever he had addressed an implicit sympathy.

He led almost immediately to those subjects on which he loves to dwell—Death and Immortality, and the assured misery of all stations and all seasons in this vain and restless world.

I ventured not to contradict him with my happier sentiments, lest I should awaken some fresh pain. I heard him, therefore, in quiet and meditative silence, or made but such general answers as could hazard no allusions. Yet, should I ever see him in better spirits, I shall not scruple to discuss, in such a way as I can, this point, and to vindicate as well as I am able my opposite opinion.

He told me he had heard a fifth week was to be now added to this excursion, and he confessed a most anxious solicitude to be gone before that time. He dropped something, unexplained, yet very striking, of a peculiar wish to be away ere some approaching period.

I felt his meaning, though I had no key to it; I felt that he coveted to spend in quiet the anniversary of the day on which he lost his lady.

You may believe I could say nothing to it; the idea was too tender for discussion; nor can I divine whether or not he wishes to open more on this subject, or is better pleased by my constant silence to his own allusions. I know not, indeed, whether he thinks I even understand them.

We then talked over Cheltenham and our way of life, and then ran into discourse upon Courts and Court life in general. I frankly said I liked them not, and that, if I had the direction of any young person's destination, I would never risk them into such a mode of living; for, though vices might be as well avoided there as anywhere,

and in this Court particularly, there were mischiefs of a smaller kind, extremely pernicious to all nobleness of character, to which this Court, with all its really bright examples, was as liable as any other, — the mischiefs of jealousy, narrowness, and selfishness.

He did not see, he said, when there was a place of settled income and appropriated business, why it might not be filled both with integrity and content in a Court as well as elsewhere. Ambition, the desire of rising, those, he said, were the motives to that envy which set such little passions in motion. One situation, however, there was, he said, which he looked upon as truly dangerous, and as almost certain to pervert the fairest disposition; it was one in which he would not place any person for whom he had the smallest regard, as he looked upon it to be the greatest hazard a character could run. This was, being Maid of Honor.

TUESDAY, JULY 22ND. — Mr. Seward, with a good-humored note, sent me the Magazine with Baretty's strictures on Mrs. Thrale. Good heaven, how abusive! It can hardly hurt her — it is so palpably meant to do it. I could not have suspected him, with all his violence, of a bitterness of invective so cruel, so ferocious!

I well remember his saying to me, when first I saw him after the discovery of "Evelina," "I see what it is you can do, you little witch — it is, that you can hang us all up for laughing-stocks; but hear me this one thing, don't meddle with me. I see what they are, your powers; but, remember, when you provoke an Italian, you run a dagger into your own breast!"

I half shuddered at the fearful caution from him,¹ because the dagger was a word of unfortunate recollection; but, good heaven! it could only be a half shudder when

¹ Baretty had himself been tried for stabbing a man.

the caution was against an offence I could sooner die than commit, and which, I may truly say, if personal attack was what he meant, never even in sport entered my mind, and was ever, in earnest, a thing I have held in the deepest abhorrence.

THURSDAY, JULY 31ST.—Mr. Fairly joined Miss Planta and me at tea. “And here,” cried he, “after all the toils and bustle of the day, here we meet, to finish with our quiet dish of tea the last, and not, to me, least pleasant part of the day’s business.” We talked much upon letter-writing, perfectly agreeing in holding it the first of all enjoyments, in the absence of those first in our affections. He has many correspondents, for he has many friends, and loves to keep up a constant intercourse with them. ’Tis a rule with him to destroy his letters almost as soon as they are answered. Here, certainly, we agreed not so perfectly.

Miss Planta said the Duke of York was expected the next day. This led to much discourse on the Princes, in which Mr. Fairly, with his usual but most uncommon openness, protested there was something in the violence of their animal spirits that would make him accept no post and no pay to live with them. Their very voices, he said, had a loudness and force that wore him. Immediately after he made a little attack—a gentle one, indeed—upon me, for the contrary extreme, of hardly speaking, among strangers at least, so as to be heard. “And why,” cried he, “do you speak so low? I used formerly not to catch above a word in a sentence from you.”

In talking on about the Princes, he asked me how I managed with them. Not at all, I said, for since I had resided under the Royal roof they were rarely there, and I had merely seen them two or three times. He congratulated me that I had not been in the family in earlier days,

when they all lived together ; and Miss Planta enumerated various of their riots, and the distresses and difficulties they caused in the household. I was very glad, I said, to be out of the way, though I did not doubt but I might have kept clear of them had I been even then a resident.

“ Oh no, no,” cried Mr. Fairly ; “ they would have come to you, I promise you ; and what could you have done — what would have become of you ? — with Prince William in particular ? Do you not think, Miss Planta, the Prince of Wales and Prince William would have been quite enough for Miss Burney ? Why she would have been quite subdued ! ” I assured him I had not a fear but I might always have avoided them.

“ Impossible ! They would have come to your tea-room.” “ I would have given up tea.” “ Then they would have followed you — called for you — sent for you. The Prince of Wales would have called about him, ‘ Here ! where’s Miss Burney ? ’ ” “ Oh, no, no, no ! ” cried I ; “ I would have kept wholly out of the way, and then they would never have thought about me.” “ Oh, ho ! ” cried he, laughing, “ never think of seeing Miss Burney ! Prince William, too ! what say you to that, Miss Planta ? ” She agreed there was no probability of such escape. I was only the more glad to have arrived in later times. Here a page came to call Mr. Fairly to backgammon with his Majesty. And here ends July, 1788.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2ND. — (Mr. Fairly, not being well, shirked his attendance on the King, and spent the evening with Miss Burney.) He said — “ Have you done with my little book ? ” “ Oh yes ! ” I cried, “ and this morning I have sent home the map of Gloucester you were so good as to send us. Though, I believe, I have kept both so long, you will not again be in any haste to lend me either a map of the land, or a poem of the sea ! ”

I then gave him back the "Shipwreck." "Shall I tell you," cried I, "a design I have been forming upon you?" "A design upon me?" "Yes; and I may as well own it, for I shall be quite as near success as if I disguise it." I then went to my little drawer, and took out "Akenside." He then began reading "The Pleasures of the Imagination," and I took some work, for which I was in much haste, and my imagination was amply gratified.

How sweet a poem, in parts, it is! I rejoiced never to have read it sooner, unless, indeed, I had read it with my Susan or Fredy. But anything highly beautiful I have almost an aversion to reading alone. He only looked out for favorite passages, as he has the poem almost by heart, and he read them with a feeling and energy that showed his whole soul penetrated with their force and merit.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3RD. — This morning I was so violently oppressed by a cold, which turns out to be the influenza, it was with the utmost difficulty I could dress myself. I did indeed now want some assistant most wofully. The Princess Royal has already been some days disturbed with this influenza. When the Queen perceived it in me she told his Majesty, who came into the room just as she was going to breakfast. Without making any answer, he himself went immediately to call Mr. Clerk, the apothecary, who was then with the Princess Royal. "Now, Mr. Clerk," cried he, "here's another patient for you."

Mr. Clerk, a modest, sensible man, concluded, by the King himself having called him, that it was the Queen he had now to attend, and he stood bowing profoundly before her; but soon observing she did not notice him, he turned in some confusion to the Princess Augusta, who was now in the group. "No, no! it's not me, Mr. Clerk, thank God!" cried the gay Princess Augusta. Still more confused, the poor man advanced to Princess Elizabeth. "No,

no ; it's not her!" cried the King. I had held back, having scarce power to open my eyes, from a vehement head-ache, and not, indeed, wishing to go through my examination till there were fewer witnesses. But his Majesty now drew me out: "Here, Mr. Clerk," he cried, "this is your new patient!" He then came bowing up to me, the King standing close by, and the rest pretty near. "You — you are not well, ma'am?" he cried in the greatest embarrassment.

"No, sir, not quite," I answered in ditto. "Oh, Mr. Clerk will cure you!" cried the King. "Are — are you feverish, ma'am?" "Yes, sir, a little." "I — I will send you a saline draught, ma'am." "If you please." And then he bowed and decamped.

Did you ever hear a more perfectly satisfactory examination? The poor modest man was overpowered by such Royal listeners and spectators, and I could not possibly relieve him, for I was little better myself. I went down to breakfast, but was so exceedingly oppressed I could not hold up my head; and as soon as I could escape I went to my own room, and laid down till my noon attendance, which I performed with so much difficulty I was obliged to return to the same indulgence the moment I was at liberty.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9TH. — Her Majesty this morning a little surprised me by gravely asking me what were Mr. Fairly's designs with regard to his going away? I could not tell her I did not know what I was really acquainted with; yet I feared it might seem odd to her that I should be better informed than herself, and it was truly unpleasant to me to relate anything he had told me without his leave. Her question, therefore, gave me a painful sensation; but it was spoken with an air so strongly denoting a belief that I had power to answer it, that I felt no choice in

making a plain reply. Simply, then, "I understand, ma'am," I said, "that he means to go to-morrow morning early." "Will he stay on to-night, then, at Worcester?" "N — o, ma'am, I believe not." "I thought he meant to leave us to-day? He said so." "He — intended it, ma'am, — he would else not have said it." "I know I understood so, though he has not spoke to me of his designs this great while." I saw an air bordering upon displeasure as this was said; and how sorry I felt! — and how ashamed of being concluded the person better informed! Yet, as he had really related to me his plan, and I knew it to be what he had thought most respectful to herself, I concluded it best, thus catechised, to speak it all, and therefore, after some hesitation, uninterrupted by her, I said, "I believe, ma'am, Mr. Fairly had intended fully to begin his journey to-day, but, as your Majesty is to go to the play to-night, he thinks it his duty to defer setting out till to-morrow, that he may have the honor to attend your Majesty as usual."

This, which was the exact truth, evidently pleased her. Here the inquiry dropped; but I was very uneasy to relate it to Mr. Fairly, that the sacrifice I knew he meant to make of another day might not lose all its grace by wanting to be properly revealed.

Our journey back to Cheltenham was much more quiet than it had been to Worcester, for the royal party took another route to see Malvern Hills, and we went straight forward.

Miss Planta having now caught the influenza, suffered very much all the way, and I persuaded her immediately to lie down when we got to Fauconberg Hall. She could not come down to dinner, which I had alone. The Princess Elizabeth came to me after it, with her Majesty's per-

mission that I might go to the play with my usual party ; but I declined it, that I might make some tea for poor Miss Planta, as she had no maid, nor any creature to help her. The Princess told me they were all going first upon the walks, to *promener* till the play time.

I sat down to make my solitary tea, and had just sent up a basin to Miss Planta, when, to my equal surprise and pleasure, Mr. Fairly entered the room. "I come now," he said, "to take my leave."

They were all, he added, gone to the walks, whither he must in a few minutes follow them, and thence attend to the play, and the next morning, by five o'clock, be ready for his post-chaise.

Seeing me, however, already making tea, with his usual and invariable sociability he said he would venture to stay and partake, though he was only come, he gravely repeated, to take his leave. "And I must not say," cried I, "that I am sorry you are going, because I know so well you wish to be gone that it makes me wish it for you myself." "No," answered he, "you must not be sorry ; when our friends are going to any joy we must think of them, and be glad to part with them."

Readily entering into the same tone, with similar plainness of truth I answered, "No, I will not be sorry you go, though miss you at Cheltenham I certainly must."

"Yes," was his unreserved assent ; "you will miss me here, because I have spent my evenings with you ; but you will not long remain at Cheltenham."

Oimè ! thought I, you little think how much worse will be the quitting it. He owned that the bustle and fatigue of this life were too much both for his health and his spirits.

I told him I wished it might be a gratification to him, in his toils, to hear how the Queen always spoke of him ;

with what evident and constant complacency and distinction.

"And you may credit her sincerity," I added, "since it is to so little a person as me she does this, and when no one else is present."

He was not insensible to this, though he passed it over without much answer. He showed me a letter from his second son, very affectionate and natural. I congratulated him, most sincerely, on his approaching happiness in collecting them all together. "Yes," he answered, "my group will increase, like a snowball, as I roll along, and they will soon all four be as happy as four little things know how to be."

SUNDAY, AUG. 15. — When I came from her Majesty, just before she went down to dinner, I was met by a servant who delivered me a letter, which he told me was just come by express. I took it in some alarm, fearing that ill news alone could bring it by such haste, but before I could open it, he said, "'T is from Mr. Fairly, ma'am." I hastened to read it, and will now copy it:—

"MISS BURNEY, FAUCONBERG HALL.

"NORTHLEACH, Aug. 10th, 1788.

"Her Majesty may possibly not have heard that Mr. Edmund Waller died on Thursday night. He was Master of St. Catherine's, which is in her Majesty's gift. It may be useful to her to have this early intelligence of this circumstance, and you will have the goodness to mention it to her. Mr. W. was at a house upon his own estate within a mile and a half of this place. Very truly and sincerely
yours,
S. FAIRLY."

How to communicate this news, however, was a real distress to me. I know her Majesty is rather scrupulous

that all messages immediately to herself should be conveyed by the highest channels, and I feared she would think this ought to have been sent through her Lady then in waiting, Lady Harcourt. Mr. Fairly, too, however superior to such small matters for himself, is most punctiliously attentive to them for her. I could attribute this only to haste. But my difficulty was not alone to have received the intelligence — the conclusion of the note I was sure would surprise her. The rest, as a message to herself, being without any beginning, would not strike her; but the words, “very truly and sincerely yours,” come out with such an abrupt plainness, and to her, who knows not with what intimacy of intercourse we have lived together so much during this last month, I felt quite ashamed to show them.

While wavering how to manage, a fortunate circumstance seemed to come in to my relief; the Princess Elizabeth ran up hastily to her room, which is just opposite to mine, before she followed the Queen down to dinner; I flew after her, and told her I had just heard of the death of Mr. Waller, the Master of St. Catherine’s, and I begged her to communicate it to her Majesty. She undertook it, with her usual readiness to oblige, and I was quite delighted to have been so speedy without producing my note, which I determined now not even to mention unless called upon, and even then not to produce; for now, as I should not have the first telling, it might easily be evaded by not having it in my pocket.

The moment, however, that the dinner was over, Princess Elizabeth came to summon me to the Queen. This was very unexpected, as I thought I should not see her till night; but I locked up my note and followed. She was only with the Princesses. I found the place was of importance, by the interest she took about it. She asked me

several questions relative to Mr. Waller. I answered her all I could collect from my note, for further never did I hear; but the moment I was obliged to stop she said, "Pray have you known him long?"

"I never knew him at all, ma'am." "No? Why, then, how came you to receive the news about his death?" Was not this agreeable? I was forced to say, "I heard of it only from Mr. Fairly, ma'am." Nothing could exceed the surprise with which she now lifted up her eyes to look at me. "From Mr. Fairly? — Why did he not tell it me?" Oh, worse and worse! I was now compelled to answer, "He did not know it when he was here, ma'am; he heard it at Northleach, and, thinking it might be of use to your Majesty to have the account immediately, he sent it over express."

A dead silence so uncomfortable ensued, that I thought it best presently to go on further, though unasked. "Mr. Fairly, ma'am, wrote the news to me, on such small paper, and in such haste, that it is hardly fit to be shown to your Majesty; but I have the note upstairs." No answer; again all silent; and then Princess Augusta said, "Mamma, Miss Burney says she has the note upstairs."

"If your Majesty pleases to see it —" She looked up again, much more pleasantly, and said, "I shall be glad to see it," with a little bow. Out I went for it, half regretting I had not burned it, to make the producing it impossible. When I brought it to her, she received it with the most gracious smile, and immediately read it aloud, with great complacency, till she came to the end; and then, with a lowered and somewhat altered tone, the "very truly and sincerely yours," which she seemed to look at for a moment with some doubt if it were not a mistake, but in returning it she bowed again, and simply said, "I am very much obliged to Mr. Fairly."

You will be sure how much I was pleased during this last week to hear that the place of the Master of St. Catherine's was given by her Majesty to Mr. Fairly. It is reckoned the best in her gift, as a sinecure. What is the income I know not: reports differ from 400*l.* to 800*l.* per annum.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16TH. — We left Cheltenham early this morning. Major Price breakfasted with us, and was so melancholy at the King's departure he could hardly speak a word. All Cheltenham was drawn out into the High-street, the gentles on one side and the commons on the other, and a band, and "God save the King" playing and singing.

My dear Miss P——, with all her friends, was there for a last look, and a sorrowful one we interchanged; Mr. Seward also, whom again I am not likely to meet for another two years at least.

The journey was quite without accident or adventure. And thus ends the Cheltenham episode. May I not justly call it so, different as it is to all the mode of life I have hitherto lived here, or alas! am in a way to live henceforward? Melancholy — most melancholy — was the return to Windsor; destitute of all that could solace, compose, or delight; replete with whatever could fatigue, harass, and depress! Ease, leisure, elegant society, and interesting communication, were now to give place to arrogant manners, contentious disputation, and arbitrary ignorance! Oh, Heaven! my dearest friends, what scales could have held and have weighed the heart of your F. B. as she drove past the door of her revered, lost comforter, to enter the apartment inhabited by such qualities!

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